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MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG?

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IT was the ancient custom of English churches during Rogation week, a custom still followed in remote country parishes, to assemble the whole congregation, particularly the younger element, under the leadership of the beadle and church officers, and trace from bourn to bourn the limits of the parish. The straggling procession followed the line like a pack of hounds on the scent of a fox. They scaled garden walls, crossed private grounds, and sometimes the whole merry troop went in one door and out the other when a house stood exactly on the line. It was a great day for the children, but the elders too had some entertainment, for when an old moss-covered stone post was discovered one of them would pick up a likely lad and bump his head so severely against it that he would always remember it. It was essential that future beadles and churchwardens should be able to hand on to their successors exact knowledge of the limits of the parish. Remembered pain is a great quickener of the memory.

Something like these mediæval ceremonies are the activities of the superpatriots who are constantly reëstablishing the geographical boundaries of patriotism. They are forever unearthing some old moss-grown bourn and bumping our heads against it lest we forget and allow our so-called love of country to stray outside and cover too much territory. There is more danger of this than ever now that the world has grown smaller and we are apt to find out that the inhabitants of other countries are just folks like ourselves. The art of hating a man who happens to live just the other side of an imaginary line is likely to die out unless cultivated. So we have a host of societies and numerous individuals on the watch to see that our love or even tolerance of our fellow men keeps within the parochial bounds.

This introverted patriotism was taught in the public schools when I was a boy, and may be yet, for all I know, though I imagine it is not so easy to bamboozle the modern skeptical youth as it was our generation.

When I was quite young I read in

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an old bound volume of *Atlantic Monthlies* a story which made a profound impression. 'The Man without a Country,' by Edward Everett Hale, was a typical war-time stimulator of patriotism. Philip Nolan, a young naval officer, was on trial before his superiors for some questionable connection with Aaron Burr's plots. 'Damn the United States!' he exclaimed. 'I wish I may never hear of the United States again.' The court was properly shocked, and its sentence was that Nolan should have his wish. He was confined on a war vessel bound for foreign waters and transferred from time to time as his prison ship was ordered home. His fellow officers saw to it that he never heard the name of his country or even saw it in print. His reading matter was edited; even maps were censored. By deft touches the author makes a pathetic figure of Nolan, who can think of nothing else but the country about which he is denied all information. After forty years of homesickness he finally dies on the last of his prison ships.

This tract was a part of my education in patriotism. It was published during the Civil War, which ended three years before I was born. The aftermath of hatred toward the South engulfed me, a feeling as bitter as that which followed the World War, though the Germans are foreigners, while the Southerners were our own people. But in 1875 we were still singing 'We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,' the G. A. R. was marching in full strength, and the bloody shirt was waved in every Memorial Day and Fourth of July oration. I pored over the harrowing stories of Andersonville and Libby prisons and learned, not that war was despicable and made beasts of men, but that war was glorious and the 'secesh' monsters. Imagine my surprise when some years later I met boys from the South and found them human and kind and very much like other boys, only politer.

Long before we reached the formal study of history in school we had learned the full measure of England's turpitude. Our school readers were full of it, prose and verse, beginning in the earliest with the stirring story of the Boston boys who waited upon General Gates when his soldiers prevented their skating on the frog pond. We spouted extracts from the speeches of the Revolutionary patriots and poems in the same vein, the moral of which was, 'My country is always right — but, right or wrong, my country.' I learned to hate the English as I had learned in turn to hate the Indians and the Southerners. It was years before I knew there was anything favorable to be said of England. I supposed she always went about roaring like a lion, seeking whom she might devour. Patriotism, I found, was not so much loving one's own country as hating other countries. It did not flourish in time of peace. It was always martial.

While on the playground we damned Jeff Davis, in the schoolroom we venerated George Washington. He was the ideal figure of my youth, for Lincoln's legend had not yet begun to grow. But Washington was the Father of his Country, because he had thrown off the yoke of England and made us free. How the Mother Country felt about it was never taken into consideration. It was probably very much as we felt toward the South. The parallel between Washington the hero and Davis the traitor did not strike us then, or we should have perceived the inconsistency of what was taught us — that Washington rebelled against what he considered the tyranny of England, and Davis rebelled against what he considered the tyranny of the United States. One seceded and succeeded;

the other seceded and failed. Washington was a hero to us, but a rebel to England. Davis was a rebel to us, but a hero to the South. History had two sides — our own and the enemy's. It was not until I read histories written by the enemy that I began to get things in their true perspective.

Our minds were filled with such customary catch phrases and slogans as 'Dulce et decorum,' 'Don't fire until you see the whites of the enemies' eyes,' 'Don't give up the ship,' 'I have not yet begun to fight,' 'A little more grape, Captain Bragg,' 'We'll whip the redcoats or Molly Stark's a widow,'

'We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We 've got the men, we've got the ships,
We 've got the money, too.'

Schoolbooks were written and edited with this thought in mind. It was unthinkable that youth should suspect that their country was ever wrong, or any country that opposed it ever right, or that the men who founded it were anything but grand and noble — in short, demigods. Nothing was further from the minds of our patriotic beadles and churchwardens in the good old days than that children were sent to school to learn the truth about anything; least of all about history. Even to-day there are sharp outcries against liberalizing school textbooks to approximate at least something like the truth.

II

The Cadmean seeds of patriotism thus sown have produced a bumper crop, even more embarrassing than the surplus wheat. It has kept us from any purposeful international coöperation, has stultified disarmament conferences, and stepped up military expenditures to ridiculous altitudes. It has even had a hand in shaping our tariff policy, with the result that our tariffs have become walls by which we shut ourselves in and the world out — culminating in the Hawley-Smoot Act which has inspired the reprisals that deepen the depths of the depression. It has made ridiculous jingoes of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a society founded to perpetuate the memory of men who believed and behaved quite differently. It has burdened us with such liabilities as the militaristic activities of the American Legion, the suspicious watchfulness of the American Security League, the footless Red hunt of the Hamilton Fish Commission, Senator Caraway, passports and visas, Flag Day, the deportation of aliens, Big Bill Thompson, Mother's Day, General Smedley D. Butler, the *Saturday Evening Post*, barring from citizenship candidates who will not promise to bear arms (how many native-born citizens would make that promise, I wonder?), national flowers, Representative Britten of Illinois, Senator Bingham, ugly and meaningless war memorials in nearly every village, General MacArthur, good-will excursions, billion-dollar battleship programmes, the *Chicago Tribune*, protests against the circulation of books like *All Quiet on the Western Front* and moving pictures like 'The Big Parade,' Senator Grundy, God's country, and 100 per cent Americanism. These are some of the men and movements and phrases engendered by a narrow and parochial patriotism the object of which is to keep us out of friendly coöperation with other countries and in a warlike state of mind. 'Patriotism,' said Dr. Johnson, 'is the last refuge of a scoundrel.'

The little group of willful men who so successfully kept us out of the League of Nations did not defeat the will of the people. They fulfilled it. The majority are in favor of isolation. President Hoover's moratorium re-

ceived some brickbats as well as bouquets from the home folks. *Country Home*, one of the leading farm papers, recently sent a questionnaire to its subscribers to ascertain lines of editorial interest. One query concerned some form of international relations, probably the World Court. Ninety-eight per cent were firmly opposed. Our slang names for foreigners are concrete evidence of our dislike. 'Wop, Dago, Chink, Greaser, Bohunk, Frog,' are terms of contempt. During the war, while it was expedient to hate our enemies, the Central Powers, it was politic to love our allies for the time being; but now that the war is over, officious busybodies are coming forward to make sure that our love is changed back into the old reliable suspicion and dislike.

It is not a new thing, this contempt for foreigners, nor is it peculiar to this country. It is as old as civilization. To the Greeks all outsiders were barbarians. That, by the way, was where college fraternities got the idea of calling non-members 'barbs.' College is a world in miniature. The Greeks despise the barbs, but join them in despising rival colleges; the college world looks down on men who never went to college; and we have that variety of patriotism known as college spirit — 'I would die for dear old Siwash.'

That splendid virtue, love of country, that strange hold which one's native land has upon the heartstrings, is perverted and distorted into a so-called patriotism warped with suspicious hostility, a mingling of pride and defiance, which has no more place in the modern world with its wide travel, rapid transportation, quick communication, mingling of many races in one country, and the economic interdependence of all countries upon each other, than Voliva's theory of celestial cosmography has beside that of Einstein. It is perpetuated, taught, promoted, because such a patriotism is a necessary preliminary to war. Until the world learns to dispense with war, patriotism must be artificially pumped up for the benefit of those who profit by war. Some day we shall know that war is no more necessary than poverty or yellow fever.

III

As one who has traveled more or less, I have come up against those visible evidences of the barriers erected between nations by the distrust and suspicion that so-called patriotism produces — passports and customs examinations. We are told that passports are a precaution of safety and the tariff an economic necessity, but few Americans have sufficient love of country to endure the examinations they entail. The most ferocious I have ever experienced was at a minor port and for a ship coming from another American port. The ship was the *California* of the Panama-Pacific Line from New York through the Canal to San Diego. The ship stopped a few hours at Havana and half a day at Panama. Even the most acquisitive tourist could not accumulate a very great quantity of foreign goods at either place.

It was a very hot day when we arrived at San Diego. My wife was in her berth under the care of the ship's nurse with a temperature of 103 degrees. But four inspectors were on duty to take care of one hundred passengers, and they went about their duties with a leisureliness which added to the exasperation of the sweating passengers, some of whom stood in line for over three hours. Each piece of baggage was relentlessly searched. Handbags were turned upside down and dumped on the pier. The strings of packages were cut and their contents left strewn for the passenger to gather up. Golf bags were beaten against the iron pillars,

obviously to smash any glass bottles they might contain. You may ask why I did not file a complaint. The answer is that I had a very sick wife on my hands. I had to get her to a hotel, engage doctors and nurses, and begin a three weeks' fight for her life.

This is merely a more flagrant instance of one standing drawback of travel. There are examinations at all frontiers, but none, I believe, which exhibit such traces of sadism as ours. Allegedly the examinations are for the purpose of assisting our manufacturers to get all that is coming to them under the tariff law, and the tariff law is to protect our manufacturers from foreign competition and our workmen from the pauper labor of Europe. But evidence is not wanting that Congress enjoys our predicament. When the matter of scaling down the passport fees was under discussion, the members were frankly critical of Americans who spend large sums of money abroad. One patriot whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, for it deserves perpetuation here, replied to the contention that passports impose a burden on tourists: —

'We want to impose burdens. We want to make it just as difficult to go abroad as possible. Let them stay home and spend their money in their own country.'

One might almost revise Macaulay's famous epigram that the Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Congress prefers rigorous customs examinations not because these encourage manufacturers, but because they discourage tourists. That Senators and Representatives mind the rigors of customs inspections when they have to endure them was made evident by the roar they sent up when the State Department threatened to deprive them of the courtesy of the port, so that they might no longer railroad in their own purchases scot-free, including a judicious supply of the liquor they drink but vote against.

IV

The relation between patriotism and tariffs may not be obvious, but it is there. All barriers to intercourse between nations retard that understanding which is necessary before a world patriotism can exist. The United States is the largest area in the world with unrestricted free trade. What would be the condition of this country if each state had a tariff and a passport requirement? The 'Buy in New England' movement is a mild form of the same complex that produces passports and tariffs, the effort to wall off one's own domain from the remainder of the world and keep one's prosperity to one's self, a thing impossible in this day of far-reaching trade relations.

Business talks to politics as the Scotch porter to the traveler who complained that the porter had neglected to put his luggage in his compartment: 'Aye, yer luggage is no sic a fule as ye. Ye're on the wrang train.' Business has already gone in for international relations without waiting for government. It is involved everywhere, and the marines must be sent to fill the breach where government and diplomacy have failed to do their part. Even Republicans are beginning to doubt the wisdom of their policy of high protection. Even tariff-protected manufacturers are dismayed by the ruthless selfishness of Grundy's tariff. Never did we need a world market more than right now, and never have we done so much to alienate it.

An amusing aspect of the matter is the hurt surprise with which we regard any move by a foreign country to give

us a dose of our own medicine. Let any other nation propose a higher tariff, and what a clamor is made to the State Department to do something about it! I wish that the United States of Europe were something more than an iridescent dream. A good stiff reprisal would do us more good than reams of talk. As an advertising man I have heard and read much about Canada's tax on American advertising matter, but we have for years been taxing one form of foreign advertising matter by classing it as books. I was compelled recently to pay seventy-five cents duty on a catalogue of second-hand books (the contents of which were none of them dutiable) and thirty cents on a booklet advertising a London hotel.

In this connection, the far-flung lines on which business is already conducted in spite of the obstacles of a narrow and provincial economic patriotism, the words of Sir Ernest J. P. Benn are wise words. He says (in the Stockholm, Sweden, *Index*): —

It is the duty of everyone in these days to study the great questions of the distribution of wealth and of what constitutes wealth. Pick up any odd bit of wealth that happens to be at your hand and think about it in a vein similar to that in which I have been thinking — for instance, about the collar I am wearing. I bought it in London for 1/– and was told it was made in Leicester, with machinery from Germany, America, and Scotland, from Irish linen put together in Belfast with flax grown in Russia. Half the world has been involved in the exchange that has been operating to provide a small thing like that.

Further, through the intricate machinery of credit, banking, and finance, a portion of the 1/– I paid in London has in some marvelous way helped to provide a peasant in Russia with a cup of tea from China.

What is the very essence of this everyday wonder, the result of centuries of experience, if not exchange? And still there are people who imagine that wealth can be increased by putting obstacles in the way of exchange!

These barriers exist not only between but just as much inside the countries. Only a free and unhampered exchange will enable us to carry on our work with equality one with the other, thereby raising the standard of life for all. There was never a time when freedom of trade was more wanted and the preaching of free trade more necessary. Why buy 'Empire Goods'? Why Canada for the Canadians, Australia for the Australians, and so on the world over, until you finally get Bromley for the Bromleyans? To be logical I should at last buy nothing but my own goods.

The United States of Europe may be a long way off, but nothing could be more urgent than the breaking down of all those national and international barriers that are rendering intercourse more and more difficult, rendering it more difficult for each of us to help ourselves and others.

Do not think that I do not value nationalism, that I am not a patriot. Only I think patriotism can find a better expression than in economic restrictions and hindrances. Patriotism should express itself through language, literature, poetry. We have had too much politics in business. It is high time that the business men got in a word or two in order to make the people realize that business men are more likely than politicians to understand business. Economics is a matter of business.

V

The predisposition to think ill and speak ill of foreigners because they are foreigners breaks out in many disturbing ways and produces numerous absurd stories, none more grotesque than that which Senator Caraway gave out to a goggle-eyed press when he returned from a European trip not long ago. The French were desecrating the graves of American soldiers in France, the Senator solemnly asserted, by scribbling scurrilous epithets on the crosses, such as 'To hell with America!' The story was afterward denied and

disproved, and withdrawn by the Senator, but it was obviously false on its first telling. No Frenchman ever wrote, 'To hell with America!' He has his own scurrilous epithets far more devastating than ours. The story was obviously one told in the smoke room by some Francophobe without sufficient imagination to give his anecdote verisimilitude. Senator Caraway is too intelligent to be taken in by such guff, except that he wanted to believe it. It was wish fulfillment.

Readiness to believe and circulate derogatory stories about the French, or English, or Germans, is one of the attributes that have been foisted upon patriotism. We, having fought beside the French, were in danger of liking them too well for the preservation of that aloofness and suspicion by which nations are kept in the mood for future wars. It was time to get back to the status quo and put the French beside the Germans as our natural enemies, because they call bread *pain* and eat frogs and otherwise behave in outlandish ways. Patriotism should begin at home — and end there.

Americans traveling abroad are superior and critical. They take it for granted that everything is done better at home, though, if they really think so, why don't they stay home? Recently a Western editor went abroad and wrote letters about his experiences which were printed in his paper. In one of them I read: —

> And as for water, to ask for it develops a grimace, and in Paris the propaganda has gone so far about the city water supply that one really is afraid to drink it. Hence the necessity for bottled waters — another holdup. The night we arrived, I rang for the floor man and asked him to bring a bottle of mineral water of a certain brand that had been recommended to us on the trip from the station. He brought it. 'Seven francs!' Next day I prospected in a neighboring market and bought two bottles of the same for less than five francs. How they do love Americans!

Let that editor step into any first-class hotel in the United States and order, say, a bottle of ginger ale. The check will be fifty cents. Then let him go to the nearest grocery store, where it is sold for two dollars a dozen, or, say, sixteen cents a bottle. Does that mean that the Mayflower, Ritz-Carlton, or Blackstone does not love Americans?

Perhaps it is a form of patriotism which makes many people turn so confidingly to the government in every trouble and expect something to be done about it, by passing a law, or making an appropriation or something. If this is love of country, it bears a suspicious resemblance to the definition of gratitude — a lively expectation of favors to come. It is nothing more than cupboard love. But it does have the effect of dragging politics into business, and the two will not mix, any more than water and oil. The function of government is to govern so all may have an equal chance, while as for politics, that seems to be largely what the world is suffering from.

The selfishness of group loyalty, which is one form of patriotism, reveals itself when groups demand the remittance of taxes. 'The real-estate men,' says Merle Thorpe, 'want the terms of mortgages eased and their tax burden lifted. When they say "lifted" they mean "shifted," for someone must pay the taxes.' The same cry goes up from other interests, — amusements, lumber, gasoline, — but these taxes must fall somewhere on other groups inside the country; so what becomes of national patriotism?

A timely example bobs up in the day's news. The Associated Cigar Manufacturers and Leaf Tobacco Dealers complain to the Navy Department that the sailors on our battleships are

smoking Cuban cigars. The Navy diplomatically replies that when the ships are in Cuban waters they do buy cigars at Havana, but these cigars must be, as the saying is, smoked on the premises. They cannot be brought into the United States. And it points with pride to the requirement that 'the Navy purchase or contract for within the United States only articles of the growth, production or manufacture of the United States, notwithstanding that such articles may cost more.'

VI

Recently the *New York Times* printed the letter of a lady who was unduly agitated because some person did not rise when the national anthem was played. Where was his patriotism, she demanded. Oh, well, the war is over, and exhibitionistic patriotism is not quite so insistent as it was. Patriotism, as Young Lochinvar said of love, 'flows like the Solway but ebbs as its tide.' Perhaps he was tone deaf, like that chap who could recognize but two tunes, one of which was not the 'Star-Spangled Banner.'

During the war I had a taste of the perils a deaf man might undergo when the patriotism of the people had been whipped to fanaticism by war propaganda. I was seated in the writing room of a Syracuse hotel, which was an alcove opening out of the lobby. Several men were in the room, probably traveling salesmen making out reports or preparing alibis for their sales managers. Suddenly the man next me stood up. He did not walk away, but simply stood there giving me the uncomfortable feeling that he was trying to read what I wrote. I stole a cautious glance at him and discovered that all the men in the room were standing, and, what is more, regarding me with unfriendly, not to say hostile, glares. I was immediately overwhelmed with what Briggs has called the guiltiest feeling. What was wrong with me? What had I done? Here was my cue to be nonchalant and light a cigarette. But I am not so unselfconscious as all that. I gathered up my letter and left the room.

No sooner had I stepped into the lobby than the situation explained itself. Everyone was standing. In the far corner of the room a three-piece orchestra was playing what I now guessed must be that martial air popularly known as the national anthem. At any rate it was playing whatever is played when people feel called upon to rise, and I was under suspicion which might, had it not resolved itself so quickly, have given me a bad time. It would not have been easy for anyone to tell me what it was all about, and would have been even more difficult, I imagine, for me to explain to an excited mob that, since I could not hear the music, it was to me as if it had not been played. The experience often repeated itself during the war, but I soon learned to conform. What, I wondered, would be the predicament of a blind man when the national colors were carried past? It ought to be arranged that the blind could stand for the anthem and the deaf salute for the flag. Since we could neither of us fight, we could thus do our bit to make the world safe for democracy.

Legally there was no such thing as a national anthem then, for it was only recently that Congress took time off during a busy session to give official standing to the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' which at least had the merit of not plagiarizing the national air of England. There was objection, of course, from literary purists, for the style is not one that should be immortalized; but the real menace of this, as of all such martial hymns, is that

it glorifies war. It is militaristic, written around an incident of a battle in the now obscure War of 1812, and helps to perpetuate the military spirit and keep the people in a warlike frame of mind. Have we nothing in our history of which we are more proud than our wars, nothing greater to look forward to than more wars?

Then there are the local subdivisions of patriotism. How the South feels when its sectional patriotism is challenged by an expression of national patriotism is well shown by a contribution from the news in to-day's paper. The Georgia legislature is determined to make Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday in that state, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy are united against it. 'It would,' they say, 'dishonor the memory of the gallant dead of our state.' How do the Daughters of the American Revolution stand on this issue? There must be chapters in the South. Do they go together as far as the Civil War and then part company, to come together again on the more modern wars, particularly that comic war, our little tiff with Spain, which was wished on us by yellow journalism and which produced two heroes—Admiral Dewey, who tactlessly sold the house an admiring nation gave him, and Lieutenant Hobson, who was kissed into oblivion?

Most patriotic activities are directed toward the end of preparation for war. They are our defense mechanism against internationalism. It is as absurd for a nation as big as ours to attempt to keep out of world affairs as for an elephant to try to hide in the grass. We are too big. But it is the purpose of hosts of wrong-headed people to keep alive our national self-consciousness on the note of disparagement of all the rest of the world.

One old bitter-ender out in Los Angeles hired a broadcasting station with his own money to voice a series of impassioned protests against the showing of the film made from *All Quiet*, though why he directed his blasts against the picture when the book was read by millions is a mystery. Perhaps he never heard of the book. And did he base his objections on the untruthfulness of the film, on the ground that it gave a false idea of war? On the contrary, just the opposite. 'If our youth see this picture, we shan't be able to make them fight,' he implored. Was there ever a more damaging admission? Would to God it were true. But the military tradition dies hard. Before another war can be staged it is to be feared that a new crop of cannon fodder (or should we say poison-gas victims?) will have arrived who have never heard of Erich Remarque. By then the new school histories will have their accounts telling how gallant General Pershing and his A. E. F. won the war, with nothing said of the vermin and gangrene, the futility and squalor. There will be no account of the colossal blunders at headquarters by which thousands of young lives were needlessly wiped out.

VII

In my boyhood the piece most popular with elocutionists for public readings was Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' which celebrated the gallantry of six hundred who died because of an officer's error, with only a line, and not a word of criticism, for the blundering fool who sent them to their deaths.

Most of the selections we spouted on Friday afternoons were martial in spirit. They were part of our education in patriotism. Naturally we believed that nothing was more glorious than war. 'Sheridan's Ride,' 'How They Brought the Good News,' 'Paul Revere's Ride.' No one knew, certainly

the patriotic beadles never told us, that Paul Revere's ride was all in the day's work for him, for which he was duly and fairly paid. 'Casabianca' celebrated the triumph of duty over common sense, that blind obedience so necessary to army discipline. I remember one that began, 'Out of the North the wild news came,' which contained the lines: —

> The psalm was warrior David's psalm;
> The text a few short words of might,
> The Lord of Hosts shall arm the right.

What was the Primate of all England doing while the Lord of Hosts was arming the American rebels? We have not yet got over the old Hebrew idea that war is one of God's chief preoccupations. Just the other day the head of the Red Cross startled and amused the world by explaining that his organization could not help the starving miners' families because its ministrations are confined to what are legally known as 'acts of God.' War, evidently, is an act of God, but when the children of striking miners die for lack of food, that is presumably nature taking her course.

I remember those old patriotic poems because they were taught me as no other poetry was. They were in all Readers and Speakers. I can quote them without stint. I would gladly exchange my memory of those resounding martial chants for a few remembered lines from the ode 'To a Skylark' or 'Kubla Khan.' I regard with alarm the continued efforts of the super-patriots to keep the younger generation from losing the illusion that war is glorious.

Compulsory military drill in colleges is one of their methods. It is refreshing to observe signs of rebellion. Cornell, where the first unit was established, has been compelled to revoke the compulsory feature. Without it, military drill will disappear exactly as chapel does when the obligation to attend is removed. Ohio State University, which has the largest unit, with fifty-two United States commissioned officers in charge, is engaged in a fight right now which can have but one outcome, for the youth of to-day are wiser than my generation. The ostensible purpose is preparedness, but the real reason is propaganda, to keep the young in line by dangling the military trappings before them. A uniform is potent. It is said that many Negroes will work for nothing as doormen if only the uniform is gorgeous enough.

Each successive generation of youth of military age holds in its hands the fate of war. If the youth of the world refuse to fight, there will be no wars. That is what the militaristic propagandists fear; that is why they fight the books that tell the truth about war. They believe, with Napoleon, that four hostile newspapers are more dangerous than battalions.

Youth is learning that it is neither *dulce* nor *decorum* to die for one's country when one knows it means leaving his entrails hanging to a barbed-wire entanglement to advance some non-combatants' economic interests. There never was a cause of war, aside from those which were frankly freebooting and piracy, that could not be settled peacefully, just as disputes between man and man are settled in all civilized countries. Fighting settles nothing but which is the best fighter. There was a time when dueling was allowed even in this country. If a man called you a liar, you challenged him and ran him through. He died, and your honor was satisfied. But you might be an expert swordsman and still be a liar.

I have no patience with those who say, 'I don't want war, but I believe in preparedness.' Preparedness makes wars. General Tasker Bliss said that the real cause of the World War was the large number of men in Europe under arms. You can no more expect a

nation with an army not to want to use it than you can expect a boy with a toy hatchet not to try it on the first piece of furniture he finds.

VIII

But after all, what is patriotism? The dictionary defines it as love of country. But what is one's country? Is it the United States, or is it Illinois? Or Knox County? Or Galesburg? Or the Fifth Ward? There is authority for each of these geographical limitations. In every state, county, town, and ward are societies and groups and individuals plugging for the growth, prosperity, and interests of each, regardless of how adversely its advantage may affect other communities. The hand of each small unit is against that of every other unit, but all are expected to unite in one grand, glorious outburst of patriotism for all the units combined. It is a form of patriotism to boom your town, or district, or state, as the case may be.

Los Angeles is full of people drawn from the Middle West, and full of pride at its growth — mere population, strangely enough, being a source of gratification. Is Los Angeles patriotic in the national sense? If it believes in 'my country, big or little, but may she always grow bigger,' Los Angeles is n't helping much merely by moving people around inside the boundaries. It is prospering at the expense of the country it is patriotically bound to love and boost. And if growth in population is such a boon to cities, why is not our immigration policy all wrong? Why do we not admit more prospective citizens to fill up those cities whose greatest achievements are recorded by the census?

Patriotism as practised in these United States seems to be egocentric, radiating from a point occupied by the patriot and diminishing in intensity as it gets farther from home. The hub of the universe, to paraphrase the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, sticks up visibly in the centre of every community with a wide-awake chamber of commerce. Rivalry of districts, rivalry of cities, rivalry of states, all come under the label of patriotism. 'Patronize home industries,' 'Buy in New England,' fight the chain stores because they are owned in Wall Street (is n't Wall Street part of 'My country, 't is of thee'?), Minneapolis against St. Paul, the West against the East, the North against the South, agriculture against industry, uptown against downtown, build up, fight for, promote your own community, even at the expense of other communities, all loosely assembled within another geographical boundary known as our country.

Thus it is obvious that a patriotic citizen is one who believes that his is the best home and the best family in Galesburg, and that Galesburg is the best city in Knox County, while Knox is the best county in Illinois and Illinois is the best state in the Union. All of which climaxes in the grand finale that the United States is the best country in the world.

Since patriotism is able to embrace so much and overleap so confidently so many barriers and include so many conflicting and incompatible interests, why stop there? Why cannot we go on and logically complete the egocentric curves, so that the United States, instead of being the best country in the world, is merely the best country in North America, while North America is obviously the best continent in the Western Hemisphere, and the Western Hemisphere the best on the globe, and the world the best planet in the solar system, and our solar system the best solar system in the universe? We cannot go further than that without per-

mission from Mr. Einstein, and by the time our patriotism has reached the sweet influences of the Pleiades it will be so attenuated as to be a subject for the researches of the physicists who have conceived, if not isolated, the electron.

This extended flight of imagination is no more absurd than what is actually taught and promoted by our super-patriots, militarists, chambers of commerce, and boosters. Patriotism, which really was a virtue in a small compact country about as large as one of our city wards, where all the people were of the same mind and all acquainted, becomes a pretty thin solvent for the problems of a complex and heterogeneous country in a world that is actually smaller, as far as our daily awareness of it goes, than the Greek peninsula was to Pericles.

Although we know more to-day about our fellow inhabitants of the globe, this knowledge has not yet had time to undo the effects of centuries of education in patriotism, still maintained by active bodies. We still do not realize that this country cannot permanently prosper unless the other countries of the world prosper along with it; that force, moral or physical, while it can distort and delay the working of economic laws, can never abrogate them; that fuller intercourse with the whole world is coming, and with it will come a new definition, or rather a better interpretation, of patriotism.

We do not need a new definition. The old word is still good enough to designate whatever virtue is in the idea. But we need a word for those hectic activities which are making the country ridiculous, the kind of patriotism that is not love of country but cupboard love, the kind that is merely a smoke screen for militarism, and the kind that is nothing but exhibitionism. Let us call such activities 'patriotics,' the sound of which does justice to their perfervid and hysterical qualities.

I hope and believe that I am a patriot. I love my country and am proud of it. It is the only country I have. My forbears have lived in it three hundred years. But I do not feel bound to admire every phase of it, to abstain from all criticism, or to believe that admiration for other countries implies a breach of loyalty. I am sure that if I can love and feel proud of a country as large as the United States, I could with a little effort stretch that love and pride to include more of the earth's surface.

EGG–THROWING CHAMPIONS OF TURLOCK

BY JASPER JARROW

LAST spring I read about the Turlock, California, plan for reducing overproduction of eggs by direct action. The patriotic men of Turlock, according to the dispatches, agreed to throw the surplus eggs at each other. The affair was sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. Two local groups — fittingly named the Rotary Club and the Exchange Club — entered the competition for the egg-throwing championship of Turlock. The winning team, with one hundred cases of more or less fresh-laid ammunition, was to challenge teams from Merced and Modesto. That seemed to me, at the time, like an idea that might be carried much further.

I admit that I am nothing but an amateur in economics — a dub, in fact, with a handicap of fifty. To me every shot in economics is a mental hazard. When anyone asks me, suddenly, why people have to starve in the midst of plenty, for the life of me I cannot think of the answer. I know it must have something to do with the law of supply and demand. Everything has. But the very thought of 'supply and demand' is to me like a pond in front of the first tee.

Still, even I could see at once that there was merit in the Turlock plan. Certainly the hens cannot be blamed for overproduction. The Poultry Division of the State University has long been teaching them how to lay more eggs. It has even gone so far as to provide electric lights, so that the endurance sitters could work twenty-four hours a day. No doubt every one of these misguided birds thought that she was rendering a service to the state every time she laid an egg. She even cackled over it — in spite of being a Californian.

No, the hens are not wholly to blame. Slocum, who works in the office where I work, says that even if the hens got together to limit output and maintain prices they would be prosecuted, under the Sherman Act, for conspiracy in restraint of trade. The least we can say of the Turlock plan, Slocum says, is that it is truly Californian: anyone who has been often to the movies knows that this has long been the Hollywood method of reducing the surplus production of custard pies.

But for disposing of surplus fruit, it must be admitted, this method does not work so well — at least not in Boston; for when Rudy Vallée was on the stage in that cultured city, crooning 'Give me something to remember you by,' the college student who threw a grapefruit at him was expelled from college. The faculty, it seemed to me, did not grasp the profound economic significance of this brave example in a country which is groaning under the weight of too much of everything.

Still, I realized that a college faculty must know far more about economic theories than I do. I don't even know what Adam Smith said about the

theory of direct action, as applied to citrous fruit, or how Malthus proposed to solve the problem of too much food of all kinds. It may be that the faculty referred the case to the School of Business Administration, and were informed that the Turlock method of egg-throwing contests would not wholly solve Pittsburgh's problem of too many steel rails — or even, Slocum added, the college's own problem of too many students.

Perhaps, after all, the best way to solve economic problems is to leave them alone. *Laissez faire.* Let nature take its course. This means, Slocum says, leaving it to the Lazy Fairies. But Slocum speaks too flippantly of the forces of nature. When it comes to destroying surplus wealth, for example, what is so swift and sweeping as a great flood! Everybody knows how merrily the cash registers began to ring in Vermont, and how quickly the confidence of business men was restored, by the destruction of wealth in the great flood. Perhaps we should pray for bigger and better floods — or for another war. After all, nothing but a world war could relieve the world of its surplus wealth on so grand a scale.

No, the Turlock plan is too slow.

Just as I came to that conclusion, I read about a plan which seemed far more sensible. Why not attack the trouble at its source? Why not reduce production? 'Our efforts to produce goods in America should be eased off,' says Mr. J. George Frederick. 'To avoid burdensome surpluses, production must now be definitely throttled down. The country's men and machines could perform veritable miracles, if the product could be absorbed. But it can't.' Here is a business man's solution of a business problem. Mr. Frederick is President of the Business Bourse of New York City.

'Growers,' he says, 'must refrain from working as hard and as long. The only question is how production can be reduced most evenly and painlessly.'

When I read that, I wondered why I had n't thought of it myself. How true it is that all really great ideas are very simple!

No sooner had I heard of this plan than I began to read in the papers about various practical ways of carrying it out. I read about the decision of Minneapolis to ban the use of labor-saving machines in municipal projects, and go back to picks and shovels. Then I read about the bill proposed by the painters' union in Brooklyn, New York, requiring all painters to use three-inch instead of six-inch brushes. I wondered why the city fathers of Minneapolis had not thought of the simple device of forbidding the use of shovels more than three inches wide.

While we are about it, why not abandon the use of typewriters and telephones? Why not sow and reap by hand? Any ingenious person can think of a hundred other ways of making one blade grow where two grew before; and, what is more important, making two jobs grow where one grew before.

The chief cause of overproduction, evidently, is efficiency. Clearly, then, the cure for overproduction is inefficiency. When I said that to Slocum, he agreed at once. He declared that industry, in the United States, needs above all else bigger, better, and busier inefficiency experts. The government, he thinks, might be able to supply them.

As a symbol, the new order might use a three-inch painters' brush, rampant. Slocum says a crab, couchant, would be more appropriate, but Slocum never takes things seriously. He even goes so far as to say that the chief cause of overproduction is scientific research, and that Hoover ought to

bring about a ten-year moratorium on inventions.

I had about concluded that the President of the Business Bourse was right, — that the only question is how production can be reduced most evenly and painlessly, — when Maggie, our charwoman, came into the office; and I could n't help wondering how production could be reduced painlessly for Maggie — for Maggie and her three small children. Or, indeed, for four million other families which, if we can believe the charity societies, are now suffering from anything but superabundance.

To tell the truth, the more economic theory I read, the more confused I get. Why are so many millions in want? Because we have produced too much. Why must they wear shabby clothes? Because we have too much cotton, too much wool, too many mills, and too many mill hands who want to make cloth. Why must millions live in slums — foul breeding places of disease and crime? Because we have too much lumber, too much steel, too many carpenters, too many plumbers. Why can't we transport surplus products to the places where they are needed? Because we have too many freight cars, too many railroad workers, too many trucks, too many —

But this does n't make sense. The economists told us, even in the heights of our prosperity, that ten million families were trying in vain to live decently on what they could buy with less than fifteen hundred dollars a year. Since then production has fallen off 20 per cent, and ten million families have been forced further down the scale of living.

What can be done about it? Only one thing, we are told. 'The only question is how production can be reduced most evenly and painlessly.'

Well, as I said in the beginning, I am a dub at economic theory. I can't see how either throwing eggs at each other or painlessly preventing the hens from laying so many eggs will solve Maggie's problem. And I fancy it is on the solution of Maggie's problem that our national security depends.

Slocum says there are only two cures for general overproduction, anyway: one is to reduce production and stabilize poverty; the other is to increase consumption and stabilize prosperity. The first cure we have been trying for the past two years: we have been 'throttling down production to the level of consumption' — and, of course, throttling down jobs in the process. I wonder how much more throttling the people will stand.

HEARST

BY WALTER MILLIS

It is now over thirty years since the acrid Godkin, driven to angry despair by the appearance of a new journalistic method and by the success of what seemed to him a new and vicious force in American life, burst out that 'nothing so disgraceful as the behavior of these two newspapers in the past week has ever been known in the history of journalism.' Not long ago, when one of those 'two newspapers' finally passed from the national scene, it was amid an almost universal sorrow; and only a casual voice recalled that much which really underlay the greatness of Pulitzer's *World* had also caused it, a generation ago, to be excluded from polite homes or deposited (with the tongs) upon the fire. Mr. Godkin's spiritual descendants were among the first to grieve over the death of the *World*. Did they stop to ask themselves, one wonders, how they would feel about the disappearance of the other target of Mr. Godkin's denunciation? William Randolph Hearst and his New York *American* are still very much alive. When they, in turn, come to their mortal end, will the event be received with similar lamentation?

Perhaps it will. Pulitzer and Hearst were very different men, yet the younger learned the whole secret of his peculiar method from the elder and seems still, as he converts the *American* into a curious simulacrum of its dead rival, to be willing to follow in his footsteps. 'Give the public what it wants' — in order to make it take what is good for it.

In their several ways Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst have been the two great protagonists of that powerful and subtly working principle — a principle, incidentally, which has attracted many lesser practitioners. The consequences of its application in our national life are still obscure; whether it will prove to have been a tonic or a poison the future must decide. But no one can study our times without considering its effects, and one cannot study them without a study of Mr. Hearst.

I

The bitter rage which Mr. Godkin poured out upon the youthful proprietor of what was then the New York *Journal* merely opened a chorus of execration which has ever since pursued that tall and elusive figure. For thirty years the name of Hearst has been anathema. One might let it go at that — save for a curious and often unnoticed fact. The chorus has been continuous; the voices have not been. The attacks of one period have been based on reasons precisely opposite to those which produced the assaults of the year before, while gentlemen who have damned Mr. Hearst in one decade can often be found adopting his policies (and appropriating the credit for his labors) in the next.

For thirty years the American people

have misunderstood Mr. Hearst and what he was doing to them. The combination in a single man of great genius, great wealth, and total freedom from the particular sort of cowardice which wealth usually generates is of such rare occurrence that it is perhaps asking too much of his contemporaries that they should understand him. The effort, indeed, was so great that for years people preferred to believe that Hearst simply did not exist at all, and the legend that he is a mere creation of brilliant subordinates is not wholly dead even today.

It is, of course, a legend. The genius has been attested by nearly everyone who has written seriously of him, from Bierce, who saw him as an 'unearthly child,' down to Lincoln Steffens, who has given a final verdict that Hearst 'is so far ahead of his staffs that they can hardly see him.' Those who have known him have countless stories to illustrate his extraordinary quickness of mind, his grasp of detail, his cynically astute intelligence which closes upon its object 'like a steel trap.' The fortune inherited from his Forty-Niner father was a very large one. Hearst took it for granted, poured it out like water over a dam ('Money,' he once said, 'is simply power in cold storage'), and has seen it many times increased.

The courage is a less simple quality. Sometimes it has been a mere gamin's capacity for reckless mischief-making; sometimes it has been the ruthless expression of a lonely and monumental egotism; but sometimes it has seemed the genuine courage of a genuine conviction. Whatever its nature, its existence is apparent in nearly every step of that breath-taking career. From the moment when he lightly tossed the whole of his mother's fortune into the task of beating the *World*, down through his countless irresponsibilities and inventions to his bold effort to keep the United States out of the European War, the things which William Randolph Hearst has not been afraid to do make up a staggering catalogue.

His equipment was unusual, and the youthful Mr. Hearst found for it an unusual employment. The career which he chose for himself was partly a natural expression of the strange age in which he came to maturity, of the conflicts, crudities, and upheavals of the middle eighties. It was a time inviting originality, braggadocio, and brick throwing, and Mr. Hearst was very much a product of his time. But more directly he was a product of Joseph Pulitzer.

It was in the fall of 1882 that Hearst came East to his pyrotechnic career at Harvard, and it was in May 1883 that the first issue of Pulitzer's *World* appeared, to open possibilities for pyrotechnics upon a scale grander and more exciting than anything offered by mere undergraduate devilry. The whole method was outlined almost from the beginning; Pulitzer dedicated his first issue to 'the cause of the people rather than that of the purse-potentates,' while the platform which he announced a week later (calling for taxation of 'large incomes' and attacking 'privileged corporations' and 'corrupt office-holders') remains the basis of the Hearst editorial pages to this day. The sensational stories and headlines, the emphasis on crime and sex, the journalistic 'crusades' against 'boodle' aldermen, grasping capitalists, and other convenient enemies of the people, were to come soon after. At Harvard, young Mr. Hearst read up on his Jefferson and Jackson, and flooded his rooms with copies of the *World*. He watched the spectacular rise of the paper and of Mr. Pulitzer. 'I thought I saw,' as he gently confessed to Lincoln Steffens

many years later, 'the principles underlying his methods.'

It is easier to see them now than it was then. Original, sensational, shocking, and impudent, 'yellow journalism' commanded first a huge circulation based upon giving the common man what he wanted; this in turn it employed in fighting popular battles, championing the popular grievances, manufacturing idols or upsetting them, and generally exasperating all the better elements — upon the highest moral plane.

'God grant,' as Mr. Pulitzer exclaimed on the dedication of his new building, 'that the *World* may forever strive toward the highest ideals'; and the *World* readers, as they absorbed some particularly titillating headline, naturally echoed the sentiment. But, curiously enough, Mr. Pulitzer really did have ideals. From this encumbrance Mr. Hearst was singularly free. Unattracted by the barren business of being a rich man's son, untrammeled by convention, coldly reckless, and with a monumental egotism behind his placid eyes, he saw here the means for an incomparable expression of his peculiar personality, and the chance for a career of Napoleonic proportions. The materials were ready to his hand; to their exploitation Mr. Hearst now addressed himself with a boldness, a realism, and a brilliance that were to surpass the model.

II

Through the autumn of 1895 the front page of the New York *Morning Journal*, though running to rather heavy type and a preoccupation with crime, had not departed greatly from the conventional. On the morning of November 7, however, there was a difference.

On the entire page there was only a single, and comparatively modest, head: 'An International Wedding. How the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt Were Married.' But, running from the upper left to the lower right-hand corner, a splendid drawing of the wedding procession consumed about two thirds of the total space. What was left was taken up by the leading paragraphs of Julian Ralph's admirable story of the magnificent occasion — written for those who did not participate. The whole of the next three pages was devoted to accounts and lavish illustrations of the wedding; not until page 5 did the regular news of the day appear. It was a gorgeous splash; the explanation might have been found in the editorial-page 'masthead,' where in demure type there appeared for the first time the single name: 'W. R. Hearst.' Thus did Mr. Hearst, at the age of thirty-two, announce his arrival upon a national stage.

He had spent ten years in California testing his powers and perfecting the technique — an episode compounded of rowdy exuberance and cold enthusiasm for the wonderful instrument he was learning to use. The story of what was to follow is well enough known. It began, of course, in the epic battle with Mr. Pulitzer. Mr. Hearst cynically opened the struggle by buying away Brisbane, Goddard, Carvalho, Outcault, the whole of the *World's* Sunday staff. It was a short cut; having taken the method, he took the men as well.

With his strange, deceptive calm he then led them into a campaign of sensationalism, scurrility, and technically brilliant journalism that can have had few parallels. The flavor is in the slogans: 'You Can't Get More Than All the News; You Can't Pay Less Than One Cent,' 'While Others Talk the *Journal* Acts.' The new

colored comic section was 'eight pages of iridescent polychromous effulgence that makes the rainbow look like a lead pipe.' The *Journal's* foreign correspondents were not correspondents but 'special commissioners.' The *Journal's* owner taught his staff to care less for facts than for news, and his editorial writers to care less for reason than for effect; and in this connection it is curious to note that he described his rival as 'a journalist who made his money by pandering to the worst tastes of the prurient and horror loving, by dealing in bogus news . . . and by affecting a devotion to the interests of the people while . . . sedulously looking out for his own.'

The first aim, and in these years perhaps the only one, was circulation, for circulation is at once the basis and the justification of the whole idea. But Mr. Hearst had a shrewder and higher estimate of what people want than he is always credited with. He knew that merely to pile sex on sensation is not enough, and he was careful to use real originality, brilliance, and good writing.

Three weeks after his opening splash with the *Journal* Mr. Hearst was printing Rudyard Kipling's 'The Devil and the Deep Sea' in the Sunday issue, and Mark Twain, Edgar Saltus, Stephen Crane, were only the first of the long line of distinguished literary men whose names have never ceased to decorate his pages. He poured out the money, seized upon every mechanical and technical improvement, and was inexhaustible in his own invention. The joyous task of creation and of beating Pulitzer was doubtless enough in itself for his flippant energies, and when he flung the *Journal* to the support of Bryan and free silver, in 1896, it may have been chiefly because he realized that Pulitzer, in standing for gold, had opened a fine strategic opportunity. On the day after the election his morning edition alone printed 956,000 copies. It was an extraordinary triumph.

But it was not only circulation which he had achieved. Using the pencil of Davenport and the imagination of Alfred Henry Lewis, he had plastered Mark Hanna with the dollar marks which may never be entirely erased from that statesman's memory. Bryan was not elected, but he came near to it; and the intense bitterness of an electoral campaign which is possibly our closest approach to a class struggle was in part due to the curious genius of Mr. Hearst. The editor saw that he had not only reduced the polite to the last extremes of terror; he had also evoked in the common man a sense of grievance and injustice that could form an enormous reservoir of power. It was power to correct abuses, to right wrong, to restore 'democracy' — but it was power first of all.

In San Francisco he had tried out his crusades against grafting politicians and bribing corporations on a local stage. He was now working in a national limelight, and his ambition rose to his opportunity. In 1897 he proclaimed the 'new journalism,' and seemed actually to play with a vision of newspapers as popular institutions of a wholly novel type. It was to be their business not merely to report but to act, even to govern; and while his papers exploded with banner heads and big type, he sent his agents into the courts to use on behalf of the 'people' the injunction process that had been the prerogative of the 'interests,' or converted his reporters into detectives to accomplish what public officers were unwilling or unable to do. It was all, of course, a circulation stunt. But it was something else. W. R. Hearst would not have hesitated to improve upon the Constitution, and

who can doubt that he half believed himself to be doing so?

III

Almost immediately chance was to open an even larger field for a test of the new journalism. The Cuban insurrection which had broken out in 1895 was proving both picturesque and dramatic and was seizing upon the restless imagination of the time. Mr. Hearst and the *Journal* plunged joyfully into the conduct of our foreign relations. War sentiment was drummed up with an inventiveness, a wildness, a 'satanism,' as Mr. Godkin called it, surpassing anything that had gone before. Evangelina Cisneros was metamorphosed into 'the Cuban Girl Martyr' and rescued bodily from the Spanish Government. 'An American Newspaper,' the *Journal* cried, 'Accomplishes at a Single Stroke What the Best Efforts of Diplomacy Failed Utterly to Bring About in Many Months' — while others talked, the *Journal* was acting, even in the international sphere.

It boomed circulation — but here, as elsewhere, it is difficult to suppose that Hearst was governed only by an ulterior motive. The propaganda could not have been so shrewdly telling unless its author had half believed it himself, or believed in the end toward which it was directed. Mr. Hearst cannot have been taken in by the wild charges he hurled against the Spaniards or the bloody colors in which he presented the Cuban issue. Yet he must have been convinced that war was desirable. Possibly his mind really responded to the democratic altruism of the campaign to 'free Cuba' — or possibly he believed, with other statesmen, that 'this country needs a war.' Whatever he thought, he did his best to provide one.

There would probably have been a war without Mr. Hearst, but he lent material assistance. With his enormous headlines, with his utter recklessness of suggestion, invention, and exaggeration, he helped to fan opinion into a fiercer emotional heat, perhaps, than it has ever known. When the war did come, Mr. Hearst offered a ship to the Navy if he could go as captain, and when the Navy looked with a not unnatural alarm upon the proposal, he chartered his own fleet and rushed to the scene of action. An interesting photograph survives showing Mr. Hearst, after the naval battle of Santiago, 'capturing' Spanish sailors from the beach, while he actually appeared under fire at El Caney with 'a straw hat with a bright ribbon on his head, a revolver at his belt, and a pencil and notebook in his hand.' The high point, however, was his order to his European representative to sink a blockship in the Suez Canal to prevent the passage of a Spanish fleet. This was, indeed, a new concept of the function of journalism.

In peace no less than in war Mr. Hearst's quick and ingenious mind was to find continuing opportunities for hammering upon the great drum which he had perfected. But the war had confirmed him in another aspect of the Hearst policies. The war had been a naïve outburst of a new, democratic nationalism, and Hearst, like Theodore Roosevelt, had been one of its most effective voices. His shrieking patriotism, his bumptious irreverence toward Europe, and in particular his hostility to Great Britain, have been the natural expressions of this raw national self-consciousness. Mr. Hearst did not invent it. In the field of policy, in fact, Mr. Hearst never seems to have invented anything; the political philosophy which he has trumpeted for forty years was merely taken from the air

around him. He established his 'primacy of the sewer' (it has for years been a stock phrase of his enemies) as an obvious way of giving the people what they wanted; his attacks on wealth, on corruption, on the 'trusts,' were an equally uncritical expression of the popular grievances of the time, and his blatant patriotism of the popular enthusiasms. But for each aspect of the method the dawn of the twentieth century was to open admirable opportunities.

Of the new imperialism Mr. Hearst was one of the loudest mouthpieces; and when, in the spring of 1900, Mr. Hay incautiously concluded a treaty with Great Britain which would have forbidden us to fortify the projected Panama Canal, Mr. Hearst added his most brutal artillery to the barrage of patriotic rage which overwhelmed the unhappy Secretary. There was an excoriating cartoon by Davenport that showed Hay and McKinley, in footmen's livery, humbly addressing Pauncefote as 'M'lud'; and, as far more polite sources echoed the sentiment, the treaty collapsed. That summer in New York there was a traction scandal; and Hearst joyously led the newspaper denunciation which ripped the 'ice trust' to pieces and forced it to cut its rates in half. The 1900 campaign, with Bryan running as an anti-imperialist as well as a free-silverite, might have raised difficulties for a less adroit editor; for Mr. Hearst it was necessary only to forget about the imperialism and once more to parade Senator Hanna in his dollar marks and 'Willie' McKinley as his tool.

The campaign of 1900 was less exciting than that of 1896, but the Hearst press, if anything, was more so. With Mr. Hearst calm and invisible at its centre, the whirlwind roared, and the young men whom he had trained exploited to the utmost the juvenile irresponsibility of the Hearst method. The climax came after the election in the *Evening Journal's* editorial cry that if 'bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done.' Even Hearst paused at that, and suppressed the sentiment as soon as he saw it; apparently he did not suppress Bierce's lines in the morning *Journal* conveying the 'warning' that the bullet of a Kentucky assassin was

> . . . speeding here
> To stretch McKinley on his bier.

Six months later McKinley was dead. In the shock of the tragedy the nation turned to find an object for its revenge — and it found Mr. Hearst.

The polite, of course, had long grieved over Mr. Hearst's treatment of 'human interest,' and the more privileged had felt a distinct annoyance at the betrayal, by a wealthy man, of the class to which he so evidently should have belonged. More old-fashioned minds had comprehended, with a deeper instinct, the violence of the new force which Hearst was using, the depth of the transformation which might be wrought in the national life and ideals by these new arts of propaganda, battering publicity, and mass emotion. But philosophical doubt seldom counts for much in our affairs. Mr. Hearst's most striking effort had been his contribution toward the war; this was an end which the most eminent could applaud and (though perhaps a little shocked by the size of his headline type) they had not hesitated to avail themselves of the emotional power which he generated.

Here, however, was something else. To the horror over the assassination of McKinley there was added the bitterness of partisanship, and gentlemen who had seen nothing really wrong in the exploitation of mass emotion to win

a foreign war abruptly discovered the dangers of mass emotion employed to stir up the masses. 'It is doubtful,' says Mr. Hearst's biographer, 'if any American has ever faced a wilder storm of abuse.' Throughout the nation Hearst was burned in effigy with fagots made of his bundled papers. 'Every scoundrel like Hearst and his satellites who for whatever purposes appeals to evil human passion,' Mr. Roosevelt privately burst out, 'has made himself accessory before the fact to crimes of this nature.' And Senator Lodge replied, 'Amen'; the *Journal* was an 'efficient cause in breeding anarchists and murder.' The man who had done so much to take the nation into its crusade of three years before was all at once detected as a mere demagogue and panderer to base emotion. The Hearst campaigns, it was realized, were simply cynical bids for circulation; the Hearst policies were only skillful instruments for making money for Mr. Hearst.

Well, no doubt they were. But a singular thing had happened. Whatever the origin of the policies, Mr. Hearst had come to believe in them himself.

IV

The man of action is rarely a philosopher, and the most skillful popular leaders have always, throughout history, owed their hold over the popular mind to the fact that they shared it themselves. For all his cynical realism, one cannot believe that W. R. Hearst is an exception. 'I don't think,' he told Steffens, 'that my papers are so bad'; and the interviewer realized the naïve honesty of the revealing sentence. Mr. Hearst, Steffens thought, 'was a man who was in deadly earnest.' And he was, in his peculiar way. His mild eyes concealed a Napoleonic egotism, and he proposed to fulfill it by giving the people, in a larger sense, what they wanted. Uncritically, he assumed this to be 'good government,' the suppression of 'privilege,' the uprooting of graft and corporate extortion — they were the slogans of the times, and to this extent, perhaps, he was taken in by his own propaganda. 'He thinks he is a democrat,' one of his former subordinates has said. 'The fact is, there was never a greater autocrat in the world.' The trouble with us was that we were not democratic. Mr. Hearst would make us be democratic, and would make us like it.

According to Creelman, he had been already, 'in a furtive and half-hearted way, a candidate for second place on the ticket with Mr. Bryan in 1900. But . . . even Mr. Bryan looked upon the matter as a jest.' Mr. Bryan did not understand the deadly earnestness of this soft-spoken young gentleman not yet out of his thirties. The fact was that Mr. Hearst had been developing the possibilities of his method. The mere newspaper uproar was satisfactory enough for his younger triumphs; but it had its weaknesses, as the McKinley debacle showed, and its limitations. It might elect men to office; it could not make them the agents of Mr. Hearst's imperial purposes.

But his experience as president of the National Association of Democratic Clubs in 1900 had taught him, as Creelman said, 'that political organizations are, after all, largely made up of noise and boasting and that most of the men who do the real work among the voters can be controlled by anyone with boldness enough to proclaim himself leader and pay for the printing, music, and red fire.' In his papers he already had the framework of such an organization ready-made. Mr. Hearst turned to seek office for himself.

Throughout the next decade he was to be bombarded with charges of a

mere vulgar and grasping ambition. The public, like Mr. Bryan, was incapable of imagining the limitlessness of an egotism which made ambition in that sense as impossible to Mr. Hearst as a greed for riches would have been; while the fact that the editor did not hesitate to use for his own advancement nearly every device which he had denounced in more ordinary politicians was to add considerably to the difficulty of understanding him. His response to the McKinley catastrophe appeared to be impudent, but it was also superb. He changed the name of the *Journal* to the *American* and got Tammany to give him a seat in Congress!

His first serious effort was for nothing less than the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1904. Where other men had to buy their machines, Mr. Hearst simply converted his newspapers and their staffs into one of his own. His employees became his political managers; his papers for the first time blazoned the name of William Randolph Hearst in sonorous capitals across the nation, and amid the 'roaring passion' which they worked up he effortlessly collected the delegates not only from a dozen of the lesser states but from Illinois as well. The 'new journalism' had stepped into a startlingly new rôle, and had appeared in still another way as a new menace to our institutions.

Mr. Hearst, of course, was not nominated, but he was the runner-up; and when in the following year he entered with equal coolness into an independent campaign for the mayoralty of New York, he was not elected only because Tammany gravely counted him out. His actual plurality, Tammany men have said, was about 20,000. Mr. Hearst, however, was as patient as he was indefatigable. The year after, 1906, he blandly re-allied himself with Tammany to become candidate for governor, and made a whirlwind campaign through the state denouncing bossism, corruption, and the corporations. Even the brilliant discovery that his own papers were actually a corporation failed to stem the tide which his shrewd and effective sarcasm, to say nothing of his personal organization and liberal finances, set in motion.

Mr. Roosevelt, who years before had campaigned for the same office, likewise denouncing bosses and likewise as the nominee of one of them, was 'horrified' to hear of 'Hearst's strength on the East Side among laborers; and also even among farmers.' Incredible as it might seem, not only the common man but intelligent and upright liberals (Samuel Seabury, now in his turn exposing corruption in New York on the old plan, was one of them) were in the ranks behind this strange people's advocate who used every trick of the ancient game in the people's name.

Hearst by this time had added to his chain of papers and entered the magazine field. 'Sewer journalism,' nationalistic hullabaloo, or even a certain amount of corporation baiting might be no more than mildly disreputable. Now, for a few dread moments, there dawned the possibility that a single man might, merely by picking up a string of papers and manufacturing a personal party, actually usurp the politician's prerogative and run the country as he pleased. Mr. Roosevelt himself was sooner or later to advocate nearly all that Hearst had urged; he was even to use much of the Hearst method and to trade, perhaps more heavily than he realized, upon the ideology which Hearst had drummed into millions of minds. But Mr. Roosevelt had obeyed the conventional rules; here was an irresponsible outsider, threatening, as Steffens said, 'to

"do things."' It was a menace. 'The one chance for Hughes,' Mr. Roosevelt concluded, 'consists in making it evident that he is a real reformer and Hearst merely a sham; that corrupt corporations have to fear more from Hughes a great deal than from Hearst.' This was eventually accomplished by sending Elihu Root into the state to revive the McKinley assassination scandal; the editor was not elected Governor of New York.

V

Again it was a high point, and again Mr. Hearst was to show his ability to learn. Off and on for another sixteen years he was to be a candidate for office; he was to pursue his curious relationship with Tammany through all its devious intricacies; he was even, in 1922, to permit the bizarre suggestion that he might become the Presidential candidate of a third party to be organized by Mr. John F. Hylan and Mr. William Hale Thompson. But much of this activity seems to have been directed less toward getting Mr. Hearst into office than toward swinging a club over those who were to get into office. It was still another form of experimentation with the wonderful machine of power which he had created.

The 'Hearstism' which had awakened so deep a dread in 1906 had proved to be an illusory danger, and for a time the processes of democracy appeared to be safe from this singular democrat. Perhaps it was the method that had unsuspected defects; perhaps it was his own character. But there are more subtle avenues to power than the winning of elections. In the 1908 Presidential election he suddenly produced the stolen Archbold letters (an old and tried device) to torture many eminent souls. His introduction to the batch he read in New York not only was an example of his skillful touch; perhaps it was also a true summary of his own simple motives: —

> Information has been delicately conveyed to me that . . . if I make another damaging disclosure the whole power of the Standard Oil Company will be exercised against me. I say farewell to my friends, therefore, because I am going to read the letters.
>
> In the first place I do not like being bluffed. In the second place I think I am doing a citizen's duty. In the third place there are a great many matters on the Standard Oil Company's books which ought to be brought to light, and I am in hopes that a good, hard fight will bring them to light and will send some of the corrupters of our government to jail.

By running again for Mayor of New York in 1909 he defeated the Fusion candidate, but returned the Fusion Board of Estimate, thus at one stroke rebuking the local Democracy for having knifed him in 1906 and leaving the Fusionists with an uneasy sense that it was to Mr. Hearst, quite as much as to the purity of their own principles, that they owed the victory. In 1912 he was (according to one of Colonel House's letters) a tentative candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination; but, the hope proving a fantastic one, he turned to the task of defeating Mr. Wilson by his support of Champ Clark. The narrowness of the margin by which he lost has led some to say that this was the high-water mark of his political power, and it is a curious reflection that it took Mr. Bryan, a second great practitioner of a similar method, to checkmate him.

But Mr. Hearst was unmoved, and his experiments became even stranger. In New York the amazing figure of Mr. Hylan appeared suddenly as the editor's puppet candidate for the mayoralty which he himself had been unable to secure. The campaign was bitter,

but Mr. Hylan was elected; and the people of New York were to have the eight years of his administration in which to reflect upon the singular workings of our democratic institutions. The pure beauty of the demonstration was, however, to be clouded. The war had intervened, to overtake Mr. Hearst with an ironic debacle.

For twenty years Mr. Hearst, with others, had been industriously pumping the bellows of jingo patriotism. Like others, he had elevated the ark of the Monroe Doctrine, he had thumbed his nose at England, he had believed in the great dogma of a nationalist America, isolated and untrammeled. But unlike others, he continued to believe in it. For all his intelligence, Mr. Hearst seems to have been unequal to that suppleness of mind whereby other patriots suddenly discovered that the ancestral injunction to avoid entanglements required us to plunge into a purely European war, and as the 'associate' of Great Britain, the one people against whom we had been traditionally the most careful to assert our independence. Mr. Hearst could not be de-bamboozled; he turned all his journalistic brilliance toward the logical development of the simple theme upon which he had been harping for two decades, and as a result the waves of wrath broke over him. He was a traitor; he was a seditionist; he was even a pro-German.

It is difficult not to conclude that Mr. Hearst — in the public mind the unprincipled yellow journalist, the shrewd, the calculating, and unmoral self-seeker — was actually entrapped by the simplicity of his own convictions.

The battle, it must be admitted, reads a trifle curiously to-day. There is something strange in finding the friends of good government, in 1917, demonstrating their own fitness to administer New York City by the argument that Mr. Hylan was assisting a submarine campaign in the English Channel. Mr. Hearst's exposures of Allied propaganda seem less than criminal in the light of present-day knowledge; while his suggestion that Germans were human beings does not appear to have been quite so blasphemous a perversion of the facts as it was represented to be.

There are even some who now think that the grounds upon which Mr. Hearst sought to keep us out of war were more realistic than those upon which we went into it. But the astute editor was simply overwhelmed by the ferocity of the nationalistic emotionalism which he himself had done so much to build up. Again there were bonfires fed with Hearst papers, as there had been fifteen years before; it became almost a crime to buy a copy of them and (in right-thinking communities) a disqualification for public office to permit their sale. Frankenstein was imperiled — in fact he was very nearly destroyed — by his own mass monster.

Nearly, but not quite. He trimmed in time; he supported the war, and turned to meet the onslaught with a characteristic lack of scruple. He assailed his enemies with no less violence, and even greater scurrility, than they had used against him. His papers joyously doubled their sensational content, and by other arts redressed the balance of the circulation figures, so that Mr. Hearst was permitted to claim a triumphant vindication at the hands of the public.

The sequel was curious. The war came to an end; so did the war fervor. The American people — especially those who had been loudest in denunciation of the traitorous editor — now discovered that they were tired of

Europe and that the injunction about entangling alliances really did mean what it said after all. Mr. Hearst's bitter assaults upon President Wilson and the League were more consistent than some others, for they were based on precisely the same principles as had dictated his pro-Germanism; by this time, however, the principles had become respectable. The most eminent statesmen tacitly accepted Mr. Hearst's assistance (even though hesitating to acknowledge it), and in the great work of defeating the Versailles Treaty Mr. Hearst exerted a commanding influence.

Again, however, and for still another reason, a picture of William Randolph Hearst as a public enemy had been fixed firmly in the public mind, and when from 1919 onward the egregious Al Smith set himself to remove the Hearst blight (and the Hearst interference) from the affairs of Tammany, he did not hesitate to capitalize the fact. When the Governor damned the editor as a 'Bolshevik' because he had urged, in 1918, that we recognize the Soviet government ('We are in [the war] for democracy,' he had had the temerity to write, 'then for heaven's sake why not recognize a democratic government?') the argument was not entirely above question. And when Hearst, from those Olympian heights to which he was more and more removing himself, flung back the contemptuous answer: 'I have no intention of meeting Governor Smith, publicly or privately, politically or socially. . . . In conclusion let me say that if you gentlemen are going to hire Carnegie Hall every time my papers expose rascally politicians, you would better take a long-term lease on the property,' the dialectic honors were possibly more nearly even than they appeared at the time. Mr. Smith, however, succeeded in slaying the dragon; Mr. Hearst was finally eliminated from New York politics, and by methods which he himself had every reason to understand. But by that time did he really care very much?

VI

Where twenty or thirty years ago Mr. Hearst was a terror of success, it has been the fashion of recent years to damn him as a failure. All his political efforts were written in the sand; his great chain of papers has never ruled the nation; his properties are said to be less prosperous than they once were; the New York *American*, which he intended as his monument, has become a heavy liability, and even the 'primacy of the sewer' has passed to other hands.

It is a fitting postscript to the long cry of contradictory abuse which has followed him that to-day he should be criticized, by no less a prophet than Mr. Mencken, because he has grown 'too respectable' and now 'repudiates the philosophy of a lifetime and, led by the platitudinous Brisbane, sets up as a Babbitt in his declining years.'

It is true that the undergraduate boisterousness, the extraordinary fertility in sensation, of the Spanish War days have long since faded from the pages of the Hearst press. The picturesque effectiveness of Winsor McKay bears small relation to the terrific brutality of Homer Davenport; and 'Prohibition' or 'Gangster' or the anonymous 'Corrupt Politician' is a less interesting target than a flesh-and-blood Hanna, a Murphy, a McKinley, or a Hay. Some say it is because Hearst has grown too old and his properties too vast; he is no longer able to transmit his own malicious genius to the multitudinous proconsuls whom he has been forced to appoint over his empire.

But there are enough stories of his close attention to the way they administer it, of the colossal telephone tolls he rolls up as he dispatches his meticulous orders daily from the throne at San Simeon, to cast doubt upon the theory. So also one cannot too readily accept another explanation: that since the Hearst properties were reorganized and put under a heavy load of bonded debt they have lost the financial independence that was the corner stone of their early recklessness. As Mr. Brisbane himself once remarked (but this was some fifteen years ago), 'the editor with his heart in Wall Street ceases to be yellow. He takes on a superior dull golden hue.'

There may be something in it; but Mr. Hearst was never quite that sort of man.

Those who emphasize the change in the Hearst papers forget that there has been an even more profound change in the times. The slashing exuberance is dead, but so is the national mood which produced it and made it effective. We could not now be hurried into Cuban intervention by big headlines, doctored news, and juvenile 'fakes' which would not mislead even a child in the publicity-battered age of to-day.

In 1905, it was easy to believe that salvation lay in the exposure of local corruption, in tearing to shreds the silk-hatted 'malefactors of great wealth' (the phrase, one must remember, is not Mr. Hearst's), and in dragging corporations into court to answer under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. But we face the problems of 1932 with a more critical and less confident spirit. As Mr. Brisbane lays wreaths upon the respectable brow of Mr. Coolidge, he doubtless does so in the shrewd knowledge that his public will eat it up much more readily than if he flayed that statesman as a 'tool of Wall Street.'

Mr. Hearst has continued to 'expose' and even to 'crusade.' He it was who laid bare the 'power lobby' with its professors on the pay roll, and he campaigns for government ownership of utilities now as he has done for forty years. The activities of the horse doctor Doyle, which have proved to be one of the most powerful levers in the hands of those now investigating Tammany corruption, were first uncovered by the New York *American*. These and other similar efforts he continues to wrap in the sensationalism of crime and sex, and he continues his cynical disregard for logic and intellectual honesty as he puts his arguments in the striking, the effective form rather than the reasonable one. But there is a hollowness about it. It no longer rings the bells of terror and dismay among the 'interests,' while even Mr. Hearst cannot quite convince the nation that the 'power trust' is real.

Is it impossible that he is embarking upon still another experiment? His Napoleonic ambition — to mass the reserves of power in the common man and to use them, from his autocratic throne, to bestow upon the people what they want — does not appear to have changed. But he does seem to be adjusting his methods to the changed conditions of the present. Mr. Hearst in his time has tried the brass bands of massed publicity; he has tried seeking office for himself; he has tried the chain newspaper and syndicated editorial page; he has tried placing puppets in offices which he himself could not attain.

Though he has had some success with each, they are all now more or less obsolete, and it is said that Mr. Hearst to-day operates chiefly through the more subtle arts of the Congressional or legislative lobby. It is the modern way.

To detect his hand in our national affairs one now has to look more closely than in the past, but may it not be that it actually wields more genuine power than ever before?

Perhaps Mr. Hearst is a failure; perhaps what he stood for has been discredited. Yet are those to whom his name is a summation of all evil quite sure of just what he does stand for? Not long ago he was able to summon none other than the editor of the Boston *Transcript* to be his chief mouthpiece.

Mr. Hearst may be a failure. But Mr. Hearst is still only sixty-eight.

VII

For that reason, if for no other, one cannot yet compose an epitaph upon his staggering career. Even now it is difficult to understand precisely what William Randolph Hearst has done to us.

Obviously the 'menace' — in its crudely immediate aspects — was less menacing than it appeared to be. Even in the purely technical field of newspaper publication it is doubtful whether the Hearst influence has been as deep as is often assumed. Hearst-trained men do not flood the offices of other papers; indeed, the victims of his imperious dismissals frequently achieve only a moderate success when they go elsewhere. The characteristic Hearst make-up can be found in few other journals, and, as has recently been pointed out, our great metropolitan dailies show no traces of the Hearst approach in their handling of either news or editorials.

Even the big headlines can hardly be ascribed to Mr. Hearst. His stupendous heads in the Spanish War period were not generally imitated, while present-day headlines are simply the result of a natural development that can be traced steadily through American newspapers from the Revolutionary War on down.

Mr. Hearst may have prepared the way for the modern tabloid (a far baser product, and really out of the Hearst method, as his own failure with it showed), but on the other hand he probably deserves much of the credit for the generally better writing, wider range of interest, more artistic approach, and more human sympathy which distinguish the great papers of to-day from those of thirty years ago. Mr. Hearst seems to have realized sooner than his contemporaries that a good newspaperman should also be, in a larger sense of the term, an artist, and to him we may owe much of the improvement which our dailies show over the stodgy sheets of the past. We may — the point is arguable.

But to the present writer it seems likely that the future will see Mr. Hearst's influence upon his times to have been wider than any mere question of newspaper technique, more subtle than the immediate consequences of his political manipulation. He has performed some social jobs of importance, such as assisting to curb the arrogance of great wealth, or reminding the dictatorial (other than himself) that this country cannot be run in the interests of a class or even in the interests of what any one class believes to be righteous and desirable. He has played a great part in shaping the political and economic ideas of two decades of our history. He has had a powerful voice in at least two of the historic decisions of his country — the entry into the Spanish War and the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles. But more than that, he has assisted to develop and confirm in the American mind an attitude toward itself and toward the world in which it lives which is at once of far-reaching impor-

tance and of at least questionable value.

William Randolph Hearst has been one of the great exponents of the doctrine of giving the people what they want as a means to power and achievement. Essentially, it is the doctrine of the man of action, a doctrine in which the end justifies the means, a doctrine in which effect, achievement, bigness, and results are the things that matter. He has colored an age with Jacksonian democracy; and in doing so has helped to break down, or to prevent the upbuilding of, those absolute standards of public morality and reasoned thought which some believe to be the goals of civilized society. His has been a doctrine of America first, rather than of America as a gracious institution for individual well-being and happiness; a doctrine of cant and get ahead, of ballyhoo and publicity, of adroitness and emotionalism, rather than honor. In short, there is reason to believe that the intellectual thuggery of the Hearst newspapers and the Hearst method has helped to create those national moods and attitudes of which gangsterism — in many walks of American life — is an expression.

And yet the final doubt must, of course, remain. The Hearst papers were by no means the only voices urging us on to prize effect and mass emotion. Many more respected men than Mr. Hearst have traded on his campaigns or quietly modified their own attitudes to accord with the gospels which he was preaching; while from the moment in which he turned over the pages of Mr. Pulitzer's *World* in his rooms at Cambridge, Mr. Hearst has learned quite as much from others as he has ever taught them. One cannot be sure. Is William Randolph Hearst a cause — or is he only an effect?

MY LAST FRONTIER

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

I SAW the two doctors who stood over me exchange glances. Then the one with the pointed beard said casually, 'You had better go West and live out of doors. Massachusetts in the month of March —' And again their eyes met for a telltale second. I had returned to Boston from the tropics far gone with jungle fever, and I had every reason to believe that these gentlemen were pronouncing my death sentence.

So here I stood among great Douglas firs in the Washington forest, looking at the first piece of land I had ever owned. I had fooled the two doctors by partly recovering my health, had got a job in Tacoma, and had bought five acres of wild land at one hundred dollars an acre — five dollars down and five dollars a month. All about me the usual gambling in Western land was going on, and by taking advantage of the misfortunes of others I gradually was able to increase my holding to fifty acres. Those hazards of fortune whereby I profited included, I remember, such things as a mysterious disappearance, embezzlement and flight, divorce, insanity, murder.

The years have passed, and where those giant firs once stood are my farm buildings, equipped with every convenience of the city except gas, and surrounded by acres of cherry trees, over which will soon 'break the white foam of the Spring.' In place of the forest trails that once surrounded me are paved roads, and along the valley just below my ranch now pass three transcontinental railroads, the blasts from whose whistles have heartened me many a time in the dead of night when I have lain awake discouraged by the sheer enormity of the thing I had undertaken. Looking back over those years, what I accomplished seems incredible, and I find myself studying as if he were a stranger the fellow who did it. Sometimes I approve, sometimes I condemn; but I always wonder at the tenacity of purpose he displayed. There was something elemental, impersonal, in that patient striving against apparently hopeless odds that suggests the basic fighting man, stripped of the frills of civilization. It is, I like to think, the same quality that has enabled the American people to reclaim a continent from the wilderness in a trifling two hundred years, and establish upon it the most forceful and dynamic civilization the world has ever known.

I

I had owned the beginnings of my property something over a year when I hired a van in which to move all my worldly possessions out to 'the ranch.' With my wife, who had crossed the continent to join me, and my two little children in the seat with the driver, we set out for the wilderness with, I fancied, the shades of a thousand pioneers looking approvingly on. The last thing to be loaded into the van was my type-

writer, which had been an inseparable companion on three continents, and by whose keys I had won a livelihood until sickness obliged me to put it aside. 'I'll soon be pounding away at you again,' I thought, as I wrapped a sweater about it to lessen the jar of the road. How little I knew!

A bachelor whose land adjoined ours was leaving his two-room shack for the summer to work in a logging camp, and he allowed us to occupy it until I could build a cabin. Three things I remember about that shack: the rats that used to scurry across the floor in the dead of night, frightening the children; an irate old skunk I inadvertently trapped under the doorstep; and a Plymouth Rock hen that a neighbor had given us on our departure from the city. The hen hatched out eleven chickens, and although I now keep hens by the thousand, they have small interest for me when compared with that militant old biddy who fought off skunks, rats, weasels, hawks, with a valor that should win her a distinguished place in whatever Valhalla is reserved for the brave spirits of the feathered world.

Of course I held on to my job in the city, and night and morning I walked a mile to the nearest station, rode ten miles on an interurban train whose motion suggested sea rather than land travel, and then walked half a mile farther to my work. Through drenching rains and occasionally through knee-deep snow I made that round trip for years, until at last Henry Ford came to the rescue for $250 down and $33.50 a month — for me at that time a staggering sum. Jungle fever returned regularly every spring and fall, warning me against the danger of the inside job I was holding; but, poorly paid as I was, I dared not give it up, as that small monthly income was all that made possible my farming venture. Occasionally I thought of sums of money I had squandered here and there about the earth with a light heart, and then 'the rose's scent was bitterness to him that loved the rose.'

How vividly I recall my first glimpse of the spot where our cabin was to stand. I had crawled through a tangle of salal brush and over huge fir trees that some 'twister' had uprooted and piled crisscross to the height of a good ten feet. I was standing on top of one of these monsters when I spied a glacial dump that sloped gradually away in three directions, affording a rare view not only of Mount Rainier, but of a hundred miles of the Cascades and the Olympics. On that spot, in sight of those life-giving mountains, I would build a house, however humble, that would be my very own, and for the use of which no landlord could collect rent. That vision was one of the rare moments of my life.

II

The dump, however, was buried deep under fallen logs and a tangle of shrubs. I had brought with me a seven-foot saw, and I set to work with a will. But before I had cut the first log halfway off I collapsed. The fear that came over me as I lay there in the leathery-leaved salal and realized the thickness of that fir trunk still grips my heart at times in memory. But I sawed the log off before dark, and finally succeeded in junking up enough down timber to make room for the unpretentious structure I wished to erect. With the help of a neighbor and his span of horses I at last uncovered a few square rods of mother earth, and when a couple of loads of lumber had been brought in over an old logging road I was ready for my first job of carpentry.

Planning a skyscraper could not have been undertaken with a weightier sense of responsibility. A saw, a hammer, a

square, a spirit level, made up my entire stock of carpenter's tools, and in the use of these I was far from proficient. For a foundation I had the horses draw together three cedar logs, and when I had leveled these the work of house building seemed well under way. How to brace the walls so that they would not collapse under the first stiff sou'-wester presented a problem hitherto undreamed of in my philosophy, and my wholly original solution of it has since amused more than one carpenter. The roof I shingled by lantern light, often working until after midnight. I remember an owl that came occasionally and perched on the peak, eying my every movement with an air that seemed a mixture of amazement tinctured with contempt.

If I should build a mansion, the pleasure of occupying it could not compare with the sheer joy I experienced the first evening the little family sat down in what was kitchen, dining room, and living room of the partly completed cabin. After years of hotel and boarding-house life I was in a house of my own at last! And the following winter, when there were only the shingles between us and the Puget Sound downpours, or the snow sifted in upon our faces through the space under the eaves that I had failed to close properly, it was still home in that instinctive, factual sense which is the foundation of the family, the community, and the nation.

A house we now had, but what should we do for water? Why, dig a well, of course! But there were discouraging rumors that the subsoil in this part of the state was composed of glacial drift as hard as cement, into which pioneers had driven shafts to the depth of more than one hundred feet without striking water. I found a couple of Swedes who were willing to undertake the job for $1.50 a lineal foot, and they brought with them a thick-thewed giant who, with the aid of a forked hazel branch, was to designate the site for the well. After much solemn foolery he declared that the only water available was directly under the house! I was for moving the house, but my very sane wife objected; so we compromised on the one spot that, according to the giant with the hazel branch, was dry straight down to China. The two Swedes agreed to this with alacrity, as it seemed to hold the promise of an all-summer's job.

I had enough money to progress toward China a trifling thirty feet, and it was with decidedly mixed emotions that I saw the pile of earth and empty 'Copenhagen' cartons growing beside the steadily deepening hole. At mealtime my wife occasionally glanced out of the window in that direction, but maintained a discreet silence. Silence, I have come to think, is the most eloquent language in the world. Then one evening on my return from work I saw the Swede with a head like Burne-Jones's 'Odin' emptying some muddy water from a bucket! The sight of that water gave me as much joy as did ever an oasis in the desert to a thirsty traveler. The Swedes had found water at a depth of twenty feet — much to their disgust.

The story of that well would fill the proverbial volume, with a deal of good material left over for a supplement. It had the perverse habit of overflowing in the winter and going bone dry in the late fall, compelling me to haul water for cows and hens from a distant pond in the night, as I thought the daylight too precious to devote to such a task. Once I lowered that well ten feet in a single night, drawing out the water with a twelve-quart pail and a leather strap to fight a forest fire that threatened the buildings. On another occasion, when I forgot to replace the cover, a full-grown skunk fell in — to

the decided detriment of the water. One morning after a torrential rain I drew up a large snake, as gaudily decorated as any viewed by the Ancient Mariner. Now the well is full of stones, a water main passes just in front of it, and my car goes over it as I enter the garage.

And the fight that was waged to secure that water main suggests those that preceded a herd law, rural mail delivery, electric light, paved roads, and the many other improvements that go to the making of an up-to-date American community. When I arrived among the Scandinavians who have been my companions in arms through all these combats I was a somewhat arrogant 'highbrow,' but I have sweated the most of that affliction out of my system along with the jungle fever.

III

The first tree I felled on our future ranch was, so far as I am concerned, one of those milestones in history of which we used to hear in our school days. The tree — a fir that might have served for Satan's spear as he crossed the burning marle — was 'fast-rooted in the fruitful soil' some three rods away from our cabin door. Fuel we had to have, so I set about to fell the nearest source of supply. With the aid of a 'chink' (a spring pole so placed that it holds the farther end of the saw against the tree), I doggedly severed the proud old monarch from his stump. He reeled in the gathering dusk as if afflicted with vertigo, swayed dangerously toward the cabin, and then, as if in answer to my fervent supplication, turned a quarter circle on the stump and crashed down in a spot where no damage was done. I was too ignorant of woodcraft to undercut the tree on the side toward which I intended it to fall. Later I became proficient at toppling over these giants, placing them within a few inches of the spot where I wished them to lie. But the memory of that near extinction of my family removed any trace of rashness from those operations.

The building of the barn taxed my ability as a carpenter almost to the breaking point. For, unlike the cabin, it had to be a two-story affair in order to provide a hayloft. The nails that entered into that structure seriously depleted the family treasury, and to this day they are occasionally pointed out to visitors by my wife as an example of shocking extravagance. Indeed, the walls so bristle with nails that she declares that one could pick up the entire building with a giant magnet and transport it to the next state. She does not know what I do — namely, that the magnet would draw the nails and leave the lumber behind. Women are so unscientific!

The barn completed, we must have a cow. If, gentle reader, you never have passed that particular milestone, your life's pilgrimage has not been as full of interest and diversion as it might have been. Early one Sunday morning I started off in search of a cow, followed by my wife's benediction and the best wishes of the children, who never yet had had all the milk they wanted. With the 'For Sale' page of the Sunday paper in my pocket, I at length came to a dairy owned by a red-faced, sandy-haired Scot. His herd of Jerseys were feeding knee-deep in clover about his house, and drew me like a magnet. Yes, he was selling off the entire herd — did n't like the Sound country as well as Alberta. A fawn-colored creature with big appealing eyes arrested my attention, and I asked the price of her. 'Eighty-five dollars,' came the prompt reply. His slatternly wife gave him a look of surprise and started to speak; but he silenced her with a sidelong

glance. The cow's udder was so perfectly formed that it did not occur to me to try out each quarter before closing the deal. When the Scotchman delivered the cow in my absence the next day he produced a small glass tube and a 'needle,' explaining to my unsuspecting wife that I should have to use the two instruments on one of the hind teats at milking time, as the cow had been run into by a wood truck that very morning and her udder slightly injured. Barnum may have been right in his estimate that the world is presented with a fool every minute, but in the light of my transaction with that Scotchman it seems a bit conservative.

But Sooky proved a most lovable creature, even if she did promptly go dry in one hind quarter, and the children feasted and grew fat on her rich yellow milk, until one day I fed her too much 'shorts' and killed her. The look in the children's eyes as they gathered about her bloated body the next morning made me feel like a murderer. But milk we must have, so I was obliged to borrow money with which to buy another cow — a wise old Jersey with many wrinkles on her blunted horns, with which she could demolish the stoutest rail fence and lead all the stray cattle in the neighborhood in a raid upon some unsuspecting Swede's cabbage patch.

After Old Boss came a herd of elephantine Holsteins, which I used to milk night and morning in addition to my work in Tacoma. I would finish my chores about midnight, and be up by four o'clock the next morning. The abiding fear of falling asleep at my job in the city sometimes took the form of a nightmare rivaling those 'terrible dreams that shake us nightly' with which poor Macbeth was afflicted. Evenings, as I passed down the line milking Trixie, Bess, Silky, Sally, and the rest, my little boy would move along with me and beg for stories. These I improvised as I tugged and sweated at the great udders, failing him only when I reached White Elephant, whose teats were as large as my wrist and as hard as gas pipe.

I wish I had committed those sheer whimsicalities to paper. There were stories of a beautiful bronze swallow that every fall led his fellows over a great snow-capped mountain into a valley where there were no guns and boys never threw stones; of an 'Admiral Bullfrog' whose mighty voice hushed all the other frogs as he summoned them to make war on the mosquitoes in the next pond, and how they sailed away in trim green galleons made of lily pads with fireflies for ship's lanterns; of a huge brown bear that took brave boys on his back to fight Indians. How the little fellow's eyes would shine when I reached the place where the bear charged on his hind legs into a band of pesky redskins that had stolen a white child, and how eagerly he would call 'More, more,' whenever I paused for breath! In due time he discovered that they were 'just stories,' and gradually forsook me for adventures of his own, making the milking seem doubly long and hard.

Tending each heifer through the birth of her first calf was always a trying experience, and one that sometimes moved me profoundly. The recurrent birth pangs, the patient suffering, the troubled look in the big smoky eyes, and then, when it was all over, the gentle nuzzling of the new life, accompanied by many soft calls of endearment, are a part of my ranch experience that I treasure beyond riches. Separate a man from intimate association with domestic animals and you have robbed him of a part of his birthright; transfer him to the pavement where his feet seldom touch the life-giving mother

earth and he is poor indeed. Never to have served an ailing dumb brute is never to have fully lived.

IV

My fear of the first box of dynamite I handled is still fresh in my memory. I drove Old Bill, a treacherous cayuse that I had picked up for thirty dollars, over to the store and gingerly placed on the back of the wagon a box of 60 per cent dynamite. Every time a wheel struck a rock I glanced apprehensively back to see if there were any signs of an explosion. To-day I am regarded as a first-class 'powder man,' treating dynamite with so much contempt, however, that I have had some narrow escapes. Once when a shot hung fire for more than an hour I had nearly reached it when it went off, planting a hefty boulder so close to me that the mud on it soiled the tip of my shoulder as it passed. On another occasion I had loaded five shots, and in counting them as they exploded got one shot ahead. I was within a few feet of the fifth stump when I spied the still-burning fuse, and barely had time to fling myself behind a near-by log before a third of the stump went hurtling over me.

How to dispose of the great firs that, standing or fallen, still encumbered the land was a knotty problem, of which dynamite and fire seemed the only solution. So I felled beautiful five-foot trees rising one hundred feet without a branch, bored into their butts with a two-inch ship auger, and, after cracking them open with dynamite, set fire to them. As a successful shot split a log a good thirty feet, the work progressed rapidly. A wanton destruction of timber, you say. Yes; but what was I to do? Either for lumber or for firewood, the logs would not pay the cost of labor and transportation.

Outside of heavy artillery in war, I can think of nothing more exciting than blasting out large Douglas-fir stumps with dynamite. There are several patented devices for burning them in the ground, but the experienced land clearer always returns to dynamite. Some of the stumps on my land were seven feet in diameter, with a root radius of thirty feet. It took a man two days to dig a suitable dynamiting hole under one of these giants that stood within ten rods of my house. Under the stump I placed two hundred sticks of dynamite, and the cavity formed by the explosion would have come near to holding the house, which, by the way, escaped undamaged. Indeed, an experienced dynamiter can blow a stump within a rod of a house and not crack a pane of glass.

On one five-acre lot with a bumper crop of large stumps I was obliged to use an electric blaster, as there were electric-light wires on two sides of it which the power company owning them was obliged by law to lay on the ground every morning before the dynamiting began, and replace in time for lighting purposes at night. Under these conditions I was expected to work with all possible speed, and we would shoot as many as thirty of the monsters at one time. The upheaval that accompanied the shoving home of the switch had something truly diabolical about it, which I occasionally recall as I trim the cherry trees that now occupy the land.

Once a partly deaf Bohemian who was working for me on that job did not hear the warning cry of 'Dynamite!' and found himself in the midst of one of these upheavals. Incredible as it may seem, he escaped without a scratch, only to die six months later from a tap on the head.

And then, when a block of land was ready, there was the tree planting, that age-old acknowledgment of man's

stubborn belief in the goodness of God. To prune the trees in the way they should go was nothing short of a religious rite, and the understanding between man and tree goes deeper, I suspect, — reaches further into the 'dark backward and abysm of time,' — than any human relations.

How well I remember the first apple that grew on the ranch! It was nestled away among thick-clustering leaves on the south side of a Jonathan tree, and, owing to the shade, only a small part of the cheek was red. How disappointed I was when I picked it and found a hole drilled to the core by the bill of a sharp-eyed blue jay!

V

Through all these stirring times I led a dual life, in odd moments falling upon some treasured volume like a famished man upon food. For a time I continued to jot down plots for fiction and ideas for articles in a large-sized Bank of California check book that, for want of anything better at hand, I had once seized upon for the purpose. A novel I had long been plotting kept evolving, until the characters in it seemed so familiar that I would see them and hear them talking in my dreams. Sometimes 'Joe' would try to tell me all about the marvelous things he saw and heard in the bottom of the pond when he got entangled in the lily pads, and cursed us with scorching curses for bringing him back to life; but, outside of the curses, the words I listened to so breathlessly would never quite carry over into my waking consciousness.

But a sixteen-hour day on a ranch leaves neither time nor surplus energy for writing, and, although I occasionally crawled away into the haymow and wrote a little, my wife always found me asleep with only a paragraph or two completed and an illegible scrawl for the last penciled word. I would wake with a start and, with a feeling of guilt at having neglected the ranch, go back to the land clearing with redoubled vigor. A chance glimpse of the dust-covered typewriter would occasionally bring on a fit of black despondency; but I came to avoid that too potent reminder of other days, until gradually the attacks grew fewer and at last ceased.

Popular fiction I never have been able to read, and my favorite authors I had to avoid. To reread them was like reverting to a drug habit that one had fought long and desperately. Carman, Henley, Watson, Phillips, Housman, Yeats, Moira O'Neill, I could not escape, for I virtually knew them by heart; but Amiel, Hardy, Conrad, Olive Schreiner, I came to avoid as I would the plague. If of an all-too-brief evening I started a volume by one of them, I would not put it down till daylight, and the family would find me a bit difficult the following day.

One morning I was about to rush out of the house for further land-clearing operations, when my wife detained me. She gave a preliminary glance about the room, and as I followed her eyes I realized that something was about to happen. 'The children can't live in this way any longer,' she announced quietly, folding her slim, flour-covered hands in her apron with an air of finality that permitted of only one reply. 'We'll build an addition to the house,' I decided. But thus far all our available cash had gone into either land buying or land clearing, and I had come to take the weather-beaten cabin for granted. Suddenly I realized the privations she had endured through our farming venture, and for a little I wished from the bottom of my heart that I had remained a poor renter in the city. But this, I have since come to realize, was wasted sympathy, for her love of the ranch and her pride in its development have been

even greater and more single-minded than my own.

As we had no money with which to build an addition to the house, we should have to borrow it. We were both of old Puritan stock, to whom going in debt was little short of a crime, and the execution of a mortgage wholly abhorrent. Scourging myself to the point of asking a stranger to lend me money was one of the most trying experiences of my life, and the signing of that small mortgage required more courage than to face artillery fire.

VI

'Bulldozing' the huge granite boulders that glacial ice had at some remote time brought all the way from Canada and deposited here and there over the ranch was always a first-class adventure. I would climb on top of the boulder, determine as nearly as I could the centre of gravity, and, surrounding this with a framework of boards, fill the enclosed space with wet clay. In this I would bury 60 per cent dynamite, — occasionally as many as one hundred sticks, — cover it with more clay, and, when I had ignited the fuse, rush out upon the highway to intercept passing automobiles, shouting 'Dynamite!' at the top of my lungs as I ran. To hold in check some irate motorist while waiting for the ear-splitting explosion was occasionally a stirring experience. Sometimes the enforced delay would open in the man at the wheel the floodgates of profanity, and on one occasion he attempted to translate his wrath into something more substantial than words. Once while flagging a fast-moving 'eight' I was mistaken for a hold-up man and narrowly escaped with my life.

If the charge was well placed, the blow delivered by the bulldozing process was sufficient to reduce the toughest granite boulder to a formless heap of rubble, the only part escaping disintegration being that immediately under the dynamite. Once I tackled a large flat boulder situated about one hundred feet from the new addition to the house, in which I had placed unusually large panes of glass. So far as the boulder was concerned, the shot was successful; but the vacuum formed by the explosion sucked out all the glass on two sides of the house, depositing some of the fragments ten feet away upon the lawn. My good wife promptly appeared in one of the paneless sashes, and the look with which she looked on me has never faded from my memory.

By a process of trial and error the place gradually shaped itself into a hen and fruit ranch, providing enough revenue for steady expansion and improvements. Life in the open had at last conquered my jungle fever, and I looked out over the costly plant and fruitful acres with a sense of real achievement. Gradually I became deeply attached to it all, among other things to the wealth of bird life that frequented every nook and shelter. Cutting away the gloomy fir forest increased rather than diminished the number of my feathered friends. Gay Chinese pheasants and sprightly Rocky Mountain quail multiplied, filling the spring sunshine with their ecstatic mating calls, and enjoying the tender green grass of our lawn before the household was abroad. Varied thrushes, wood thrushes, towhees, bluebirds, flickers, grosbeaks, sparrows in great variety, meadow larks, robins, were, one or another, seldom out of sight of our dining-room window.

My long hours made me familiar with the 'sunsets and great dawns' that burned down into the Olympics and flamed up over the Cascades, until their seasonal procession behind these sharply serrated ranges became an in-

separable part of my life. I had worked until I indeed belonged to those 'horny-handed sons of toil' of which the punsters speak so facetiously. As my hands gradually muscled out, I was obliged to remove my wedding ring from the ring finger of my left hand (I am left-handed) to that of my right; and there it must remain, for it is now so tight that it cannot again be removed. Of course, some of our friends dropped us; but a few remained loyal, and with the coming of paved roads and the fast automobile we again became neighbors. Life had never seemed more worth while.

VII

Then one day a totally unexpected thing happened. I was looking for something in a dark closet, when I chanced upon my typewriter — that faithful but long-neglected servant that had accompanied me the globe around, and through whose chipped and darkened keys copy had been typed for more newspapers and magazines in America, the British Empire, and the Orient than I could well remember. It was a spring day, spiritual with the stainless white of cherry blossoms and the *Te Deum* of birds and bees; but these did not save me from a sudden feeling of desolation. So fierce had been the struggle to make a ranch out of the intractable wilderness that fifteen years in the best period of my life had passed like a watch in the night, and, so far as my writing was concerned, the waters of oblivion had rolled over me. I took down the dust-covered machine with the feeling of one who disinters a long-buried friend. Removing its case, I found under the roller a time-stained sheet of paper on which I had stopped typing in the midst of a Polynesian story, the plot of which I had utterly forgotten.

On coming to the ranch I had stored in the attic a box containing either copies or memoranda of most of the things I had published, and with the feeling of one who summons spirits back from the dead I hunted it up, only to find that mice had made their nest in it and reduced its contents to fragments. To recover the originals would take me through the files of magazines and newspapers scattered over three continents; so I cleared out the bits of paper, filled the box with some monthly statements from my bank, and went out into the cherry orchard with the feeling that I had indeed sold my birthright for a mess of pottage.

But, now that I have had time to think it over, I am not so sure that my life has been an unqualified failure. Had I not lost my health, I probably should have added a few philosophic novels to the already glutted fiction market, but I have no reason to presume that they would have lived beyond the usual brief span enjoyed by the average run of fiction. As it is, I have made a modest but real contribution to my country, one that starts no controversies, sows no discontent. The ranch which I have won from the Washington forest with characteristic American enterprise and hard work is my monument, and it will hearten my fellow men long after any book I might have written would have been forgotten.

The scent of cherry blossoms steals in through the open door as I write these words. I'll go out and watch the bees at the eternal miracle of making nature fruitful.

BAHADUR GUJ

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

THE elephants trooped down to the river close by the camp, jostling one another in the narrow pass, with steep earth walls on each side, which had been cut through the forest to afford access to the water. They looked curiously naked to the eye which had been accustomed to see them with their 'pads' or howdahs fixed; their gait was slouching and leisurely; they gurgled and rumbled; they greeted each other amiably with trunks rustling dryly against trunks; sometimes they lost their temper, and squealed or trumpeted with rage at various untoward happenings in the close-packed contact which the narrow gut imposed. But they were on holiday, and they knew it. One stretched up a questing trunk, pulled off easily the branch of a tree as thick as one's wrist as she drifted slowly past, and tucked it nonchalantly between her trunk and her tusks, as a Burmese woman might stick a hibiscus flower behind her ear. Others amused themselves by pouring sand and dust over their head and sides; leaves, straw, and fragments of branches stuck in their strong coarse hair; and they emerged from the narrow pass, and spread out before entering the water, as disheveled a pack of anachronistic roisterers as one could ever hope to see.

I sat with my friend, a Rajput, on the high bank and watched the scene. The river, perhaps three feet deep, flowed slowly over a bed of yellow sand; it was crystal clear — which is very seldom the case in India — and completely arched over by the great sal trees that towered all round us. It was early morning on a brilliant day in June; the hot sun filtered pleasantly through the thick foliage; kingfishers, vivid points of glittering light, flashed here and there against the background of river or forest, and then poised, with rapidly beating wings, their breasts iridescent with metallic blue, or green, or gold, before darting into the stream to emerge with tiny fish, wriggling bars of silver, held transversely in their bills. Hornbills, bigger and lesser, hooted grotesquely from the forest; and the delightful paradise flycatchers crossed and recrossed the river in their curious undulating flight, their tail feathers streaming behind them in two long parallel lines of gleaming frosted silver. Far off, we could hear the long-drawn call of some workers in the forest.

Bahadur Singh lay on his stomach, absorbedly guiding ants and other creeping things that came his way to the edge of the little crater of sand at the bottom of which a concealed ant lion energetically took charge of these frequent and varied contributions to its welfare.

'Funny beasts, elephants,' he said. 'Now Radha Piyari, there, would nuzzle up to you, and search in your pockets, or inside the breast of your

coat, for oranges or bananas. And if I went near her she'd try to kill me. She hates all Indians, except her own mahout. Why, only God knows. I saw her cut loose once, and rage through the elephant lines; we never found out what had upset her. She sorted out everything that belonged to her own man; and the rest — clothes, pipes, betel boxes, cooking pots, drinking vessels, and what not — she stamped to powder. We had to run for our lives. When her own mahout came up, she went to him like a dog to its master.'

'How many elephants did your State keep in the old days, Raja Sahib?'

'We had ninety. We used to take a share in the keddah every three years or so. There are only fifteen now — and five motors.' He drawled the last part of the sentence, in a tone of bitter condemnation.

II

Another ant went to its unhappy end. Bahadur Singh watched the convulsions at the bottom of the little crater morosely.

'Did I ever tell you the story of Bahadur Guj and his mahout? No? It happened when I was quite a boy, but I remember it all very vividly. We had gone to Ratanpore — you remember it, by the side of the big lake — for the hot weather, because it seemed cooler there; and we had perhaps thirty elephants with us, for the big plain in front held more leopards and wolves than it does now. I was always in and about the big grove near the bungalow where the elephant lines used to be in those days. Bahadur Guj was the only male elephant we had out, and his mahout was a Tharu — Kisumbi. As you know, it is rare to have a Tharu for a mahout; when you get them to take that work they are very good. Jungle folk through and through. They live in the forest all the year; they know its ways; they know the ways of the elephants, too.

'Well, one day, early in the morning, there was a great outcry in the grove. I was eating loquats in the garden, and climbed up by a tree to the top of the pukka wall there so as to see what was happening. I heard excited shouts and cries. When I got to the top, there was Kisumbi, running like a barren doe across the naked field between the grove and my wall; and some fifty yards behind came Bahadur Guj, striding out fast, trumpeting wickedly, and without doubt very wishful to kill him. "The gate! The gate!" I shouted; and Kisumbi made for the little door in the long wall — you know the place?'

I nodded.

'The wooden door was open, and Kisumbi leaped through, swinging the door back as he fled. He dashed on, senseless with terror, and took cover in the gardener's hut. Bahadur Guj stopped at the door in the wall, squealing and trumpeting. Then he turned and went back thirty paces or so quite slowly — and into my mind it came what he was going to do. I screamed to Kisumbi. "Out! Out! Bahadur Guj will throw down the wall! Do not let him see you!" I saw Kisumbi run very fast toward the end of the wall, where it dips straight into the lake; and then the thud-thud of Bahadur Guj made me turn my head. He went straight for the wall, where the gate pierced it. You know that wall — it was pukka brick as it is to-day, twelve feet high, and thick, very thick. Bahadur Guj came at it, striding fast, his trunk curled up and his big head lowered and pushed forward to keep his tusks out of the way; and he went through it in one breath, as I would poke a finger through a chapatti. He drove through it not twelve paces from where I sat, and I felt it shiver and swing under me.

'Though I had been screaming to Kisumbi, Bahadur Guj's eye did not turn my way. The wall hurt him, and made him yet angrier. He stopped, stamped the earth again and again, and then went straight along Kisumbi's track to the gardener's hut. The gardener's woman was inside, with her three children. Bahadur Guj lifted the thatch roof right up with his forehead, slipped his trunk in over the top of the mud wall, and felt round with it inside the hut. The woman and the children uttered scream after scream. She told me later that Bahadur Guj touched her, and each of her children, with the cold wet finger at the end of his trunk; he just smelled them — and let them alone. Kisumbi was not there; that was all he wanted to know. He picked up the scent outside, and hurried down the side of the wall to the lake.

'Kisumbi had been clever, but Bahadur Guj was just as clever. Without stopping, he threw himself into the lake; he swung round the corner, like a boat with the rudder hard down; and he followed the scent that he picked up at once on the bank near by. I dropped from the wall, ran shouting through the garden and the house, and came out in front, facing the village. Kisumbi had taken shelter in some of the village houses, evidently. Bahadur Guj, when I saw him again, was holding up a roof with his forehead and shoulder, and was feeling about inside with his trunk, just as he had done in the garden. He hurt no one; he wanted to kill Kisumbi only; and he had but that one thought.

'I felt safe, and ran to where I thought Kisumbi might be hidden, calling loudly for him. I threaded my way in and out among the closely packed houses of the village, calling all the time, "Ohe, Kisumbi! Ohe, Kisumbi! It is a matter of thy life!" And at last the answer came from a chamar's hut on the edge of the settlement: "Here I am, O little sahib!" Then I told him, with great haste in my words, where Bahadur Guj was, and what he was doing.

'Kisumbi thought for a moment, and said, "He seeks my life, and he will hunt me down. He can seize me on land or on water. I know not what the end will be, but I have had enough of being chased by my own elephant. I run no more. Look again; tell me where he is; and if that is possible I will return through the garden, and the place where Bahadur Guj threw down the wall, to the great banyan tree that grows close to it, beside the lake. There he cannot touch me; and he will stay at the foot of the tree, waiting for me, and doing no harm to the village. My word is spoken. Go, little sahib, and come back bearing news of Bahadur Guj."

'So I ran again hastily through the twisted paths between the village huts, and I found Bahadur Guj patiently searching house after house with his trunk. He seemed to have lost the scent of Kisumbi. Back again I went to the miserable hut on the edge of the village; and then Kisumbi and I came out very quickly and fled through the garden to the huge banyan tree that stands close to the wall, right on the shore of the lake. You know it?'

I nodded. Last cold weather I had camped close beside it; our bag of three wolves and sixty ducks — with various oddments — had been laid out in its shade; and it was there that I had my first lesson in the art of distinguishing, instantaneously, and in twenty feet of muddy water, the snapping turtle from its inoffensive colleague. It brought back to my memory the crouching fisherman, naked save for a tiny loin cloth that clung to his bronzed skin; the great turtle that he had swum

ashore with, held firmly against his thigh with one hand, and now gripped between his knees from behind; the bit of wood dangled in front; the swift thrust of the wicked-looking head; and the nonchalant way in which that head was gripped, and slowly hacked off with a rusty knife.

III

Bahadur Singh went on with his tale.

'Kisumbi climbed the banyan and lay down on a big branch that stretched out, almost level, about twenty feet up. I offered to get him food and water; he refused. "My heart is heavy," he said. And then my father joined me; he had been out on the estate, and someone had gone to tell him what was happening. He was old, as you know; and he too had spent most of his life in the jungles. He too knew about elephants and their ways. He talked with Kisumbi. And first he asked what the trouble was about. But Kisumbi would not tell him; that was an affair between him and his elephant, he said. It was their business — private, to them. His honor, and the honor of Bahadur Guj, were mixed up in that matter. My father did not insist; he seemed to agree with Kisumbi.

'"It is good. And what will happen now?" he asked.

'"Bahadur Guj will find me here, soon. Then I do not know what will happen."

'Sorrow was upon both of them, and my heart too was very heavy within me.

'"Kisumbi," said my father, "there is yet time to put thee across the lake; thou canst find thy way to Singapore; and in two days thou wilt be back at thy village of Domala in Nepal. Thou shalt have pay for three months; and in three months Bahadur Guj will have forgotten. Wilt thou go?"

'"I do not go," was the reply. "And Bahadur Guj will not forget, and that thou too knowest. Also, there is my honor to be considered. I have been chased, by my own elephant, through the village; low-caste people have seen me hunted, by my own elephant, like a mad dog by chamars; my face has been blackened; my *izzat* has been destroyed; I cannot live unless this thing be put right."

'"It is then in the hands of God," said my father.

'"It is in the hands of God," was the reply.'

With the little twig Bahadur Singh shepherded another ant to its doom; the hornbills hooted; the paradise flycatchers undulated across the stream; the elephants lazed luxuriously in the warm water, and gurgled their appreciation of it all; and the sun burned more strongly the backs of my outstretched hands.

'We had not been there long before Bahadur Guj, all black and gleaming from swimming round the lake wall again, silently appeared in the great gap he had made when he drove through the garden wall. He scented Kisumbi almost at once, and went straight to the foot of the tree. My father drew me to one side, but Bahadur Guj paid no attention to us — we were standing not thirty paces from him. He lunged with his trunk toward Kisumbi, but could not reach him. We were all silent, and Bahadur Guj made no sound. Then he noticed, lying close to the banyan, a young tree which had been there for years; it had been brought by my father for use as a new roof beam in the house, and all the branches had been lopped off. As it had not been wanted, it had been left lying there. It was about eight to nine paces long, and you could not span it with your hands, even at the thin end.

'Bahadur Guj tried again to get at

Kisumbi, heaving himself up against the banyan and stretching his trunk upward as far as he could. But it was no use. He dropped back, crouched down, then laid himself almost flat and began slowly to get a purchase on the tree, holding the thin end between his left tusk and his trunk. He worked it gradually along till he gripped it near the middle; then he rose, very slowly, with the thin end on the ground and the tree pointing sideways and upward. He bent down again, the end still on the ground, and shifted his grip — still keeping the tree wedged between his left tusk and his trunk — till he had it vertical, and tight held, quite near the thin end, between tusk and trunk. Then he rose and stood at his full height, with the tree straight up, and perhaps half a man's height of it only below his tusk. Kisumbi was in no danger, for the branch was twenty feet high, and very thick.

'Then it all happened so quick that I could hardly see! Bahadur Guj tried to poke at Kisumbi with the tree, and bring him down. In the effort, the heavy end swung to one side; before Bahadur Guj could drop it, or loosen his grip, the tree whirled round like lightning. I heard Bahadur Guj scream — a scream like the scream I have heard from a man seized by a crocodile — and his tusk, broken off short at the root, dropped with a thud on the ground.

'Bahadur Guj stood, for perhaps ten breaths, silent and motionless; then he hurried off about fifty paces, and stood again, without movement, but one could see that every muscle was tensed with great pain. He lowered his head, rested his trunk on the ground, and breathed in gasps. From where we stood, silent, I could see his little pig eye red and fiery, could watch his side heaving, and could hear his labored breath. We were so absorbed in watching him that I started when Kisumbi passed in front of me. He was walking toward Bahadur Guj when my father stopped him.

'"Whither dost thou go?" he said. "I go to my elephant, which hath need of me," was the reply. My father knew the Tharus, and he knew about elephants. "Go, in the name of God. The matter is in His hands," he said.

'Kisumbi walked up slowly to Bahadur Guj, leaned gently against his trunk, and spoke to him as a mother speaks to her child. He rubbed the trunk with his hands, and I heard him say, "Aie! Aie! The pain is very great. We have need of each other, thou and I." He wept, with great sobs, gentling the trunk all the time, and talking in a soft, breaking voice. Bahadur Guj never moved. Then Kisumbi's voice changed, and he stood up straight. "Remain thou here. I go to prepare thy medicine, my son"; and he spoke then as mahouts always speak to their elephants.

'In a little time he came back, with cloths, and a great warm poultice made of poppy heads — "post," we call it — and nim tree leaves. That he bound on, as near as he could to the broken root of the tusk; and he gave Bahadur Guj all the opium that he had been able to get together, and promised him more.

'Then he gave the order, "Khul baith!" Bahadur Guj dropped his great haunches, and slightly trailed his hind legs; Kisumbi scrambled up from behind and settled himself on the neck, with his bare toes tucked behind the ears. "Mail!" — and they went off slowly to the lines.

'My father and I had watched it all, too interested to talk. He turned to me, when Bahadur Guj had disappeared in the trees, and said, "Kisumbi is a good mahout." And then he went inside the house.'

OUR DELIGHTFUL MAN-KILLER

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

I

THE first automobile I ever saw was one built in 1882 by the engineer of the Minnesota flour mill in which I was working. It was intended for the hauling of wheat and flour between the mill and the railroad station — 'several tons to the load, and at faster than a trot,' the inventor assured us. His steam engine was of four horsepower, and for some reason known only to himself — perhaps to make the thing go faster than a trot — the rear wheels to which he geared it were seven feet high.

While the curious object was in process of building, this ingenious man met the impolite skepticism of everybody from the mill boss down — I was pretty well down, but not at all shy in my comments — with glowing word pictures of the day when not only his but every vehicle on the road would be mechanically driven and all horses relegated to the farm. His imaginative grasp of details, even to the coming sorrows of pedestrians, was remarkable. He envisaged the horseless age with a clearness and completeness that seem now, fifty years after, truly astonishing. And our humble engineer might have had the distinguished honor of starting the automobile on its hectic career had it not been that his little steam engine was unable to pull the contrivance out of its shed to the highway.

Twenty years later, in 1902, the little steam Stanleys were attracting the attention of the police; and one day I and my animated teakettle were haled into court on a charge of whizzing along a country road at a speed of sixteen and one-half miles an hour. The legal limit between those particular hayfields was fifteen miles. While the judge fined every other of the half-dozen motorists in court (they had been caught in the same police trap at speeds of eighteen to as high as twenty-two miles), he found me not guilty. He seemed to feel, although he expressed it in different words, that the small excess speed of one and one-half miles an hour showed my criminal impulse to be in its incipient stages and hardly warranted jeopardizing my restoration to a useful life with a court record.

On another bright summer's day I was off in the country with a capacity load of pretty girls. One sat on the high seat with me over the boiler, — which she did not know was sizzling under a pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch, — while the other two rode out forward on a sort of front stoop. Suddenly a young constable rose out of the tall grass, took my name and number, and looked us over carefully. Since I never heard from this holdup, it seemed a fair guess that that susceptible countryman used his authority to get a close-up of my stylishly pompadoured and balloon-sleeved young ladies.

Once again a pair of these 'trappists' got me into the toils of the law, this

time on a charge of exceeding a speed of twelve miles an hour on a wide boulevard leading out of Boston. The speed limit on the same thoroughfare in the city was seven miles, but on the open spaces of the boulevard, where little else besides bunch grass rose to obstruct the view, one could 'let 'er out' to twelve. In spite of my timid suggestion to His Honor that he could keep his court filled with violators of the twelve-mile limit by arresting every motorist on the boulevard who was not actually engaged in mending his tires or fanning the engine, he fined me twenty dollars. Perhaps I did not help my case by mentioning the already notorious fact that the police car (the department had recently bought one for snooping purposes) was constantly running at fifteen miles or better on streets within the seven-mile limit. It took every soiled one-dollar bill on my person to pay that fine; and as I heaped the crumpled money on the clerk's desk, in a stack that seemed immense, the conviction overcame me that the wages of sin are even more harrowing than as pictured in the Scriptures.

II

I recount these experiences in the early days of motoring to bring out this point: from the first there was a conviction that an instrument of danger was coming on to the highways. After having been kept apart for generations, machine transportation with its machine speeds was leaving its protective rails and invading the safe paths of horses and men. The new anxiety had its first crude expression in attempts to hold the automobile down to somewhere near the speed of the horse. In a vague way it was expected to behave like a horse.

But the lawmakers of that day were ignoring a fundamental twist in human nature: a contrivance built to run forty miles an hour was going to be run forty miles an hour, laws and ordinances notwithstanding. They did not see the motor car as an inevitable step in the development of our civilization. Even to-day our incoherent protests against motor killings reveal us as still horse-minded, still quite unable to grasp the wholly changed character of the highways, and not yet ready to accept the fatalities as a necessary feature of motoring.

The motor car was never a substitute for the horse. Every horse that vanished took his seven-mile gait and his kindly intelligence with him, and every motor car put into commission brought its own speed and its brainless tons of steel to the road. The old safety of the highways is gone forever as surely as the automobile has come to stay.

A doleful picture? Not at all — a mere statement of fact. In the face of constantly improving safety regulations, motor fatalities in the eleven years of 1920–1930 rose without one year of decrease from 12,542 to 33,000. Of still greater significance, the *rate* of kill is increasing faster than the increase in the number of cars on the road; the rate per 100,000 registrations rose without a break in the last five years of the period from 106.6 to 124.4.[1] This shows the extra penalty added each year by the increasing congestion; yet motor enthusiasts tell us that the 'saturation point' for automobiles is a long, long way in the future!

In order to appreciate better the inevitableness of these casualties we might go back to the days before the advent of motor cars and have a look at the thirty-year struggle for the elimination of railroad grade crossings. From the beginning of railroads, that

[1] All figures were obtained from the National Safety Council of Chicago and the Interstate Commerce Commission of Washington. — AUTHOR

intermittent streak of irresponsibility in mankind known as carelessness had recognition in stringent rules against walking on the railroad tracks. Many men could not seem to realize the dangers completely, if at all. If a trespasser had the sense and agility to get from between the rails of a train coming head-on, he was quite as likely as not to step over to the adjacent track and be taken in the rear by an engine bound in the opposite direction. Whether he would do this was not wholly a matter of his intelligence; it depended on whether his intelligence was working at the time.

But for fifty years the railroads entertained a fading hope that at their grade crossings the display of ten-foot signs, 'Look Out for the Cars,' 'Beware of the Engine,' 'Stop, Look, Listen,' might save a goodly portion of the vacuous-minded from self-destruction. As a matter of fact, the signs warned few besides those who would have been warned anyway by the obvious railway tracks. The only thing that saved a goodly portion of all others was the absence of trains while they were placidly driving Dobbin across the rails.

By the time the daisies were growing above the gathered remains of a few hundred thousand, the work of abolishing grade crossings was on in dead earnest. Slowly the work proceeded through the years — a huge, expensive concession, without another mortal excuse, to the discovery that in the presence of high mechanical speeds some people are careless most of the time and most people are careless some of the time.

After the grade crossings in congested districts had been pretty well abolished, there remained a vast number throughout the country whose removal was either impracticable or seemed unwarranted; and, since the fundamentals in human nature do not change with the generations, these continued to furnish their usual quota of accidents. Indeed, with the advent of motor cars the fatalities at crossings increased enormously. There seems to be something in the motorist's sense of his own speed that leads him to imitate the roadside hen in his efforts to cross ahead of the cars instead of behind them. In 1930, 1247 motorists in the United States so far miscalculated relative speeds that they crashed into the sides of moving trains, with a resultant kill of 238 and injury of 1756. The hen may be short of intellect, but it is something to her credit that she usually manages to perish under the front wheels.

To meet this new emergency at grade crossings, the usual warning signs were supplemented with various mechanical contrivances put in motion by the oncoming train, such as great red flares and overgrown baby rattles suspended over the highway. Among the latest of these appeals to moronic motorists are grotesque wooden arms set to wigwagging in mid-air, after the manner of the fond mother who waves colorful objects before the eyes of her offspring in the hope of drawing therefrom a gleam of intelligence. In every one of these silly devices at grade crossings we acknowledge an uncounted number of hopelessly infantile grown-ups among those who are supposed to have brains enough to drive on the highway. But the new life-saving gewgaws are practically useless for stopping people so obtuse that glaring signs, shrieking whistles, and thundering trains do not impress them. They are dead ripe for the annual harvest of the innocents who blunder into eternity by way of the cowcatcher.

The significant point is that many years and several generations of steady killings at grade crossings have taught the people next to nothing in the way of caution. Human incompetency in

dealing with swift motion seems to hold at virtually a fixed level for the general population.

III

Now, in the traffic conditions of 1931, when every thoroughfare is a complexity of shifting colored lights and every busy intersection makes the busiest railroad crossing look like a deserted country lane, what has become of all that we learned about human frailty from the grade crossing?

We have forgotten it, ignored it. Our intricate motor-traffic system is based on the assumption that every motorist has the safe qualities of an engineer, and it reckons every pedestrian above child size as a perennial bloom of caution. All exceptions, especially when they are revealed by a killing, fill us with pained surprise. The only persons exempt from this charge of infallibility are the children — a wise discrimination, although they differ only in being habitually careless while their elders are intermittently so. Signs posted, 'Danger! School Ahead,' serve a good purpose; but if this precaution were carried to its limits of usefulness there would be other signs, such as 'Slow Up! Several Absent-minded Professors Live on This Street,' or, at certain intersections, 'Look Out! Morons Unusually Plentiful Around Here.'

We get a steadily mounting annual kill mainly because our motor-traffic regulations make no allowance for the intermittent childishness of grown-ups. And the plague of it is that traffic movement cannot be slowed down to protect the few who happen to be in a mental lapse without bunching the cars almost to a standstill. With the present enormous masses of automobiles, speed is the one essential for escape from hopeless congestion. At the turn of the signal the traffic officer waves frantically for speed, and more speed; between signals it is speed alone that keeps the line from backing up solidly through all the intersections. Out on the thoroughfares speed makes up for the delays of getting through the tangle of guarded crossings, and one motorist on an honest lookout for 'dumbheads' draws the wrath of the halting line behind him.

Yet for the alert, the competent, both in cars and afoot, these permitted speeds are not generally excessive, and traffic arrangements are usually adequate, often more than adequate, for their protection. The system already is perfected beyond the perfection of the human beings it aims to serve. No multiplying of precautions is going to put caution into either motorists or pedestrians scattered through the mass who are in the mood for blundering. These will continue to kill and be killed so long as twenty-seven million motor cars on our roads move fast enough to get out of each other's way.

IV

What are the means for reducing motor accidents? Statistics show that a surprisingly small proportion of the casualties result from material imperfections, such as signals out of order, defective cars, or poor roads; they charge the vast majority to the erratic performances of human beings, both in cars and afoot. Then, if there is to be any significant relief, it must come through some correction of this faulty human element.

First, consider the intermittently vacuous-minded among pedestrians. Unlike children, they cannot be recognized by their size and given special consideration — nor by any other feature, since the momentary lapse is often from a state of high intelligence. Neither can policemen lead them by

the hand across the street, because there is no way of telling just when this ought to be done. They fall victims quite impartially to drivers careful and careless. The best we can hope to do for an uncertain percentage of their kind is to send or omit flowers, as the relatives request.

A pedestrian inattentive, miscalculating, reckless, endangers only himself; but when the same sort of individual gets behind a steering wheel he becomes a menace to every cautious motorist and pedestrian within range of his machine. Here we have the chief killer. What do we do to discover him before he kills?

Almost nothing. Again we are hopelessly horse-minded. The same promiscuous lot that once had barely wits enough to hold the reins over an intelligent horse are permitted to run fifty-horse machines whose actions must be humanly controlled every moment. Twenty-six states do not require so much as a license to drive, while only seventeen out of the forty-eight states require any instruction or demonstration of fitness; and in most of these seventeen states anyone, from a doddering old man to a sixteen-year-old girl who can back a car around twice in the same half hour without maiming the teacher, is entitled to a license.

Driving uncovers a multitude of faults which the most foolhardy pedestrian has no chance to exhibit. A driver may be intermittently vacuous or always rattle-headed, flighty of judgment in crises, a daring 'show-off,' or a 'poor fish' afraid of his shadow. Temperamental unfitness figures high on the casualty list. In cases of emergency it matters little to the undertaker whether the motorist is stubborn for his last inch or wobbles uncertainly under orders from the back seat. The most dangerous of all are the 'drunks'; but for crazy performance at the wheel a close second to the part-time drinker is the one-arm petter. Thirty per cent of all fatalities in 1930 involved drivers under twenty-five years of age. Papa's only son comes home from college with a pack of youths who help him tear open the night with the big family car, and little daughter takes out the boys and girls in a three-ton locomotive as soon as she has learned how to use her feet on the funny things sticking up through the floor.

If we could ever get through thinking of the automobile as an exaggerated horse and treat it as a powerful, insensate machine requiring a vastly more careful selection of driver than any span of horses, one more gleam of sanity would be added to the few now pervading the motor mania. The National Safety Council made a careful study of accidents in the eight states which have the soundest driving-license and examination laws. From the study it derived an estimate that these states had reduced their normal expectation of motor fatalities 29 per cent. Yet none of the eight states has a system of licensing drivers that can be dignified by the term 'selection'; they merely throw out a few of the obviously unfit and let everybody else drive.

Probably the country's total of motor fatalities could be reduced by several thousand if the other forty states were to have even as mildly restrictive driver-licensing laws as the eight; but a much greater saving of life would be possible if every state in the Union were to compel a selection of drivers commensurate with the obvious demands of a road locomotive. Why this extraordinary backwardness in the effort to get safe drivers?

V

Again there is the self-assertive twist in human nature: a universal desire for anything under heaven has

never yet been known to put an effective curb upon itself. In a country where nearly everybody wants to drive, nearly everybody is going to drive, and that settles for good the prospect of any adequate selection of drivers. All prohibitions are got up by those who do not happen to want the thing they are prohibiting. In this country, outside of drivers and the obviously decrepit, there are not enough people left to fight for real competency in men and women at the wheel to make a dent in the popular will to drive.

To illustrate the idea further: the trolley car is as easily and as quickly controlled as any good automobile; it is run usually at lower speeds, and its clearly defined rails make it a safer driving proposition. Yet because nobody wants to drive a trolley car except for pay, careful selection of its operators is assumed as a public necessity. None but mature men of proved judgment and caution are permitted at the controls. How scared we should be at seeing chatty high-school girls, or Antonio the fruit peddler, running a trolley car up the street as a holiday diversion! And nobody thinks of taking in the motorman as one of a gay party aboard; we are not allowed to speak to the motorman, much less pet him while he is running the car.

Mass psychology born of the universal will to drive has made impossible a proper conception of the motor car as a locomotive running intimately among frail human beings. We accept its killings reluctantly, but nothing like as reluctantly as we should submit to restrictive laws in keeping with its power to kill. Since initial selection for fitness to drive is unattainable, the next best means for achieving greater safety on the road lies in the rigid exclusion of all drivers found guilty more than once of gross carelessness or of driving while drunk. One such offense on the part of a trolley operator would bar him forever. Yet, against the popular will, not one state in the Union has been able to make more than a fair beginning in the elimination of unfit drivers. Complete statistics are not available, but all records show that a remarkably high percentage of casualties is chargeable to motorists who have been involved in one to a dozen previous accidents, or have been excluded from the road, or, in licensing states, never have had licenses. Prohibition of incompetent drivers is decidedly more difficult to enforce than prohibition of liquor, for the will to drink is nowhere near as universal as the will to drive.

If we must tolerate unfit drivers, why not try to worry them into a semblance of fitness by a rigorous system of supervision on the road, with sure penalties for every infraction of the rules for safe driving, regardless of whether the breach of road etiquette causes an accident or not? The scheme has possibilities. The same public opinion that does not favor the withholding or canceling of licenses might view without alarm the depleting of the other fellow's pocketbook in the interest of safety. Traffic officers at intersections, instead of 'bawling out' each petty offender, would take his number and hand him the ominous card. 'Speed cops' in the more open spaces would have their functions extended to cover the many other infringements of rules and common sense that go to make up unsafe driving.

VI

Take as an instance the passing of the car ahead at curves or hills on narrow highways — a prolific source of accidents, mainly because it has to be done at increased speed and on the wrong side of the road. Probably

nineteen out of twenty habitually reckless passers escape a terrific crash only because there happens to be no obscured car coming head-on. That is one reason why they have the habit. Now if they could be made to contribute handsomely for a few of their successful passes, there might be less of this important menace to safety on the roads. And so with driving off-side, making forbidden turns, suddenly speeding up as a car attempts a legitimate pass, overrunning signals and failing to give the proper hand signals, and habitually taking chances with motorists and pedestrians alike — a cash penalty for each offense might induce a perfunctory caution among the naturally careless and reduce those thousands of daily violations which seem always to 'get by' through sheer luck, while as a matter of fact they are furnishing a good part of the daily casualties.

The best feature of this scheme would be its getting at the careless driver before instead of after he has demonstrated with an accident. It would give a drill in safety to a lot of unpromising human material in whom any increase in caution would be a godsend to the community. But the scheme's fatal weakness lies in the obvious fact that it would take a few million more traffic officers to make it work. These offenses occur at all hours of the day and night, on every block of every city street and anywhere along the country roads; nothing but the immediate presence of 'the cop' checks the carelessness of habitual offenders. So far as this supervision could be achieved, it would undoubtedly result in the saving of lives. But the limit of public toleration for both the added expense and such intimate police regulation of all motorists would be reached long before the attainment of adequate supervision. The efforts of present traffic, tagging, and speed officers might profitably be extended to include a general drive on carelessness; but, as a constructive measure, chasing incompetent drivers over the endless highways to impose fines is a mighty poor substitute for the proper choosing of those who are fit to be on the road.

After all, there is a left-handed consolation in the thought that the ideal selection of drivers would not reduce the fatalities more than a few thousand. We can never make a selection of competent pedestrians; and carelessness, the main source of all accidents, has demonstrated itself as a fixture in the human constitution. The best we can expect of our most valiant efforts is to hold the killings down to an irreducible minimum. The trouble lies deeper than in bad driving. It lies in the *fundamental incompatibility* of machines and men, steel and flesh, in a running mix-up on the highways. Nothing on earth can make their intimacy safe.

All things considered, we are doing very well against impossible odds, and the price of such safety as we have is eternal vigilance. The record for 1930 of 33,000 killed and approximately 1,150,000 injured — 1 per cent of our total population — must be pretty close to the irreducible minimum. So long as we do not relax our efforts to keep the accidents down we may as well accept complacently an annual slaughter that will increase not only with the increase in the number of cars, but also with the rise in the kill per car — the inevitable penalty of greater congestion. Possibly this rise in the kill per car will become sufficiently alarming to change our views on the 'saturation point' of automobiles; but this effect on us is not likely. Eventually we may arrive at the comfortable stage in which the normal rise in casualties will not particularly annoy us, while a temporary drop would be hailed with genuine satisfaction.

THREE BOOKS RE-READ

I. FOR THE FOURTH TIME — OR IS IT THE FIFTH?

'At a certain village in La Mancha . . .' So
The tale began. I paused and raised my head,
Hearing a soundless voice that seemed to flow
Out of mid-morning peace. 'My friend,' it said,
'Do you remember your unhappiness
Some years ago? You paid too great a price
For what you gained from life, and less and less
Content you were. You begged me for advice.
You said you wanted leisure, time to dream,
To think, to read for days when so inclined;
Or, stretched in leafy shade beside a stream,
To loaf as long as ever you had the mind.
How to obtain this leisure was the question
You posed to me; and this was my suggestion:

'First, that you store up, without stint or measure,
Wealth that was yours; that compassed you about.
So blind you were, you could not see the treasure
You had in things that you could do without.
Once you began, came freedom and heart's-ease;
You found yourself a king in your own right.
Choosing then the books you loved, with these
Under your arm, you vanished from my sight.
And here I find you, still my counsel heeding.
Tell me, have you some unfulfilled desire?'
'One,' I replied; 'for the first time to be reading
This tale of Don Quixote and his squire.'

'God bless my soul!' the soundless voice replied;
'Some men, it seems, are never satisfied!'

II. MR. SANTAYANA'S 'SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND'

Once, when I had traveled a lonely way
Through thickly settled country, bleak and bare
And comfortless, and no one seemed to care
How desolate it was — how grim, how gray;
Seeking shelter toward the close of day,
Suddenly I spied a garden, where
No garden should have been. I stopped to stare,
Not knowing what to do, or think, or say.

High-walled it was, and secret, but a door
Stood open . . . invitation manifest
For someone . . . whom? Perhaps, I thought, for me;
And so I entered, tired and spirit-sore.
There was I welcomed like an honored guest
By one who is all I could wish to be.

III. CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS

No shock it was to see a misty queerness
Gathering about an empty chair;
I had a premonition of his nearness,
And, looking up again, I found him there.
We talked at ease, without the least constraint,
Of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hunt;
And when I asked of Manning, with a faint
Twinkle, he said: 'Still punning . . . in a punt
Along the Styx; he rarely comes ashore.'
'Always alone?' I ventured to inquire.
'Not always, I admit.' . . . 'Lamb, tell me more
(It is n't late) about your friend, George Dyer.'

The words were like a bellows to a forge,
And till the dawn of day the theme was George.

JAMES NORMAN HALL

EVE CALLS IT A DAY

BY FRIEDRICH RITTER

I

In my last article [1] I promised to have you as my guest for one day so that you might see for yourselves just what it means to be a modern Adam and Eve. Welcome, then, to Friedo, our Garden of Peace. And may you find your hours with us as stimulating and enjoyable as we have found each day of the year and a half that we have lived here — one man and one woman alone upon a tiny island in the tropical Pacific!

This charming young lady whom you seem to be so surprised to meet in this desolate wilderness is Dore, my inseparable companion, who came out with me from Germany and has worked industriously beside me, sharing the heavy toil of subduing the jungle to make this little clearing which we call home. Here is our house — just a rude shelter, as you see, but enough to serve all our present purposes. Over there our permanent abode is nearing completion, each stone of it laboriously carried up from the lower ground below and placed in position by Dore and myself. We are proud of it. Before the day is done I shall take you through it and point out some of the novelties of its construction, which, I flatter myself, are quite ingenious.

Meanwhile, take a turn through the garden — a monument to our faith or foolishness, call it what you will. Each inch of that black soil we had to win by almost superhuman effort from a jealous and rebellious nature. Then, after we had won it, we had to fight to keep it; day and night we guarded the growing things against insect swarms and against marauding bands of cattle, asses, hogs, as well as lesser plagues of cats and dogs. All of these animals were once domesticated, but when they were abandoned by their owners they went native, and now they roam wild over the island in search of food. In spite of everything, however, the garden lives and supplements the native fruits to feed us abundantly.

You see that clump of palm trees over there? From beneath their roots a large spring bubbles up to supply us with drinking water and to irrigate the garden through the ditches that criss-cross between the beds. Farther on, that thicker growth of trees is our orchard. As if to compensate us for the trouble she has caused us in the cultivation of domesticated vegetables, nature has made ready to our hand a bountiful reserve of native fruits — papayas, oranges, bananas, pineapples, guavas, lemons, and coconuts.

These black lava cliffs that form a wall about us on three sides will tell you plainly enough that our Friedo lies in the crater of an extinct volcano. Through the open end you can look out on the blue, unruffled sea, which washes with a scarcely audible murmur the sandy beach five hundred feet below. Beyond our crater rim, in the

[1] Printed in the November *Atlantic*. — Editor

interior of the island, stretches a waste land of volcanic rock covered with an almost impenetrable thicket of brown thorn bushes. We live, you see, in a natural amphitheatre — fertile, luxuriant, ample for all our needs; and it also serves us as an impregnable fortress against any possible intruders.

Thus, though we dwell here alone on the Island of Floreana, a mere ten-mile speck upon the bosom of the Pacific, we have no fear of molestation. Our nearest neighbors are more than one hundred miles away on the next island of the Galapagos group, while the mainland of South America is five times as far distant to the eastward. Here we are completely isolated from what we regard as the evils of modern society.

II

In the restlessly active world of modern civilization everyone recognizes the dynamic urges which move it from day to day and year to year along the path of so-called progress. This creative restlessness is the very essence of life, and you wonder how there can be any dynamic power to motivate the existence of two solitary beings here in the primeval quietness of the Pacific, where we are so utterly cut off from our fellow men. Must not the joys of activity be stifled in the monotony of our daily round? Must not the 'man of culture' become little better than an animal, finding his only satisfactions in alternating between food and sleep?

Certainly the animal instinct in man, like every other part of his nature, seeks its development, and woe to that man who would attempt an experiment such as ours if his culture, like that of so many moderns, has been wholly concerned with the external irrelevancies of life — with the mere niceties of manners and good form as society prescribes them. Here, the thin veneer of sophistication would soon be torn to shreds on these Galapagos thorns and only the animal would be left. Then the process of degeneration would continue in the direction indicated by Nietzsche: 'The wilderness increases; woe to him who carries it in his heart.'

With most men, culture is only an aptitude acquired by training, just as tameness is acquired by the beasts in a circus; in both cases the surface gloss disappears as soon as the creatures are given back to their natural surroundings. But the man of true culture has grown together with it; the two are inseparable. Wherever he may be, this deeper culture which he has made a part of his enriched personality will find some suitable expression, or he will perish with it; but he cannot put it off like a garment and sink to the level of an animal. In reality, then, there is no 'back to nature' as Rousseau thought. There is only a passing through culture to the wisdom of self-knowledge.

For endurance in solitude it is indispensable that a man should be able to find pleasure in satisfying the smallest demands of everyday life. The more intellectual one's nature, the greater is the temptation to try to make one's self master of the humdrum and the disagreeable by observing a rigid time-table in their performance. But this is suicidal to the intellect. Before long such a time-table, instead of being a man's servant, becomes his master, and drives him along as inexorably as if he were a machine. The imperious requirements of his schedule leave him no time for contemplation.

We, for our part, do not try to observe a set programme. We let our actions be determined not so much by outward necessities as by the demands of duty which we feel inwardly. This gives to our life a certain mixed rhythm,

in which periods of feverish physical exertion are alternated with periods of quiet reflection, reading, or conversation. I have sometimes wished that I could order my life a little more by a fixed time-table. If followed in moderation, a schedule is conducive to systematic thinking, as Kant's daily walk to his philosophy. But this I have never been able to achieve; I am not made that way. I must be content with the mixed rhythm of life which my nature seems to require. After all, it has its compensations.

For example, it is now the middle of the Galapagos winter, and for several days we have been kept indoors by a dust-fine, powdery rain which has transformed the landscape with its magic mantle. Mountain, forest, and sea appear like the unreal objects in a dream. It is the world of a poet's fantasy. Every sharp outline becomes a shadow in the mist, every angle a curve; the whole prospect is that of a wild, exotic picture seen through the meshes of a silken veil. The rain falls noiselessly; only the patter of heavy drops of moisture from the trees breaks the silence.

Unfortunately, when the rain comes it brings hordes of mosquitoes. They attack us unmercifully during the evenings, especially in the months from February to April, and we have to make sure that the netting about our beds is carefully adjusted before we retire. We take advantage of the weather to lie abed late in the mornings and contemplate lazily the drenched and steamy out-of-doors. At the moment, Dore and I are both writing. The rainy season gives us an excellent opportunity to rest after our strenuous exertions of the preceding months, and we seize the occasion to set down our philosophic meditations, to read our favorite books, or to pen letters to friends in Germany, trusting that some ship may eventually pass this way to pick them up.

Beside me as I write, one of our tame cats is curled up in a box, apparently feeling none the worse for having eaten four poisonous sparrows. We gave her up for lost, but she surprised us by disgorging her deadly meal and reviving again. A strong wind has just sprung up and is blowing the rain out to sea. The clouds have momentarily parted; the sun bursts forth in a golden flood; every wet leaf and blade of grass has become a sparkling jewel.

III

Seldom are our nights as quiet as one would expect them to be on a solitary island. If there is no other sound, there is always the soughing of the wind in the trees. Then there are the animals. These wild things of the Galapagos sleep during the hours of daylight and spend the nights feeding, fighting, and making rowdy love.

At almost any time we can hear, either close at hand or in the remote distance, the ardent braying of numerous asses or the half-anxious, half-threatening bellowing of bulls. The latter lead their cows and calves down into our valley to graze, and even if they don't break through the fence into our garden, we can hear them outside. Sometimes loud snortings or the sharp snapping of twigs and branches will proclaim a battle between two bulls. Again, the lowing of cows just beyond our door may warn us that our premises have been invaded. Only last night I awoke to see a cow grazing not ten feet from my couch. I softly arose and stole almost to her side before she saw me; then, with such agility as I should hardly have thought so clumsy a beast capable of, she galloped away and leaped clear over our fence, which is four feet high. More disagree-

able intruders are the pigs, as black as crows, of which I related a special episode in my last article.

Sometimes we are disturbed by the barking of the wild dogs. They run in packs and frequently attack the asses, which defend themselves by kicking and biting. Whenever one of the dogs lets out a sudden yelp louder than the general chorus, we know that he has received a knock-out blow from some agile hoof. The prowling cats of the island are also as noisy as cats are wont to be. One night I was summoned from my bed by the pitiable mewing of our domesticated she-cat. I found her in the topmost branch of an acacia tree, whither she had fled from the pursuit of a wild tomcat. The event proved, however, that our tabby was well able to take care of herself, and, womanlike, was merely calling for sympathy after the danger was past. At the foot of the tree lay her fierce assailant stone-dead, his throat artery slashed as neatly as if it had been cut by a knife.

When the night life of the island has ceased raging two or three hours after midnight, we hear the first impatient crowing of our domesticated cocks, and they repeat their signals at measured intervals. (Unhappily, mute cocks have not yet been bred.) Soon the voices of many birds announce the dawn, and, except in the rainy season, we arise with the sun. The temperature allows complete nakedness even at this early hour. My first business is to walk through the garden to see whether a pig has broken through, or whether the wind has blown down a banana or a papaya tree, or whether the cockroaches and wood lice have been too voracious. On the way I gather ripe fruits for breakfast. Dore's first trip is to the hens, which eagerly wait to be let out and fed.

After breakfast we plan the day's work. If it happens to rain, early morning being the favorite time for showers even in the dry season, we read or write till the cloud passes. Then we toil on the further completion of our settlement — sometimes in the garden, sometimes upon the building of our permanent house.

By noon the heat becomes oppressive and all nature settles into an exhausted respite. Many of the tropical plants fold up their leaves to avoid the burning rays of the sun. The only creatures stirring are gorgeous yellow butterflies that tumble drunkenly above the blossoms of the garden. By this time heat and hunger remind us of dinner. This is our big meal of the day, and we follow it with a siesta during which we rest, read, or sleep until about three o'clock. The hills are now beginning to throw long shadows, the day grows refreshingly cooler, and we return to our work where we had left it at noon.

When darkness comes on, our active day is ended. The sun sets blood-red into the western ocean. The night wind springs up and scatters ripples over the surface of the water. The great yellow disk of a tropical moon sheds a soft, golden light which dances and shimmers over the trembling waves. The sandy shore line becomes a silver band. We withdraw to our shelter, where, without eating again, we settle down under a large mosquito net to read or write by the light of a kerosene lantern until slumber overcomes us.

This is the ordinary routine of our daily life. Of course, it is frequently interrupted by the varying necessities of the moment. It may happen, for example, that we will read or write for two or three days running if our interest in a certain subject compels us to do so. Or again, great numbers of seed-eating birds, which we have named Galapagos sparrows, may descend upon the garden and force us to undertake a campaign against them. My only defense in such

emergencies is a shotgun, but, in spite of my 90 per cent accuracy in aim, we cannot notice any marked decrease in their numbers.

Thus life for us is one continuous battle. With it all, however, we feel that we are growing in a closely harmonized union with our surroundings. At the end of each day we have the satisfying sense that we have lived completely, with a full utilization of all our powers.

IV

We have now practically exhausted the store of foodstuffs which we brought with us from Germany. Consequently we are subsisting wholly upon the produce of our own agriculture and the native fruits with which nature has so bountifully supplied us. Occasional seamen who put in at the island for water have frequently asked us why we do not adorn our table with steaks and chops when there are so many wild cattle and hogs in the hills about us. The answer is that Dore and I are both vegetarians. We do not eat meat, partly as a matter of principle and partly as a matter of taste. We really prefer a vegetarian diet. We have learned by experience that we feel better, both mentally and physically, when we eat no flesh.

As I have already indicated, we find that we are amply nourished on only two meals a day. We breakfast wholly on fruits. At the midday meal we distinguish a sweet food and a salt food. We prefer the first, but, since we also have need of the second, we alternate two days of sweet food with one of salt food. Our sweet food consists of two beaten eggs, raw, with bananas or other fruit and cane-sugar sap, either fresh or as syrup. Salt food is composed of several raw or cooked greens and root vegetables, with peanut butter or oil.

We have no grain at all, and I am glad that we have got entirely rid of flour dabbling. When I was practising medicine in Europe I exerted myself for years to discover some satisfactory method of utilizing grain, but to no avail. With the exception, perhaps, of raw oat cakes and malted wheat gruel, all my dietary experiments with cereals proved disappointing. The reason for this failure was the obvious one that man is not a grain-eating chicken. The chronic 'flour diseases' with which mankind is afflicted could rapidly be eliminated if people would simply omit bread from their diet.

Fats and oils we have not yet been able to produce in Friedo as abundantly as we could wish. All nut trees require many years before they reach maturity, and the almonds and hazelnuts which we planted did not germinate. To be sure, we have native coconuts and are cultivating peanuts, but we should like more variety. Still, we can get along well enough for the present.

Albumen we get in eggs, lima beans, and peanuts, which in addition to their fats contain about 15 per cent albumen. Potatoes and yams provide us with carbohydrates. Then, too, we always have bananas, which we eat only when they are fully ripe, never in their green state. In ripe bananas a great part of the relatively indigestible starches are transformed into aromatic and easily digestible sugar.

In my last article I mentioned that we planted sugar cane very soon after our arrival in the Galapagos. We thought by this means to escape from dependence upon white sugar, which has so much of its very best part removed in its manufacture. Our expectations of having some good natural sugar grew apace with the growing cane, but we were soon to learn the difficulties that are involved in its extraction. The cane fibre is exceedingly

tough, and with the primitive means at our disposal we found ourselves devoting a great deal of time to getting a very small quantity of syrup. By trial and error we attempted three different methods before we hit upon one which was reasonably successful.

We first proceeded in this fashion: we peeled the cane and then I pounded it on a rock with a heavy hammer, finally wringing out the fibres with my bare hands, much as though they were a handkerchief. In three quarters of an hour my hands were blistered, and I had only a litre of juice to show for my pains. The fibres, of course, still remained sweet with a large content of sugar which I had been unable to extract; so we boiled them for several hours and produced two more litres of juice of slightly less concentration. The three litres of sap we then boiled down for another two hours, and in the end got from them only half a litre of yellow, honeyed syrup.

After this unsatisfactory attempt we tried another method. We took the whole canes and chopped them up crosswise in thin slices. These we placed in iron pots, poured water over them, and set them to boil. All our vessels were pressed into service during this experiment. My hands were thus saved, and by nightfall we had achieved about six litres of sap — just twice as much as we had obtained in the same length of time by the other method. On the whole the results were gratifying, for the sap was rather clear after straining. But this, too, had a catch in it. Overnight a sour film formed over the top of our precious extract; we had to remove it and boil the remainder again in order to save it. Neither process, then, was practicable.

Finally we concluded that we should have to employ machinery, and I succeeded in constructing a crude but relatively efficient lever press for crushing the cane. I selected a thick-forked branch of a tree and dug the long end of it into the ground so that it looked like a large letter Y lying on its side. The shorter branch I leveled into shape as a pressing block. Dore discovered that it was easy and comfortable to sit upon the free end of the branch and, by swinging to and fro upon it, press the sap out of the cane which was placed between the forks. We call this apparatus 'Dore's sugar swing.' By devoting all the forenoons of one month to operating it, we swung out ninety gallons of sugar sap. The net result, after it was boiled down, was about a hundredweight of thick sugar honey.

We are so well pleased with our invention that we don't wish for a more perfect press for our limited purposes. To be sure, the mystery of refining sugar from the syrup is still one of our unsolved problems, but this does n't trouble us. We can get along very nicely without sugar in granulated form. The syrup answers every purpose, and when it is mixed with various fruit juices it makes a splendid sweet drink. Thus we are able to provide all the sugar that our bodies require, and are independent of any import.

As for refined sugar, we simply do without it — and it is no hardship. The human body does n't call for it, anyhow; in fact, it is often actually harmful. Any Robinson Crusoe who has been spoiled by civilization would do well to learn from horses and asses to use his teeth, tongue, and palate to manufacture sugar whenever it is necessary. But let him beware if he attempt to obtain it by chewing the cane! Civilized man with teeth reënforced by porcelain or gold must look to his fillings; unless he is careful he may swallow his hardware instead of his sugar.

V

If people hear that we are not yet living in a house, not even a log cabin, but that we have camped for many months under a provisional roof of corrugated iron, they will think us very casual and gypsylike. In the climate of the Galapagos, however, a large mosquito net and a water-tight roof are almost shelter enough. Still, we are longing for a more comfortable lodging, and already it is taking form. Since I must be architect and workman at the same time, as well as gardener and general handy man about the place, I must be economical with my strength. Naturally, the construction proceeds slowly.

In planning the house in which we expect to spend the rest of our days there were many special considerations which we had to bear in mind. In the first place, we wanted to set it high enough so that we could look out on the sea. For convenience we thought it ought to be as near the centre of the garden as we could build it without allowing it to cover any of the precious garden soil. An engineering requirement of no little importance was to place the building in such a position that we could run a pipe from the spring to give us a bath and running water. Aside from these obvious and practical matters, there were other more general considerations of equal importance.

As usual when I wish to solve a problem, I asked myself, 'What is the ideal solution?' — and then, 'How and where must this ideal be modified to make it conform to reality?' The most beautiful and also the most expedient ground plan for a house is undoubtedly the circle. Nature knows this. Does not every tree endeavor to round out its crown to a hemisphere? Are not our eyes, as well as our organs of touch, offended by points and corners? A circular ground plan is at the same time the most suitable from an economic point of view, because it encloses the largest area within the smallest circumference. Accordingly, the dome is the most beautiful roof; but it would be exceedingly difficult to carve a dome out of wood with my primitive tools. To erect circular walls of stone would also put too great a strain upon my ingenuity. Therefore we decided to compromise upon the form nearest approximating the ideal — an octagon for the ground plan and a pyramid for the roof.

In making the blueprints for any building a good architect never lets himself forget the sun. A house whose rooms are not harmoniously arranged to provide the best light for the varied purposes of the household is misbuilt. We agreed, therefore, that our bedroom should occupy the eastern side of the building, so that the sun might greet us with its warning to arise in the morning. The room for recreation and comfort should be on the south, where it would be bathed in sunshine throughout the day. The workroom should be in the western wing, for the setting sun announces the end of a day's work. On the shady north side we would build the kitchen, storerooms, staircase, and lavatory.

To fulfill these conditions we selected for our site what was originally the most barren spot in the valley; thus we should deprive the garden of none of its soil. To get elevation we decided to set the house on stone pillars; this would give us our much-desired view of the ocean, and we could pipe water into the basement for our bath. To give us a solid foundation we dug down to the rock at each angle of the house and sunk large lava shafts as corner stones. Upon these we piled up other blocks of stone to form the pillars and

filled the space between the pillars with smaller rocks to make the walls. As mortar we employ a mixture of clay and sand. Of course it does not harden as lime mortar would, but it resists rain much better than I had expected. Moreover, when the roof goes on, it will extend out two feet or more to protect the walls from the weather.

The most tedious part of the work is in the selection of stones which will fit together. What a pleasure it would be if we only had some flat sediment rock to build with! But there is none on the island. We have only lava rock, and the earth spirits who made it show plainly that they knew nothing of Euclid's geometry. Even where it appears that they wanted to construct a straight edge on a stone it turns out curved, and all the right angles which they wanted to demonstrate are either acute or obtuse. (The only natural formations of any kind which I have found in my Galapagos quarry are a stone armchair, a couch, a few flat rocks that we shall use as plates, and two rectangular chunks that will serve as steps in our staircase.)

The refractory nature of our material is a great handicap to us, for in building the walls of a house one needs many straight edges and right angles. Here all the rocks are in whorls and curves. We must spend weary hours hewing them to some approximate shape that we can use. And the task entails risks of two kinds. First, I am not equipped with the tools of a stone mason. Second, these rocks are formed of lava which cooled unequally, and they are very tricky to work on. They are full of incalculable internal tensions. Stone splinters are continually cracking off at unexpected moments to threaten eyes and shin bones. Often after I have chiseled away for a long time the whole stone will burst and my toil goes for naught.

As soon as we had raised the walls breast high, we encountered a new obstacle. It became increasingly impossible to lift the rocks into position, even when we chose the smaller ones. Lacking cranes and pulleys, we had to fall back upon the ancient Egyptian method used in building the pyramids. We piled up earth to make an incline to the walls, and with great effort dragged the boulders up it. In this kind of work there is a constant danger that hands or feet may get crushed if we lose our grip and the stone starts sliding down the embankment. Once Dore nearly had her hand mashed in this way, and it seems a miracle that she got out of it with only three bruised fingers. On another occasion I forfeited a finger nail. Such accidents are all in the day's work; the best we can do is to take whatever precautions we can to avoid them.

Skilled masons with adequate tools could have finished the house long ago; for us it has been the labor of nearly a year, and it is still a-building. But it will not be many months now before the roof goes on and we can move in. Even if it had been possible to employ others in the construction of it, we should not have done so. Each stone that has gone into it has received the imprint of our thought and labor. We have derived a very real satisfaction from our toil — a satisfaction inferior only to that which we shall soon know when we begin to enjoy the fruit of it.

VI

On the beach of Post Office Bay there stands a famous hogshead or barrel which is known to many a seaman who frequents these latitudes of the Pacific. It was there when we arrived and it will doubtless still be there long after we have been dead and forgotten. This ordinary object repre-

sents the only distinguishing tradition of Floreana Island and has come to play quite an important rôle in our solitary lives, for it is our one link with the outside world. How or when it came there I know not, but it may possibly have been that the captain of some vessel which had run short of provisions first conceived the idea of setting the barrel on shore with a message describing his plight, so that some other ship that put in for water might see it and come to his assistance.

However this may be, the barrel is now an institution — a sort of Neptune's clearing house for messages between the ships that ply in these waters. A barque or steamer that chances to pass this way would not think of going by without sending a boat ashore to have a look-in at Floreana's barrel. Naturally, we too make use of it whenever we wish to communicate with civilization. The letters that we write to friends in Germany are left there for the next passing ship to take off, and whatever mail we receive is also deposited there for us.

Not very long after we settled here, we were surprised to discover that the barrel was yielding us a queer assortment of mail. It seemed that a newspaper in Berlin, learning from our friends that we had undertaken this strange experiment, published a long article about us and quoted some of the descriptive letters we had written home. Immediately we were deluged with inquiries from unknown people who were impatient to imitate our example. They begged to be allowed to join us and establish a community of 'like-minded souls.' Aspirations of escape are not uncommon in European society, but in all but the rarest instances the ambition to found a colony of this sort proceeds from a flabby and hysterical sentimentality.

Needless to say, we who had come so far to find a solitude in which we could meditate and live our own lives free from the distractions of social intercourse were rather appalled by the prospect of having our retreat become a haven of refuge for all the misfits of the world. Most of these appeals, therefore, I ignored completely. A few of them, written by people who seemed to be bolder spirits than the rest, called for positive action, and to these I wrote in the strongest language I could command, urging them not to follow us.

In spite of everything I could do, some of these folk have persisted in their romantic intentions, and from time to time one of them will suddenly turn up in the flesh. They come expecting to be treated like invited guests, and the only way we can deal with them is to make it clear in the beginning that we want to be alone and consider them intruders. We refuse to have anything to do with them. Fortunately for us, our little valley is circumscribed by acres of thorny hills. We are more than an hour's difficult journey from the nearest possible site for another settlement. We are able, therefore, to go about our own business indifferent to the presence of anybody else who may come to the island. Invariably the intruders find their enforced solitude unbearable, and in the end they go away, glad, no doubt, to return to civilization.

One newcomer who proved more pertinacious than any of the others finally came to me and confessed that he could not go on living the life of a hermit; it was too 'cold and unnatural,' particularly since we were there to keep him company if we only would. He ended by declaring that we should live closer together. To this I could only repeat what I had told him in the beginning, and send him away. We did not see him again for four weeks, and

shortly thereafter he departed from our midst for good.

One day a lady from Berlin came ashore and calmly announced that she intended to live with us. Unlike all the other would-be colonists, she had no illusions about seeking solitude. She brought with her a complete menagerie consisting of four monkeys, a parrot, a dog, a rabbit, a cook, and a consumptive husband, who, she said, had been assured by a specialist that he would recover if he spent a year on Floreana. After looking over the island, the lady had concluded that the only place she could live was with us. I had to tell her frankly that she was mistaken; that that was the only place she could *not* live; that we could not undertake to house her zoo, and that we would not leave the valley. Finally she sailed away in the same ship that had brought her. Her darlings, the four apes, from whom she said she could not be parted for an instant, she abandoned in the wilderness of the Galapagos. Some days later one of them attacked us savagely in our hut and had to be shot; the others must have starved to death, for we have seen nothing of them.

At the moment a German private-school teacher has settled in the neighborhood. He brought with him a domesticated ass, but otherwise is quite alone. He enjoys rather a good view from his camp site, but he has no such oasis as ours. Besides, he has not prepared himself for this kind of life. He is already being galled by loneliness, and I do not doubt that he will soon go the way of the rest.

Thus we manage to preserve our independence in spite of all the attempts made against it. We never feel a want for human society, so long as we have each other, and never seek the companionship of strangers who may arrive on the scene. If any others chance to put in an appearance here — well, it may happen, but we shan't let it disturb us. The crater of our volcano is so small that there is no room left for others to appropriate. It is surrounded by such a vast extent of waste land that we are naturally insulated from any future settlement. Whatever the gods may have in store for us, we shall resolutely resist the establishment of a community of 'like-minded souls' in the district about our spring.

VII

Now that we have been living on our desert island for a year and a half, you will inevitably want to know how we feel about our experiment. Do not the hardships of our new existence sometimes make us wish for the comforts of Europe? Do we not occasionally experience a longing for human society? Do we not at times regret the decision which led us to this isolated spot? To all such questions I can honestly answer in the negative, and this goes for Dore as well as myself. With our present mode of life we are amply content. We look forward with confidence to spending the rest of our days here in the wilderness.

I realize, of course, that anything I may say upon this point may be received with a slight lifting of the eyebrows. I was responsible for the decision which brought us here, and it would not be unreasonable for others to think that I should naturally do my best to justify the consequences. Let me, then, submit the evidence of an impartial observer. *El Telégrafo*, a newspaper of Guayaquil, Ecuador, interviewed a naval officer who had paid us a visit. He had no reason to look upon us with special favor; he merely answered the questions that the reporter put to him and told what he had seen. I shall translate his interview verbatim: —

'We have been told, lieutenant, that a cultivated German doctor has been living a primitive life on one of the Galapagos Islands in an amazingly eccentric manner. Is this true?'

'Absolutely. A German couple are living as man and wife on Floreana in a very primitive fashion, distinguished from that of our early ancestors by the fact that both of them are highly educated and have moved in cultured European circles. They are living on a vegetable diet, shunning the use of meats, and they appear to thrive on it. Their thoughts are free from the prejudices of the civilized world. As for myself, I was surprised at such novelty and self-possession.'

'And how do this Adam and Eve procure their food?'

'From a small garden, hardly sufficient to guarantee their daily bread. Vegetables and fruits of every description form their meals and are prepared in natural dishes. While they eat they carry on a spirited conversation in German as though they were at a banquet. They are always cheerful and in harmony. They have completely forgotten the bitter struggle between man and man which characterizes life in society.'

'Did you notice any weariness or mental depression?'

'Quite the opposite. Rejoicing manifested itself in all their gestures, contentment at the sight of their surrounding wilderness. Neither the woman nor Dr. Ritter was the least bit excited by my visit. They are happy in their natural life, void of prejudice, affectation, and sordidness. Faith which cannot be shaken animates them. They seem to possess a supernatural ability to stand the silence — that mighty silence which is disturbed only by living creatures such as birds, reptiles, and other wild things.'

'What else did you notice worthy of comment?'

'Curiosity and a desire to see and speak with this German couple led me into the temporary dwelling where they have been living for several months. Decidedly original in its construction, it is built of branches to give it security and covered with corrugated iron plates. The interior is not at all inviting, being plain and sturdy for the necessities of life. They sleep on the floor like Adam and Eve in their earthly paradise. Dr. Ritter speaks Spanish indifferently. He told me that he intends to study nature at close range, and that he wishes to close his life in the midst of the primitive forest.'

So much, then, for our peace of mind.

To make our story complete I should perhaps add a brief footnote about some of the things we lack and with which we shall take measures to provide ourselves at the earliest opportunity. We have already ordered some garden tools and plants from Stumpp and Walter of New York, among which are two almond trees, two peach trees, two breadfruit trees, as well as some mixed seeds for the chickens. To protect our clothes against cockroaches and dampness we shall have to obtain some tight-fitting chests or trunks. For our food, too, we should like to have a metal box to keep out the ants and other insects. We have been cooking on an open hearth improvised of lava stones, but it is very smoky. We soon hope to remedy this by buying a small secondhand stove with some lengths of pipe to carry off the smoke. Except for these odds and ends, we are able to take care of all our needs as they arise.

This completes our little history. Perhaps in America people will be astonished to find such mystical religiousness, and so little sensationalism, as the motives for our endeavor. It is hard to believe in natural things naturally. But it ought not to be hard to understand that whether one lives in the temperate zone, the arctic, or the tropics, paradise is not impossible of attainment. It is only a state of the soul within one's self, and it consists of love, patience, and contentment. These are truly the entrance gates of heaven; since we possess all three, we do not ask for anything more.

FRANCE ON PARADE

BY SAMUEL SPRING

I

Of post-war world economics one pleasant thing at least can be said. Variety has been overflowing; monotony has not scummed the waters of events. New super-gods are ever arising from the depths. At first America was worshiped as the King of Kings. But with the loud collapse of America's miraculous era of scientific, machine-made prosperity, the world beheld the feet of clay on the great image of brassy materialism, and looked again toward the depths. Whereupon the apparition of a titanic Slavic Five-Year Plan convinced our economic watchers that Russia, with its iron-handed willingness to abandon haphazard individualistic development and to plan according to scientific, merciless laws, was the genuine miracle of the ages. . . . And now it is France.

Smiling, feminine, wronged France! France, who appealed yesterday so winsomely yet so sadly — and we now suspect so shrewdly — to the hearts of her allies! France, overwhelmed yesterday with fear of the Teuton hordes and begging only peace and protection and restoration for her outraged, defenseless soil! Even a Tory as cold-hearted and hard-headed as Austen Chamberlain was seduced; with awkward gallantry he bestowed England's protection and generosity upon a France in tears. Concession after financial concession was made by Tory England to her sorely wounded ally in the adjustment of reparations and of the costs of the World War, until the idealistic Laborite Snowden — far too late — adopted a genuinely cold-blooded, realistic policy and won an avalanche of laurels from Englishmen of all classes. The world had sympathetically watched France engage in an apparently losing fight in the battle of the franc, and had concluded that France, bled white, was doomed to stagger on for a generation or two under the heritage of a ruthless war and of an even more ruthless peace. France, however, shrewdly trusting in her own innate strength and to self-help, wept publicly, but toiled wisely and well.

So wisely and so well that within the last year a new France has suddenly risen before the world — a France possessed of the world's largest army, of the world's most formidable air force, of the world's second-largest hoard of gold, of the world's soundest, least shaken economic structure, of the world's most profitable colonial empire, of the world's most extensive array of loyal European allies all smilingly within the sphere of her influence. America's larger hoard of gold, when one considers comparative populations and comparative economic resources and needs, is in fact secondary in potency and in liquidity to that of France, for France's treasure is entirely a peace-time accumulation gathered through thrift — a hoard of wealth

more mobile and more available for utilization abroad than that of America. And France shrewdly kept her gold and her short-term credits out of Germany, letting America and England take the risks, gain the perilous profits — and attempt to help world conditions along.

Unfortunately England, the rival of France for centuries in the European cockpit, seems to find that every staff she reaches for turns into a reed. Her great colonial empire has ceased to be an empire yielding wealth to London, and has become a hit-and-miss Federation of Commonwealths, each bringing its burdens rather than its trade to the mother country, and all treating the mother country cavalierly as they scramble after their own advantage. Compare tumultuous India and radical, well-nigh bankrupt Australia with Northern Africa, for example, as a docile outlet for manufactured products and as a field for capitalistic exploitation. France's ring of European satellites — Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia — are all at peace and for the moment are all trustful of their protecting guardian Goddess. Indeed, France has only one perplexity — Germany. And her fear of Germany has even grown less strident and more shrewdly objective.

II

The vaulting of the French cock to a perch where it can gayly crow over Europe and even America is not a whim of Fortune. Only if we glimpse the factors that have made it possible can we avoid heightened world antagonisms. Basically France's rise represents the triumph — momentary, perhaps, but nevertheless the triumph — of the older agricultural, non-industrial order of life. It represents the backward-glancing triumph of the soil. France of all the Great Powers has yielded least to the machine, to the modern industrial high-speed era. France is least dependent upon the vast outpouring of machine-made goods and the frantic scattering of such output by high-speed international trade and savagely stimulated domestic consumption. Her agriculture is diversified, rationalized, not an imitation of high-speed industrial overproduction.

In France, the siren doctrine of the Coolidge madness, singing that prosperity and security come from spending more and saving less, never seemed other than naked madness leading to disaster. Thrift, plain old-fashioned thrift, — the admonition 'Put money in thy purse,' — always has been and still is a high moral law of French life. A self-contained, agricultural country, with a rich, jealously closed market in its colonies, France is not dependent upon foreign trade. She is closer than America or Germany or England, or even Japan and Italy, to the simpler mode of life where a family, by diversified farming, simple needs, and deft skill, can sustain itself in happiness indifferent to events beyond the seas, or even beyond the township line. The Frenchman has clung tenaciously to the peaceful, though modest, security of a life without luxuries, beneath the shade of his own vine and fig tree.

If the present economic blizzard rages unchecked, it will not mean the somersault of capitalism into communism, as some suggest, but rather the return of the world to the French outlook, to simpler, self-contained, economic family units. France alone is not overwhelmed by our highly complex, ant-hill life of fast-pounding machines, frantic foreign trade, and ballyhoo sales propaganda. The Western world, excepting France, is economically without insulation; overproduction in

one land leaps like lightning to other nations. France alone can seem indifferent. She prefers, to be sure, a prosperous world, to whom she can sell her luxuries and her styles; but she is not stricken to the marrow by an abrupt decline in foreign trade as are the machine-ruled industrial countries. And so long as the French spend a little less than the little they gather in, so long as they thriftily keep population down by birth control, a world depression will see them growing richer and increasingly indifferent to the spectre of an international trade debacle.

All that France fears is something which will upset the simple security of her self-contained life — a war. And since she needs her gold not at all to stimulate foreign trade, or to revive bankrupt buyers of her wares, she uses her gold for what she deems an apparently proper and natural use — to augment cannon as an instrument of foreign policy. England and America consider it constructive and peaceful to use gold solely to stimulate foreign trade, to stiffen the backs of purchasers so that they can and will buy more goods. For a nation to use gold to gain political ends, to scatter it abroad as a means of political rather than mercantile aggression, to lend it with black, sticky political strings attached, seems to these mercantile nations but another form of Prussian militarism. For a decade Prussian militarism rattled the sabre; France keeps her sword under a silken mantle, but rattles her gold. And France apparently does not appreciate that rattling gold for political ends gets on the world's nerves as sharply as did Prussia's rattling of the sabre.

The menace to world peace and to civilization to-day is thus a conflict of ideals. America, England, Germany, Japan, and Italy think in terms of trade; France, free from the harrowing terrors of declining trade, thinks in terms of political security — and perhaps of world power. To accuse France of Napoleonic dreams of world empire is unfair; America, England, and Germany have their Napoleonic dreams of dominating the world's markets. A nation dreams in terms of its experience, its hopes, and its fears. Our nightmares are the spectre of hard times; France's the spectre of invasion. Our happy dreams picture prosperity and the death of poverty. France pictures armies marching victoriously to fanfares of trumpets under the Arc de Triomphe, bringing centuries of security. This basic conflict of outlook cannot be ended by hard words or bitter bickering, for the dreams of both France and the rest of the world quickly transform themselves into nightmares. For us to snarl at France and France to smirk at us means the decline of both world prosperity and world peace.

An alliance of the machine-ruled nations against more simply organized France, an alliance which too clearly looms upon the horizon, would bring us back again to 1914. We have toppled Germany into the dust to our own loss and injury; to topple over France would only double the world's loss.

But France above all needs to be wise and understanding. In the event of another war, she will find herself helpless. Machines rather than trained soldiers win modern wars. With a vast aviation force already outmoded by the far speedier American and English aeroplanes; with a navy that can be sunk all too easily by English and German skill on the sea — as always has been the case, owing to French inaptitude with machines; with a backward skill and organization in the use of machines for making the munitions of war, France, pitted against Germany, with the English and American factories no longer at her elbow, as they were

in the last war, would find her large army, her gold, her ring of allies of little avail. Just as the rest of the world must understand machine-free France, France must understand and make her peace with the machine-powerful, machine-afflicted balance of civilization. She has more to lose, for she is more vulnerable; she, not the rest of civilization, stands perilously near to the precipice of world isolation.

III

To insist, as the French love to do, that the conflict of ideals involved is basically a conflict between French realism and rationalism on the one side, and Anglo-Saxon opportunism and haste on the other side, is unfortunate, because it is not sufficiently realistic. We know that the Frenchman reasons more profoundly and more trustingly than does the Englishman, who worships common sense. The Frenchman is ever searching for rationalistic theories in politics and will die for his country, but will not pay heavy taxes. The Englishman muddles and patches and keeps his eye ever close to the practical facts of the moment, and is willing to pay taxes when the national budget shows that taxes have to be paid. The English and American point of view, in a word, is dictated by the necessities of modern high-speed business. Like a stock trader, the modern business man must shift and dodge and follow the facts of the day. The Frenchman, with his simpler, more even-paced economic structure, can be more theoretical and more consistent.

For example, the French tell us that a written agreement — a Treaty of Versailles, a Young Plan — is sacred and should not be lightly and quickly changed. The French cry out that to dishonor a writing, a contract, is the sin of sins. But the American and English, with their quick-shifting business eye on realities, believe in honoring but not in worshiping a written document. If a customer can't pay a note, written even on parchment, do not jump on him; give him a chance to regain his feet. After all, it is more important that he buys, if his failure to pay is due to temporary circumstances beyond his control rather than a dishonest effort not to pay. Worshiping anything that is impractical, to the Anglo-Saxon mind, is the sin of sins; written contracts must always be bent to fit the facts of the moment.

Coöperate with the buyer to the limit of the practical; never use arguments based on emotions rather than facts; never weep over spilt milk — these are the axioms of the machine age of trade which control the average American reaction to the German situation. For France to linger over her outrages suffered during the World War, and to begin and end every argument with that emotional note, is but the rôle of the wronged woman who reminds rather than forgets. France, for her own safety, must understand the point of view and the afflictions of the industrial nations. She must not expect the world to climb over the fence to her. She must adapt her attitude of mind and her manners to the manners of the rest of the world. Not that she should abandon her great economic advantages; but France should neither gloat nor be hard-hearted as she surveys the balance of the world.

America and England are in far greater need of world-trade recovery than is France; the depression has grown so acute that the shadow of fear of destruction through poverty, hovering over the average American and English home, is almost as dark as was the shadow of the fear of destruction

through war that hovered yesterday over the French hearth. If France expects sympathy to-morrow from her former allies as she received it yesterday, she must show sympathy to-day. The great problem in international economic bartering is whether to yield too much and play the fool or to yield too little and play the black devil; and the fool usually keeps more of his skin on his back than does the devil.

The startling thing is that France has so often been right in big things but wrong in little things in her international trading. She has grown sensitive. Her manners are suddenly bad and irritating. And for France to take on the mannerisms of the grasping *nouvelle riche* and forget the uses of the grand gesture is unusual indeed.

Good manners and the grand gesture are even more important in international affairs than in private business. The great sin of pre-war Germany was that her manners were bad. She could not trade without pounding the table. She always insisted on displaying her sword and fingering her pistol while she conferred or traded. Thus, because of her pre-war bellicose manners, in her hour of need the Allies found it easy to fasten the name 'Hun' upon Germany.

France suddenly seems to the world a haggler, not a trader. For trading in business and in international politics is akin. The wise trader puts on an act; he demands more than he expects to get; but, above all, he distinguishes big things from little things. The American and Englishman tend to reach for the big things and yield the little things; above all, they know when not to overreach, when to be satisfied with an equal exchange. The French as traders, unfortunately of late, seem eager to gather in the little as well as the big things. And it is the haggling over little things that breaks deals and creates enemies. Somehow it is difficult to be personal or petty over a big issue; we always spill our rancor and our sarcasm over small things that mean little. Then we shout about the principle of the thing. France in her international trading has come to be a matchless snatcher up of trifles. Her manners during the bickering over Hoover's proposal of a year's moratorium to Germany were as bad as was Germany's gesture with the cruiser *Panther* during the Agadir crisis.

France can be gracious indeed when she chooses to be; she used the grand gesture matchlessly in her dealings with Tsaristic Russia before the World War. At this moment of her great opportunity and her great peril, she needs to consider her manners well. For a brief moment she holds the centre of the stage; she rules the spotlight.

IV

Holding the centre of the world stage has proved repeatedly a momentary and a dangerous affair. There are many errors indeed, both of substance and of manner, which France can point out that America committed while our nation paraded under the dangerous spotlight. Our manners were bad. We were so fearful that we could not collect our world debts that we refused to enter a League of Nations which our Chief Executive went to France to persuade our allies to accept. We thought that we could shut ourself off from Europe by a Chinese Wall, collect our interest, and grow daily fatter and safer — the darling of strumpet Fortune. We paraded our wealth.

But adversity has proved a matchless teacher. To-day we are humbler. We are ready to postpone the payment of war debts; we are even ready to discuss world cancellation of all Inter-allied debts. France has won a handsome victory in forcing us to link

Germany's debt to her with France's debt to us. We are ready to do anything that will get us out of the ditch of hard times. And, observing what adversity has done to us, France should accept her victory graciously, consider how fickle is Fortune, and grasp her greatest opportunity. For France has before her to-day roads to glory unequaled even in her long and tumultuous history.

By tact, by good manners, by psychological international understanding, by a wise policy of seeking only a reasonable exchange, she can bring stability into a world emotionally in flux. She can give the cause of disarmament a greater turn toward consummation than did even the Allied victory. She can gain the good will of her former allies by appreciating their needs and trying, with gracious good manners, to establish international confidence in our credit system, based as it is upon an insecure, artificial foundation of gold. Credit and confidence are a matter of appearance, of mannerism rather than of substance. And to pursue the road of international understanding France must escape delusions which have pursued her since the Armistice, and which will cast her down from her place of might as surely as did Nietzsche's doctrine of the strong arm cast Germany into the dust.

France cannot ask her allies for a guarantee of armed help, even against an aggressive Germany, unless she is willing — as she cannot possibly be, out of regard for her national pride — to give her allies the power of veto over her international affairs. A guarantor always is accorded the right to limit expenditures so that the extent of debt he may have to pay cannot suddenly ruin him. Every war in modern times has involved a fierce dispute as to which side was the aggressor. France cannot create a ring of European allies, add to her colonies, insist upon the complete freedom of a first power in world affairs, and at the same time ask her former allies to stand ready to underwrite her conduct when her foreign policy may have made a war inevitable. To harp upon such an alliance as a condition of her disarmament is to ask for the impossible and to anger those whom she asks. It is the height of irritating manners constantly to bring this argument forth largely as a trading point.

Nor can France forget that the Treaty of Versailles must be appraised rationally and dispassionately. It is not realistic to speak emotionally about the sacredness of contracts. The Treaty of Frankfort which France signed in 1871, after Bismarck had paraded about Versailles, whereby she solemnly and forever ceded Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, France immediately set out to break. In insisting that Alsace-Lorraine was still French, she did not play the moral reprobate. A treaty is as strong as the just appraisal of realities upon which it rests. France can well understand how an unjust cession of territory can create a running wound that will not heal. Fortunately, the world now has no Alsace-Lorraine issue; France should not be eager to perpetuate a Polish Corridor issue. She should not base her whole foreign policy and her own security upon an insistence to maintain the Treaty of Versailles as a sacred decree above the query of cold facts and of naked realities.

Nor should France pursue too boldly her programme of bringing a large number of the European members of the League of Nations under her domination through the skillful use of her hoard of gold. She can probably accomplish that end; but if she succeeds she will only destroy the functions of the League and reduce it to an assembly of

her allies with the balance of the world distrustful of its value and resistant to its purposes. France can create a balance of power in the world much more sinister than that which existed in 1914. She can do more to retard the world's hopes of security through a world alliance than has been accomplished since mediæval days. Her suggestion to place all the armies of Europe under the control of the League as a means of disarmament would not be smiled at everywhere were her plan to use gold to rule the League not so apparent.

France's promptness in lending credit to England, on the other hand, was an admirable step. The celerity and directness of her aid were a splendid example of the uses of the grand gesture. It will do much to dispel the rising world suspicion that the credit of Austria, of Germany, and even of England was upset by France's skillful manœuvring of the withdrawal of short-term credits as part of her programme to upset a German-Austrian tariff union. That suspicion, if ever supported by fact, must make cynics of us all. For, though the world has much to lose through a France on parade, a France on parade, rattling the sabre and clinking her gold, has far more to lose. World dominance means unparalleled opportunities to make enemies. And world isolation is a heavy price to pay for bad manners.

Premier Laval's visit to Washington may reveal to a disheartened world new leadership, a leadership worthy of the high glories and traditions of France. The gesture on the Premier's part calls for our cordial response. Now that England has gone off the pound and has come to have an outlook upon European affairs so different from that of France, the shadows of precarious isolation loom larger in the eyes of Paris. Yet statesmen to-day are but the slaves of public opinion. Pierre Laval has at least made a show of good will toward Germany — and has not met Aristide Briand's fate. We can thus hope that in these critical days French public opinion will become truly realistic, and will face the facts about the Treaty of Versailles and about the folly of trusting to preparations for war as sureties of peace.

That road the world knows too well. In 1913 Germany was insisting upon the Treaty of Frankfort and placing her complete faith in preparations for war as a means of securing peace. Germany first became frightened, then bad-mannered, then encircled, then psychologically and politically isolated — then destroyed. A France on parade can well ponder. And the rest of the world can but hope that help will yet come from that nation whose history is so rich with sad experience, with beauty, with gallantry, and with realistic wisdom.

JOE TAYLOR'S EMERGENCY

BY LOUIS REED

ONE Sunday morning when the church bells are ringing and the smell of chicken and dumplings steals through the inner parts of the jail house, Old Sam Johnson takes down his banjo and sings his favorite hymn: —

'They're comin' down the mountain
One by one,
With their faces toward the settin'
Of the sun.
They're comin' down the mountain,
Yes, they're comin' down the mountain,
They're comin' down the mountain
One by one.

'They're ridin' down the valley
One by one,
They're ridin' straight into
The settin' sun.
They're ridin' down the valley,
Yes, they're ridin' down the valley,
They're ridin' down the valley
One by one.

'I never sing that song,' says Sam Johnson, 'but I think of Joe Taylor and how he sung it right in this jail house thirty years ago.'

'Joe Taylor?' says Bill Allen. 'That sounds like a story.'

'It is,' says Sam Johnson. 'Listen.'

I

I know Joe Taylor back in 1883 when he's just gettin' his fort built and beginnin' to organize his political party. I'm just a boy then, and one day I'm out fishin' on the bank of Big Hurricane Creek when a tall man with a black beard comes along on horseback and says, 'Howdy, son. I'm Joe Taylor. I'm doin' some buildin' over at my place and I'm lookin' for a water boy.'

I know plenty about Joe Taylor from hearsay, but this is the first time I ever see him.

'The job pays twenty-five cents a day and board,' says he, 'and if you want it, it's yours.'

Well, I'm gettin' to be right smart of a lad by this time, but I ain't earned no money yet, and after I talk it over with the old man I take the job. Joe Taylor's place is only about five miles from our place and I walk over there the next evenin'. When I get there I find Joe is doin' some buildin' all right, for he's puttin' up the funniest-lookin' house since they fight the Indians at the battle of Point Pleasant. He's got about twenty men cuttin' down trees and smoothin' them up with an adze, and he's buildin' a big log fort with a stockade and everything.

Joe don't make no bones about what that fort is bein' built for. He's buildin' it to protect him from the revenue men, and that means he's steppin' right out to defy the Government of the United States.

That kind of sentiment don't hurt him none around where he lives, for moonshinin' is an honorable profession and there's been a standin' fight on with the revenue men for years. Some of the old folks, of course, thinks Joe is right foolish to go out of his way

huntin' trouble, but there ain't none of them likes the revenue men and they're all hopin' Joe gets away with it.

I take up my job as water boy and hustle buckets of water to the tops of them high hills to all them thirsty woodcutters, and in about a month the fort is finished. It's a big two-story cabin with a tower on the roof and a palisade fence all around it, and it stands on the top of a round hill that's steep on all sides. As a place to beat off an enemy, it's about the prettiest little fight house you'll ever lay eyes on, and we're feelin' right proud to have a place like that in the community.

The day it's finished Joe calls me aside and says, 'I'm figurin' on goin' into this thing on a big scale and I'm keepin' several of the boys to help me. If you want to stay on, the pay is fifty cents a day and board.'

That's O.K. with me and I says I'll take it. Joe has got a lot of other hands hired at the same time, and that evenin' he calls us all into the yard and says, 'I don't want none of you fellers to get the wrong idee about the thing. This is dangerous work, and though I've picked you fellers because I think you've got plenty of sand in your craws, if there's anybody wants to drop out, now is the time to do it.'

There ain't nobody drops, and Joe says, 'What I'm aimin' to do is this. There's a big demand for mountain liquor over on the Kanawha River, but there ain't nobody makes any money out of the liquor business in this country because the revenue men has got them buffaloed. Everybody makes whiskey, but they does it on the sly and they tries to sneak a few gallons at a time to the market. Now I don't aim to do nothin' on the sly and I don't aim to sneak nothin' to the market. Them ten mules you see out there in the barn is there for a purpose. It's fifty miles over the cow trails to Charleston, and them mules makes the trip in two days. Goin' over they takes whiskey, and comin' back they brings cracked corn and whatever else we need in the business. Twelve men and twenty-four guns goes with the mules and they don't stop for nothin' or nobody. Six men and the boy stays here all the time, and with the womenfolks that makes nineteen guns to hold the fort. It's understood this ain't no old maid's tea party.'

This is a wild idee, sure enough, but all of us is young and lusty and we don't care much what happens. We don't think we're in rebellion against the government or anything like that, for we're good Republicans and will fight for the Union quick as anybody. We're just workin' for Joe Taylor at fifty cents a day, and if Joe Taylor says to knock off any revenue man that tries to stop us, we don't aim to be behindhand in doin' so.

II

Right away after the fort is built, Joe sends out his first mule train to bring a shipment of cracked corn from Charleston. He don't take me along on account of my size, but every man he does take carries two rifles and three hundred rounds of ammunition. Joe heads the train himself and his men are the best shots in the county, which is somethin'. Nothin' happens to us or to them while they're gone, and when the corn comes back we start in makin' the whiskey.

My job at this time is to be a kind of Jack-of-all-trades to everybody. I carry water to fill the barrels, wash jugs and bottles, and if somebody wants somethin', as somebody always does, I run and fetch it. If there ain't nothin' else to do I go up to the tower room on

the roof and take a look at the hills through the field glasses. Joe spends a lot of his time up there on account of maybe the revenue men will try to sneak up on him, but none of us don't see any because they keeps to neutral territory.

When we're up there Joe talks to me right smart about things in general and gives me advice on how to look out for myself.

'Lots of people thinks,' Joe tells me more than once, 'I'm the worst kind of a fool, but that don't worry me none. I've got my eyes open and I know as well as anybody that the Federal men is apt to get me. "Take a chance" is my motto, and be ready for every emergency. I want you to remember that. To be a success a man has got to look every proposition square in the face. He's got to pick it up and look at it and see where it's good and where it's bad. Not only that, he's got to be ready to play his last trump if it breaks the bad way. You can count on this: whatever happens to me I'm ready for it, and I'll beat it one way or another.'

Joe is a smart man, all right, and I think quite a bit about that emergency talk of his, though I don't ever do much with his methods. Seems like Joe has got somethin' hard and cold in his nature that I don't have, and I suppose that is why he gets somewhere before he dies while I don't ever amount to much.

He ain't all cold and calculatin', though, as I know when he takes down his banjo and starts singin'. It's there in the tower house at old Fort Taylor that I learn all I know about singin' and the banjo, and all I know I learn from Joe Taylor. Joe has got one of them voices that makes a swellin' in your throat and you feel like you ain't here no more, but off somewhere in the air in a strange country; and he don't sing the rollickin', foolish songs that other folks sing. Pretty near all the songs Joe sings is sad songs, and they sounds like Joe is mighty religious. I can hear him yet singin': —

'Away down with God on my knees,
Away down with God on my knees,
Away down with God on my knees,
Cause I'm goin' to his heavenly home.

'I'm goin' and I'll never come back,
I'm goin' and I'll never come back,
I'm goin' and I'll never come back,
Cause I'm goin' to his heavenly home.'

When Joe sings he's got a far-away look in his eyes and it don't seem like he's the man that can build a fort and handle a gang of outlaws. But there ain't no sentimental streak in him when he's dealin' with men. He shows that when his mule train has the only fight they ever have in seven years, and it ain't with the revenue men, either.

It ain't got nothin' to do with this story except to show what kind of a man Joe Taylor is, but there's a gang of outlaws in this country at that time that calls themselves the Redlegs, and they specialize in ridin' all over the country robbin' stores and banks. They operate mostly over on the Kanawha, and their leader, Blind Bob Hedrick, is almost as famous as Jesse James. Well, one day Joe is comin' back from Charleston with his mules when these Redlegs tries to hijack him over on Coal Mountain. They has a right bloody battle and the Redlegs get the worst of it. Joe chases them clear to the head of Thacker's Creek, and on the way he catches three of Hedrick's men that ain't well mounted, and he strings them up on grapevines quick as a whistle. The poor devils hangs there till the buzzards picks their bones clean, and the Redlegs is mighty careful thereafter how they crosses Joe Taylor.

III

It's always a mystery to me, and to Joe too, for that matter, why the government don't send an army down there to fight him. Maybe it's because the government is always hell on the little fellers and nice as pie to the big ones, and maybe it's because they figure they'll have to send a regiment of soldiers fifty miles through the mountains to do it, and it ain't worth it. Whatever it is, I work for Joe Taylor in this business for over seven years, and durin' that time he ain't molested, not even once, by nobody except them Redlegs. There's plenty of revenue men out in the hills, and they're catchin' poor devils that's makin' a little shine to keep from starvin' to death durin' the winter, but they can't find Joe Taylor.

In the meantime Joe is cleanin' up big. He makes a special brand of whiskey that he calls 'Taylor's Best,' and it sells way beyond the Kanawha Valley. Joe gets so he drives his mule train down the main street of Charleston and unloads his stuff at the Charleston Wharf Boat. After I get to drivin' a mule myself I see him hobnobbin' with the bigwigs over at the State House.

But all this time the country is changin' and people is beginnin' to get different idees. I don't know it at the time, but lookin' back I can see that towns is springin' up on account of the coal mines and the people comin' in believes in schools and in law and order. We don't notice it much over on Long Branch, for we're still a long ways from the railroad, but you can take it from me these mountains is changin' fast by 1890.

It's along about this time, when Joe is flush with the profits of seven years' business and is buyin' up coal lands right and left, that he begins to figure it's time to make a change. He always keeps on the good side of his neighbors and does them plenty of favors in transportin' their stuff to the market, and they tell him he ought to run for sheriff. In them days a sheriff don't do much but collect the taxes, and Joe is a mighty good collector. He thinks the proposition over without sayin' much, but I know he's got somethin' big on his mind.

By the time I'm eighteen years old Joe always keeps me with him in Charleston, and this is how I find out which way the wind is blowin'. One day we walk up three flights of steps in an office building, and Joe introduces me to my first lawyer.

'The government is finally comin' round to our way of thinkin',' says the lawyer to Joe, 'but they're insistin' on the back tax for seven years.'

'How much do they want?' says Joe.

The lawyer names the price, and Joe says, 'I've made twenty times that much in the last seven years, and if they'll clean the slate I'll pay it. It would have been cheaper for them to license me in the first place, but that's their lookout. It's understood that they'll give me a license as a bonded distillery under the name of Fort Taylor Distillin' Company?'

'Yes,' says the lawyer, 'they'll do that. They've already said so.'

'All right,' says Joe. 'Fix up the papers.'

This don't mean much to me, but when we get outside Joe says, 'Sam, you ain't an outlaw no more, for you're workin' for a respectable bonded distillin' house.'

That's all the same to me, so Joe says, 'Sometimes I'm afraid I got you started wrong, Sam. Times is changin' in these hills and outlaws is goin' out of fashion. What this country needs is less outlaws and more law-abidin' citizens.'

I note this is a funny way for a man to talk that builds his own fort and tells the government to go to the devil, but I don't say so. It strikes me that Joe gets more and more respectable as his bank roll gets bigger, and I notice that people is apt to be that way. A man that's got property will be strong for law no matter how he gets the property.

'Yes,' says Joe, 'I want you to think about changin' your ways, and I'll let you in on somethin' else. This Fort Taylor Distillin' Company is just a bluff to get things legal. The railroads is cuttin' into that business already and inside of a year I'll be out of it.'

'What you goin' to do?' says I. 'Turn preacher?'

'Hell, no!' says Joe. 'I'm goin' into politics on a reform ticket and clean up the moonshiners.'

IV

Well, I figure Joe has sure enough gone nutty this time, but I find out he knows people a lot better than I do. I stay on with him doin' odd jobs for about three years more, and I sure see some powerful changes in this county. Joe buys him a newspaper over at the courthouse, and the first thing he does is to print a long article about how times is changin' and he is linin' up on the side of law and order by gettin' his business legalized. Then he starts runnin' articles sent out by the W.C.T.U., or some other organization, tellin' about the terrible effects of strong drink. And finally he says he's had a change of heart, and can't go on with his business no more, and he's closin' down his distillery.

It beats anything the way people fall for Joe's stuff, for pretty soon I find men that has been moonshiners all their lives holdin' up Joe Taylor as a good example. It seems like people out our way has been sinners for a long time, only they don't know it, and now they're tryin' to make up for lost time. Just like that — moonshinin' ain't a respectable profession no more, and the only folks that follows it are the low-downs that ain't got their proper decency nohow.

Joe Taylor gets himself elected sheriff by the biggest majority this county ever sees, and right there he sets the fashion for all the sheriffs since his time. He says he's the guardian of law and order and he's goin' to see that the law takes its course. He serves notices on the clans that killin' is out of style and he lays down the law on moonshinin'. He makes enemies, of course, but it seems like he's got most of the public with him, and his biggest splurge as sheriff comes when he gets the county court to build this jail house.

Up to when Joe Taylor is sheriff the only jail in the county is the log shack that stands where this jail house is now. It's got only one room and it don't often have prisoners. There ain't much talk of law and order in them days, and there ain't much need for a jail house. But Joe Taylor sees right off he's got to have some place to punish the criminals or his talk about law and order is goin' to be a lot of boloney. So he gets the county court to pass the specifications for a model jail house that's right up to the minute in the year 1894.

That's the year the jail house is finished, and while I don't pay much attention to it beforehand, I get right well acquainted with it when it's done. There's a travelin' salesman bumps into me on the street when I'm four sheets high, and when I sock him in the jaw I wake up for the first time in the jail house. Nowadays I'm used to it and kind of miss the place when I'm

away, but I don't like it then, and, never thinkin' that Joe Taylor will see one of his old pals stay in the jail house, I sends for Joe. When he comes I see he ain't sorry like he ought to be.

'I'm sorry, Sam,' he says, 'but law is law and it's against the law to hit a man in the jaw in this town.'

Sittin' there lookin' at him, I see Joe is gettin' to look older and harder and he's changin' more and more into a successful business man. His eye is cold and he don't seem to have no feelin's at all. It riles me a little to think Joe is goin' to leave an old friend in the lurch, but I find out I misjudge him there, for he says, 'I know you think I'm a hard-boiled egg, Sam, and I'll admit I ain't strong on the feelin's. Comin' from where I do, a man has got to watch his step and he can't let sentiment run away with his good sense. Here's what I'm up against. I'm goin' over this country preachin' law and order and pointin' out the jail house as a place for offenders, when one of my own men gets in jail. The jail house is a new idee and people watches it. If I turn you out, people is goin' to say law and order means my enemies, but it don't apply to my friends.'

I see where Joe is right, and I say, 'I don't mind the ten days in jail so much, but how am I goin' to pay the fine? If I don't pay the fine they keep me here till I do pay it, and that ain't so good.'

'You don't need to worry none about that,' says Joe. 'I'll pay your fine and you can draw on me for whatever else you need while you're in here.'

That's white of Joe and I think he's got a heart after all. We get to talkin' about one thing and another, and finally I says, 'Joe, I see you're changed a powerful lot since we ride the mule trains, and I don't hardly know you. When you tell me you're goin' to reform the county and clean out the moonshiners I think you're plenty foolish, but I see you do it, and it don't seem to hurt you none, either. But what I want to know is this: Do you do these things because you want to help the country like you say, or do you do them to help yourself?'

Joe knows I'm his friend no matter what he says, so he points outside to where a hickory sprout pushes out between two bricks in an old walk, and he says, 'You see that sprout. It wants the sun. Down beneath it is other sprouts, and they're lookin' for the sun, too. Now I wonder if that hickory pushes the bricks back to help itself or to help the others.'

I see Joe ain't changed none for all his talk about law and order and good citizenship, and he's goin' to be a tough customer to deal with when he wants the sun.

V

After the ten days is up, Joe pays the fine and I go back workin' for him same as if nothin' has happened. I don't aim to spend no more time in jail houses then, but it seems like I can't keep away, and inside of three months I'm back again for gettin' too riotous at a church meetin'. That's just the beginnin'. As long as Joe Taylor lives I don't draw no long stretches, but when he dies I'm here about every winter for one thing and another and I think he does right well by me when he builds a place where I always find a bed and some vittles.

The second time out I quit Joe for a while on account of not wantin' to embarrass him by always gettin' in jail, but it seems like I can't work for nobody but Joe. Pretty soon I'm with

him again, and so long as I lay off the liquor I work for him fine. One thing I've got to say for Joe. No matter how much I get in jail or how much I disgrace him by gettin' dog-drunk on the street, he'll always pay my fine and give me a job. He may be a bad actor when he's crowdin' for a place in the sun, but he don't forget I'm a faithful servant when I need him.

Well, things go on this way for about six years, and in the meantime Joe is gettin' so rich and powerful he don't know what to do with himself. His coal lands turns out to be regular gold mines, they're worth so much, and Joe sets up his own bank to take care of his money. Joe is the first man around here to wear a banker's hat like the New York bankers wear, and he is president of the First National. His wife is dead for some years now, and when Joe is gettin' along in the fifties he marries a kid about one-third his age and builds her that big brick house that they call the Taylor Place.

VI

Now you may think a feller that's as smart as Joe Taylor is and gets where Joe Taylor does will live to a happy old age and die peaceful. He's got everything to make him happy in the way of money and power and he don't have to crowd in and fight for his place like he used to. Seein' him around town in his long coat and his banker's hat, with his side whiskers flyin' in the wind, you'll say there is a man you can depend on. He's sane and sober, and he won't do nothin' foolish.

That's the way Joe Taylor looks to you, for he's a man that keeps a grip on himself and he's got a mighty penetratin' mind. But what you won't see is that down underneath Joe Taylor is still an outlaw, and he's hard as steel and a little crazy. I know this because I'm sittin' in this jail house, in the year of our Lord 1901, when the door opens and they bring me a cellmate that ain't nobody but Joe Taylor himself!

'Howdy, Sam,' says Joe, quiet like he is payin' me a social visit. 'Got your banjo?'

'Sure,' says I, wonderin' what in the name of thunder they've got him in jail for. 'Want to play a little?'

'If you don't mind,' says he.

I get the banjo and Joe sets down about where I'm sittin' now and puts it in tune. He's got long thin hands on a banjo, and I see his fingers ain't nervous. That don't tell me much about Joe Taylor, for I ain't seen the man that's got him beat for cool nerve, but I begin to think it can't be very serious or he'd show it more than that. He gets it in tune finally, strums it a few times, and starts singin' that song I sung awhile ago, 'They're Comin' Down the Mountain One by One.'

Many a time I sit quiet and listen to Joe Taylor sing like I'm afraid somethin' will break all of a sudden and spoil everything, but all my life I never hear Joe Taylor sing like he sings here in the jail house. His voice is sad and caressin' like a mother soothin' her baby, but there's somethin' else in it, too. It's sad and it's sweet, but I know he is singin' to ease the iron in his soul, and that somethin' terrible has happened.

When he finishes he don't say nothin', and I hear two fellers talkin' in the other cell block.

'God!' says one. 'Who's that?'

'Don't know,' says the other.

'What have they got you for, Joe?' says I.

'Murder,' says he, not battin' an eyelid. 'I just killed my wife.'

I hear tales for some time about Joe's kid wife, so I say, 'Same old story, I suppose.'

'Yes,' says Joe. 'Same old story.'

I'm sorry for Joe, for he's been a good friend to me, but I make a mistake tryin' to cheer him up a little. 'Well, it happens in the best of families,' says I, like it don't amount to much, 'and there ain't nothin' to worry about. With the lawyers you can get you'll come off clean as a whistle.'

Joe don't say nothin', but he looks at me a long time and I see he thinks I'm an amusin' feller. I feel right foolish then, for I know Joe ain't committed murder without figurin' the price, and after a while he says sort of sleepy-like, 'I believe I'll turn in, Sam, and get some rest. Thanks for the banjo.'

He turns in and drapes a blanket over the cell door to keep out the light, and I start walkin' up and down the bull pen. Of course I feel sorry for his wife, but that's over and I can't help feelin' sorry for Joe, too. I see he's put himself in a tough spot, for wife killin' ain't exactly popular under any conditions, and I can't see why Joe of all people does it. There ain't nobody will take a chance quicker than Joe, but even so there's other ways of handlin' domestic troubles besides murder, and it ain't reasonable to suppose that Joe don't think about them. The more I think about it the more I believe somethin' is back of what Joe tells me and I'm a fool for worryin' about it.

I strum the banjo and sing a few songs till supper time, for there ain't nobody in the block but me and Joe, and the banjo keeps me from gettin' lonesome. When the jailer's wife brings in the evenin' chow I call Joe, but he don't answer. I try his door and find it's locked from the inside. I remember then that a feller breaks jail through the roof of that cell one time, and I think I see why Joe laughs when I start talkin' about the lawyers. I can break out there myself if I want to, and it's fifty to one Joe is out in the mountains by this time and they'll never get him. It's a big load off my chest, anyhow, and when the jailer's wife comes back I tell her Joe is sleepin'.

THE ORNAMENTAL HERMIT

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I

In many a sequestered covert or leafy dell, among the gardens or plantations of gentlemen of a poetic turn, there once stood a rustic hut, in Queen Anne Gothic perhaps, or a grotto, walled with pebbles and bits of looking-glass, or a cave that presented a savage contrast to the decorous landscape about it. Such was an 'ornamental hermitage' and in it lived an 'ornamental hermit.' Horace Walpole and 'Christopher North' and various anonymous writers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Book of Days*, *Notes and Queries*, have left records of such curious constructions, and John Timbs, in his *English Eccentrics*, talks entertainingly of them at some length.

The Honorable Charles Hamilton, for example, in the reign of George II, built on his estate of Pain's Hill, in Surrey, a hermitage of 'contorted logs and roots of trees,' and advertised for a hermit to occupy it. His conditions of tenure were that the occupant should live there for seven years. 'He should be provided with a Bible, optical-glasses, a mat for his bed, a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage, food from the house; but should never exchange a word with the servant. He was to wear a camlet robe, must never cut his beard or nails, never stray beyond the limits of the grounds. If he lived there, under all these restrictions, till the end of the term, he was to receive seven hundred guineas.' The only person who attempted to win the prize stayed, I regret to record, barely three weeks.

Walpole, commenting on Mr. Hamilton's experiment, remarks that 'it is almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in,' apparently overlooking the fact that Mr. Hamilton's little plan did not have that purpose in view. The gentlemen who indulged the sentimental fancy of erecting hermitages had no idea whatever of occupying them themselves. They counted upon living the eremitical life solely by proxy. That proxies were not wanting is proved by occasional advertisements in the *Couriers* and *Chronicles* of the time, announcing that 'a young man who wishes to retire from the world and live as a hermit is willing to engage with a nobleman or gentleman who may be desirous of having one' — or words to that effect. And Christopher North tells of an acquaintance who had sat for fourteen years in a cave on the grounds of Lord Hill's father, 'with an hour-glass in his hand, and a beard belonging to an old goat, from sunrise to sunset, with orders to accept no half-crowns from visitors, but to behave like Giordano Bruno.'

Such a hermit his employer looked upon as merely a sort of stage property, a final 'Gothic' touch to a 'romantic' garden. So little was it necessary that

the hermit should really be a melancholy or devotional solitary, in fact, that some charitable gentlemen substituted for a living occupant a stuffed dummy, who, visible through window or doorway, was seated at a table reading a mediæval folio, with hourglass and skull near at hand and lanthorn or candle diffusing a properly poetic twilight.

It is pleasant to picture the proprietor guiding his guests through the winding paths of his garden, pointing out here an artificial cascade, there a consciously constructed vista; snipping a rose for a lady, a pink for a gentleman; reclining with them upon a marble seat before a figure of Ceres or Pomona; or pausing to read aloud an inscription by Shenstone or Cowley; and to come at last to an open glade, with a rustic cell in the middle, through the window of which a venerable figure could be discerned, symbol of contemplation, in the habiliments of a primitive age as far as possible removed from the fashionable. All about floated butterflies and bees, birds hopped quietly, branches sighed in the breezes; a shallow runnel tinkled behind, a moss-grown path meandered before; and, clustered in the dappled sunlight of the clearing, fine ladies and gentlemen, in canary yellow and plum color, ogled and tittered. Many a witticism, many a satirical reflection, no doubt was dropped, and perhaps an occasional couplet of impromptu. But no doubt, too, the worldlings sometimes felt a little shiver, some slight wave of that graveyard melancholy, musically or austerely sung by Gray and Warton, Blair and Young; and they turned away hurriedly to the sun-bathed terraces, which to unimaginative minds were less suggestive of vicissitude and mortality.

I wish I knew what was said on such occasions. I should like to know what the ladies and gentlemen thought. I should be specially pleased to learn what the ornamental hermit (supposing he was a man of intelligence) wrote in his diary (supposing he kept one — and who did not, in the eighteenth century?). But of course I shall never know, for no record remains.

II

I cannot prove, therefore, that the institution of ornamental hermits had any results, good or bad, and it is possible that it meant no more in the life of the people than a Gainsborough hat or a clouded cane. Nevertheless, I like to think it had its values. Indeed, I am inclined to advocate its revival and to suggest that proprietors of extensive gardens and estates might well find a place in them for a little hermitage or grotto, in which anyone who wished it might be accommodated with a dwelling place for some weeks or months, free from intrusion and from the worry of rents and bills.

I should not object to the provision of steam heat and running water, hot and cold, so long as the pipes were carefully concealed; but I should rigidly exclude telephone, phonograph, and radio. The occupant might make his own music, if he was so gifted, but, if not, should be content with the melodies of breezes, brooks, and birds. He might have a few books, but they should be written by eminent philosophers, poets, and divines; and for the most part he should spend his time reading in the Book of Nature.

I would have him able to look forth from his windows, east, west, north, south, so that he might behold the advancing banners of the dawn, the retreating panoply of the evening; the arrival of the snow on the one hand, and of the flowers on the other. One window should by preference frame a

tree, a second a statue, a third a waterfall, and a fourth a main-traveled road; and overhead there should be a skylight through which, as he lay abed, he might contemplate the heavens which declare the glory of God. I should not care if his meals were brought to him, though I prefer that he should prepare them with his own hand. I would have him cultivate some art or craft, so simple that the brain might be free while the body was occupied with the rhythms of work, the hand learn to know the feel of stuff or matter while the brain ranged in the realm of the transcendental.

The hermit's confinement should be purely voluntary, but he should contract to stay at least three months. For it would probably take him a month to learn to be alone, a month to learn to sit still, and a month to learn to be happy alone and sitting still. If in three months he found that he could not be happy, he should be free to depart, and in no event should he be permitted to abide more than a year. The Romans had a motto that 'a man who can be happy alone must be either a beast or a god.' If this is true, we do not wish to harbor beasts, and it is best that gods should circulate among men. But it could do no man harm, if he had in him any impulse toward poetry or philosophy, to be alone, quiet, and contemplative during the four seasons of one year out of a lifetime. Such a year might well be substituted for the last year of college. Indeed, it would do most men good to catch them, pop them into a hermitage, shut them in, and make them stay there, under discreet surveillance, for forty days at the least. If, within that time, they showed symptoms of incipient lunacy, they should be incontinently freed and dismissed with a blessing. Such men are obviously motor-minded, or simply shallow, and should be permitted to seek out their native courses, of living gregariously, minding other people's business, driving fast motor cars, or, at best, building something. But so long as a man resigned himself to solitude, however sourly, he should be given full opportunity to learn how to look happily out of a window or through the skylight or otherwise occupy himself within the conditions imposed.

For there can be no doubt that most men run through life and the world without ever really looking at anything — anything, that is, more important and natural than a machine, a hand at bridge or poker, a golf ball, a suit of clothes, or a beefsteak. Women have the great advantage over men that they really do at some time in their lives look at something important, and that is a baby. But men, unless they are artists, poets, or scientists, appear hardly ever to contemplate anything natural long enough to see it. Once or twice, in their youth, when they are in love, they look at a sweetheart, but, if we are to believe proverbs, never see her as she is. Some men, who profess neither poetry, art, nor science, really look at dogs or horses, and a few at birds or flowers, and these are generally good men. But for the rest, nature might as well not exist at all, and they might as profitably live in a world without colors, forms, or objects.

If I were asked what good it would do a man to sit in a hermitage and look at a tree or a mountain for three months or a year, I should be at a loss to tell precisely. It might, of course, do him no good at all. The mystic says, however, that 'a fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees'; and I suspect that we shall never learn what it is the wise man sees unless we try to find out by long looking. If at the end of our contemplation we still see exactly what we saw at first, we shall at

least have measured our intelligence, imagination, feeling, or whatever it is that distinguishes a wise man from a fool. But I really think that we shall have gained some wisdom.

What this wisdom is I shall try to tell.

III

I am a little mystical, or, if you like, superstitious, in such matters, holding, beyond argument, that the old myth of Antæus was true of fundamentals. I think that some mysterious rapport exists between man and nature, some invisible vinculum that those can feel 'who meddle not with strife, or avarice, or ever-anxious care.' I can vaguely understand what a mystic means when he says that, as he sits with his back against a pine tree or a mountain, something runs out of it into him. I know that we cannot at present prove his statement. Perhaps something runs out of him into it, or perhaps nothing runs either way. But what matter? He thinks that something happens, and that it does him good; and, to date, science has not provided instruments to prove or disprove his theory. It really does n't matter. For the point is that, until science is able to prove that poet and mystic are either the victims of autohypnosis or plain prevaricators, we shall never know nature as poet and mystic know it, unless we give ourselves the same chance that they give themselves. And their method, old as the race, is to contemplate nature in quietness, with an open and active mind, for long periods of hospitable regard; or, as one of them puts it, 'with a wise passiveness.' Such persons are perhaps the only genuine nature lovers.

It is curious that most people grow quite indignant if one suspects that they do not love nature. 'I am a great nature lover,' they say, and no doubt mean it; but they could never fool a poet. He knows that most of what passes as love of nature is something else. At times it is pure fake, though unconscious, or is mere social imitation. Sometimes it is love of art, or of the spectacular and sensational. Sometimes it is soft as mush, and sometimes as hard as nails. And often enough it is but another name for animal spirits.

Now it is questionable whether those who know nature best can love her all the time. There are moods, of course, in which we can honestly say that we love her — when she is gracious and clean and sunny. Anyone can love a genial meadow in summer, with white clouds, blue skies, daisies, and bobolinks, unless he happens to reflect that all living things there are engaged in an incessant, internecine warfare for survival. It requires a robust lover to remain faithful then, or to love nature in a swamp, a desert, or a jungle. For she is an exasperating mistress, —

> Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
> Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
> Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
> Past reason hated, —

and very hard on sentimentalists.

With some people 'love of nature' is really love of art. They are interested only in her pictures, and appreciate her mainly in terms of Corot, Monet, Turner. No one need object to their taste, but nature enjoyed as an art gallery is quite another thing from nature enjoyed in the raw. Some pretend to love her because to do so is a mark of 'culture,' and they prate of her beauties because others do. Consign them to a period of natural living and they are miserable. Others proclaim their love by traveling to look at Niagara, the Grand Canyon, the Jungfrau, and 'oh-ing' and 'ah-ing' over them, but seeing nothing on a country road worth looking at. They are the sort of people for whom exploiters prepare descrip-

tive pamphlets, charge admission, construct board walks, rustic stairs, and seats at coigns of vantage from which to look at the sights at ease. Some who 'love nature' are most happy when shooting at her, turning her woods and fields into a shambles, a massacre of her innocents. These are the hard fraternity. The soft are those who love nature as long as she smiles and who affect to ignore the fact that sometimes she can be terrible.

Perhaps the soft lovers are worst. I have been suspicious of Richard Jefferies, who certainly passes for a nature lover of the first rank, ever since I first read the following: 'The swallows perch and sing just over the muddy water. A sow lies in the mire. But the sweet swallows sing on softly: they do not see the wallowing animal, the mud, the brown water; they see only the sunshine, the golden buttercups, and the blue sky of summer. This is the true way to look at this beautiful earth.' Something about this infuriates me unreasonably. It is full of fallacies of logic, but its worst fallacy is of feeling. I want to make a speech in support of the sow; to sneer at the 'sweet' swallows; to shout that 'this is the falsest way to look at this earth, which is beautiful, to be sure, but can be ugly as sin, or at least as ugly as a beautiful woman who makes faces.'

For I believe that any love of nature worthy of the name must be staunch enough to embrace the sow and the mud and the brown water. It must not sentimentally ascribe to the swallows a determination to look at buttercups and not at pigs. They are really looking for mosquitoes.

Such falsity currently passes for poetry, and I think that that is what I resent more than anything else about it. Loving swallows and despising pigs is not poetry: it is mere finicking vulgarity; for one is as poetic as the other, can we but see it. The swallow is more graceful, but quite as greedy; the pig cannot fly, but it has an honest love of earth. There is probably a parable in the conjunction of the two, but it is not the one Jefferies read there.

IV

Perhaps the greatest parable that nature offers us is that in the last analysis nothing is any more remarkable than anything else. There comes a moment in the life of every thinking person when he first reads this truth in her book. It is really the beginning of metaphysics — maybe of wisdom. But one seems likely to make this discovery only when alone; and that is why I advocate the revival of the eremitical life.

For the mass of men, that is wonderful which is novel and ingenious — the submarine, the flying machine, the radio, television. And of course they are right. The trouble is that few ever perceive that such inventions are less mysterious than the brain that conceived them and guided the hand that fashioned them.

Someone has said that philosophy begins at the end of my finger, the idea being that the ground of all metaphysics is the question of how impressions of matter are conveyed to a thinking mind. Our thinking is therefore naïve until we can say, —

> I believe that a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
> And the narrowest hinge of my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
> And a mouse is a miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

Our hermit will have an entire year to look at the cosy, familiar things which he has never had time to look at, and has therefore taken for granted. All one needs to hear the tongues in

trees, to read the books in brooks, is the leisure, the opportunity, and the receptive mind; but these small voices are drowned in the roar of civilization, which also makes man preoccupied, pragmatic, and conceited. I would have him ponder an hour on a mullein stalk, a day on a robin, a week on a waterfall, a month on a mountain. I would have him discover that the tiniest cascade in his brook is no different, except in size, from Niagara or Zambezi; that the same forces went to cut a channel as wide as his hand that went to gouge the canyon of the Colorado. Look at them through a telescope, and they may be quite as impressive. I should like to have him realize that to an ant a sod of timothy may be as awful as to him would be the forests of the Amazon. And I should be very glad if he came to realize that the humblest vista of unspoiled nature may become in time as beautiful and as mysterious as the grandest panorama seen from a mountain peak. This is what the poets have been telling us ever since Orpheus, and yet it is what every man has to discover for himself.

And who knows what unconscious influence our solitaries may shed, seen as they would be by passers-by, sitting quietly and happily in their cells. The light of some ornamental hermit's candle shining out through snowflakes on a winter night, as he outwatched the Bear, might in time come to be a beacon toward which hurried men and women would look, at first with derision, in time with envy, and at last with comprehension. Things have come to such a pass that most of us cannot sit happy an hour alone and unoccupied. Faced by so much time, we are uncomfortable and restive. I suspect that we are afraid. For the one thing the modern fears more than anything else is, apparently, his own thoughts. But if we should see a part of our population living merry as crickets, without machinery, alone and unafraid, we might in time cease to be frighted by thoughts from which we now flee, seeking refuge in machinery — the radio, the telephone, the moving picture, the motor car. Nearly everything of consequence ever done in the world was first thought out in solitude, and every great man has spent his forty days in the wilderness. I suppose it is the only successful way, not only to catch the true proportions of life, but to trace the general outlines of things.

I once took a very little girl to the Zoo to look at an elephant. I ushered her into the elephant house, stopped before the elephant, who was standing with his side to us, and awaited results. There were none.

'Well,' I said at last, 'what do you think of him?'

'Can't see him,' she replied.

'Can't see him,' I exclaimed, 'when he's standing right there in front of you?'

She peered earnestly where I pointed, but in vain. 'Can't see him, can't *see* him, can't SEE him!' she wailed.

And so I set to work to wrestle with this peculiar infant, tracing the geography of the elephant, pointing out his trunk and tail, describing his ears and legs, indicating his color. At last she drew a deep breath of comprehension and relief. 'Oh, is that the elephunt?' she said. 'I thought that was the wall!' She had up to that time seen elephants only in pictures, and her eyes were focused for a four-inch dimension. Her inability to see an elephant was very amusing. But she was in no essential different, I suppose, from us older folk. We are all surrounded by elephants which we can't see. It takes time to see one.

CHILDREN OF EARTH

BY EDWA ROBERT

I

THERE was a racket in the hall. There almost always is a racket in my hall, yet I recognized this particular one as being made by John.

'I am not a boy,' says John. 'I am a herd of elephants.'

That, of course, explains everything.

'Mother,' yelled the Herd, as he bounded in at the door, 'come on out! Kev's caught an oriole!'

I put the baby's shoes on, gave her the pencil which makes her life's happiness complete, and carried her down the stairs and into the garden. Kevin had indeed caught an oriole, a very young one that could neither sing nor fly. It had cuddled down in my older son's cupped hands, apparently quite happy to be there since his stern mamma had turned him out of the nest.

'And we'll keep him!' Kevin chanted in the same ecstatic tone he had used the day before about two crawfish, now anchored on strings in the creek, and the day before that about a little green frog that sat in the sun in a glass jar and thought all manner of things about the world outside. And there had been a water snake — but his skin was drying in the grape arbor.

'We'll keep him forever,' crowed Kevin, 'and he'll sing to me and follow me —'

'What if Sunny Jim follows him?' I asked.

Sunny Jim appeared at that minute following Anne, who had on my black felt riding hat. Sunny Jim was a yellow cat, and a special pet of Anne's.

'Drown Sunny Jim!' said Kevin, with the gentle consideration of a brother.

Anne clutched Sunny to her heart, and two big tears filled the blue eyes under my hat. 'No, you won't drown my Sunny!' quoth Anne. 'I'll kick you in the pants.'

'Anne,' I admonished, 'please remember you're a lady.' Secretly I wondered when she ever would be. She walked off, her checked gingham sash wagging behind in all the glory of her four and a half years.

'Put Sunny in a cage,' suggested John, who is a helpful mediator of other people's wrongs.

'That would n't be very kind to Anne or Sunny,' I replied, 'or the bird. He does n't want to be kept.'

'He does n't want to go away, does he?' demanded Kevin. 'Does he, now does he?'

He did not. At least, if he did, he was keeping very still about it.

'I'll make him a nest,' crooned Kevin, 'and I'll dig him worms, and mash 'em fine.'

'No, Kevin,' John broke in. 'You have to chew 'em!'

'Well, all right!' said Kevin. 'I'll chew 'em!'

Impasse! How the big things of life do hang upon the trifles! Here was a bird no bigger than a powder puff, yet it had me.

'Keep him if you like,' said I, 'but remember! Once you take him, you're responsible.'

Kev nodded, and I thought what a pitiful little thing that baby bird was, with its irregular feathers and its big beak. It looked so small and helpless even in Kev's kind hands that I almost went back on my word. Indeed I should have done so had I had any idea what life with a bird in the family was to be.

Looking back on it, that day seems endless. Considering it, and the strenuous time we had, I wonder how man can be content to cut eternity into little bits and call each one a 'day.' Surely some days are longer than others. Some impish angel teases us by slipping in an unexpected moment, or perhaps Michelangelo's pictured Hours have babies on the sly, and these misbegotten minutes play pranks on trusting mothers.

But I had given my word and I could not go back on it. Discipline must be maintained, no matter how much it hurts the maintainer.

II

As we started for the house, a bird swooped from the tree above us, and before the yellow flash was gone we knew what was up. The mother oriole was on the job. Then I realized that I had lost sight of my baby. I saw her making for the creek, and, not having wings, I had to run for her. I caught her and brought her back, protesting lustily against Thwarting Parents, and deposited her in the little fenced-in place that looks exactly like all the rest of the yard to everyone but the Bambina.

Kevin was shouting something about needles from an upstairs window, so I left the baby to provide herself with a stick in lieu of a pencil and ran up to see who wanted to sew what, and to preserve what would remain of my workbasket.

The oriole was sitting in the middle of my bed with a wire wastebasket turned over him. Kevin was standing beside it with a peculiarly cut bit of cloth in his hand.

'This sheet does n't look like it's much good,' Kev explained, holding out the article. (With the hole where he had cut the piece out of the middle, it did not 'look like it was much good.') 'So I am making my bird a nest out of it. Have you any tape?'

I had. I had gotten it for the laundry bag, yet even at this early stage I realized the importance of the affair and gave it to him. After all, he is my first-born son, and mothers, for all they are mothers, cannot help being human.

He sat down by the bird and began to sew. The oriole was huddled into a disconsolate little bundle of feathers, too bewildered to cheep.

'He's going to be singing in a minute,' Kevin prophesied, lest I be not properly impressed with his latest addition to the family circle. 'Just wait till he gets in his new nest! Oh boy, won't he sing!'

I said I hoped he would, and threaded another needle before starting to write a letter. I had not had eight years' training in interruptions for nothing. I wrote, and the boy sewed and talked to his bird, and a wasp hummed on the window sill. It was getting hot. The sunshine lay in a blinding glare across the bit of river I could see from my desk. But it was not that which disturbed my writing. Every now and then there would be a flash of yellow that whipped past my

window like the blade of a knife. From where I sat, I could see that Kevin's face was getting redder.

He stood up at last.

'There!' he cried. 'That's a keen nest! That old mother bird need n't think she's going to get him back, and she can't make a nest like this one, either!'

Certainly no mother bird ever made a nest like that. It was comfortably rounded and securely sewed, and it hung from three strips of tape.

'Where are you going to put it?' I asked.

'On a nail over my bed, and I'll take the worms to bed with me so I can feed him at night.'

'You had better feed him now,' I said. 'Little birds eat all the time, you know.'

'Well, John's digging worms,' Kevin explained. 'He ought to be back now. Mother, do I have to chew 'em?'

I thought a little skepticism might ease the point.

'I think you do,' I said. 'Mother birds do. Still, you are n't a mother bird.'

'But he's a father bird!' John came bounding in with his usual noise and explanations, and, what was more, with a catfish on a line.

'Where are my bird's worms?' demanded Kevin.

'Oh, I forgot 'em,' John said airily. 'I went to the river to get 'em, but I found this fish on my line.'

'*Your* line!' Kevin howled. 'That's *my* line! And my bird's getting hungry! Oh, you!'

A fight was evaded by the oriole's opening its eyes and uttering a pathetic little cheep. The voice of his adopted child recalled Kevin to the path of duty.

'Why you ever had to get *him!*' Kev swept a reproachful glance over the being whom proverb declares to be one's closest friend, and left us to forage for his pet.

John looked reproved for a full half minute. Then his cherubic face lit up and he put his arm around my neck. The water was dripping off the catfish's whiskers on to the rug.

'Mother,' said John, 'do you know why the river is a lady?'

'No, Lamb-Duck. Why?'

'Because,' he whispered, though we were alone, 'it's Missis-sippi.'

'Yes?'

'Missis Sippi! You never hear anyone say Mister Sippi.'

'No, you don't.'

'Are you glad I told you?'

'Awfully glad.'

We hugged, delighted that we shared another secret.

'I love you so much, and so much, and so much,' I said.

'Mother,' said John, 'how good does a mouse taste to a kitty?'

My colossal ignorance was shielded by a cry from outside. I remembered that I had n't seen Anne for nearly an hour, or heard her, either. We ran downstairs. Anne was rocking Sunny in the little red chair on the porch. Twenty-five years before, another little girl had rocked another yellow cat in that chair. As I ran past now I wondered, as I so often had, which of us was I. But history does not wait to answer questions.

III

Kevin was sitting under the old pine tree with the bird on his knee and a little pile of very squashed worm on a leaf beside him.

'That old mother bird keeps coming around and won't let my bird eat,' he explained. 'I yelled at her to go away, but she keeps coming back.'

An oriole, and not twenty feet from

the house! A sudden pang shot through me. 'So should I, if anyone went off with you.'

'Well, what's an old mother bird?' he demanded. 'They are n't any good. Have babies and forget 'em in a couple of months.'

I looked into his eyes and saw the rain on the horizon. 'Do you love it as much as that?' I asked.

He looked away, and I tried to poke a bit of worm down the oriole's beak. It made feeble efforts at pecking, and then, tired out, snuggled down in the cosy haven of Kevin's cupped hands.

'If she'd go way, he'd forget her in a minute,' Kev sobbed. 'Then he'd eat for me. I don't want him to die! Mother, why do things die?'

A yellow flash shot over me as I looked to Heaven for an answer. Why do things love, I wondered, and I put my hand that had his hot tears on it to my mouth.

'Let it go!' I begged.

'She shoved him out!' Kevin replied. 'She had him and she did n't keep him! Go home and lay some eggs!' he yelled at the wheeling bird. 'He's mine!'

For a moment the mother bird poised not ten feet from me, and I held out my hand as I should to another woman, but she darted off in an instant and scorned my human sympathy she could not understand. I got up and went to my baby's pen. The Bambina was sitting on a pile of mown grass, scribbling on a leaf with the tag of her shoe string. I do not know what it is she writes, for I do not understand her cipher, and, as she never talks, she cannot explain. She held out her leaf, doubtless covered with some deathless sonnet, looked it over with a critical eye, and made a few corrections in the necessary places. Then she saw me and held out her arms. I took her over the fence and let her run. She made straight for the pine tree where Kevin sat with his bird. As we approached, two yellow streaks flashed by, and a cry that cut to my heart rang from the tree tops. The little oriole hopped down Kevin's leg and flapped his wings in answer.

'Has he eaten?' I demanded.

The boy said no, but he did not look up.

I knew what it meant to him. To have a bird had been his life ambition — that is, a wild bird, one he had tamed. I remembered his first storm of disillusionment when a particularly fat robin had almost let himself be caught. So it had been since he was two. So it would be until he learned the philosophy of love that flies away.

I sat down on the far side of the tree. Anne came to sit by me. She held Sunny tight in her arms like a baby, and his long tail curled around her back.

'Some day I'll be a mother,' she observed casually.

'Yes,' I replied as casually as I could. 'Some day you will.'

She chuckled the funny little laugh that is so self-sufficient, so entirely Anne.

'I wonder what babies will nurse me,' she said.

I could not answer. John was puffing steam-engine noises under the lilacs. The Bambina had found another stick to write with. Kevin was trying again to make his oriole eat mashed worms. I felt the heat rise from the ground beneath me, and pressed my back against the pine tree.

Earth, Mother Earth, who brought us all to life out of herself, what is this driving energy of our creation? Do you feel about all of us as I feel about all of mine? All four in sight, and in each one I live a different life, and yet

have strength enough to live my own. Do you love and live the life of all your children? No wonder the mountains are worn low and the wide sea pounds on the shore.

The mother bird was back. She was back with a frightened, darting swoop that dared almost enough, but lacked the final courage. Again and again she flew toward us, only to lose heart and sideslip away.

'You'd think we were ogres,' Kev muttered behind his teeth.

'We are,' I answered behind mine.

But she was back, poised on the air she trusted, and looked at me with eyes so full of agony that I almost forgot my son's devotion in witnessing her pain.

'Mine's human,' I pleaded, 'and yours is n't.'

It was such a silly excuse! As if it mattered to her what Man in his grasping egotism had done to the face of the earth! But I could not sit next to my son while he held hers a captive.

'Bambina!' I shouted, as a plausible reason for leaving.

IV

Indeed, where was the Bambina? Not on the porch, where John and Anne had spread a counterpane over the backs of two chairs and were feeding the cat and the dolls and themselves out of the same bowl. Not under the grape arbor, where old Shep dreamed of his youth. The creek? The sweat on my forehead was not from the July sun. No, not in the creek, not this time. There she knelt by the cistern, lapping out of Shep's water pan. I seized her before her thirst was quenched and, with the dexterity that holding her has taught me, avoided getting bitten.

'Bambi, Bambi,' I said reproachfully, 'a big girl going on three drinking out of Shep's pan! Why did n't you ask for water? Why don't you talk?'

She smiled her most detached and blissful smile, the smile of the saint or the mystic who knows that speech is at best a futile thing and that only by means of silence can one respond to the conversations of Divinity.

'Huysmans ought to have begot you, Mouse-Bird,' I told her. 'You'd make a lovely Trappist, but I don't want a Trappist. How and why did you come to be mine?'

She looked at me with wonder in her eyes, and looked away to lilt her thrush song to the sweeping breeze. I put her down. That was as far as I ever got with Bambina, for I was neither a copy of Del Sarto's 'John the Baptist' nor a Beethoven sonata, and these two were, I knew, the only things she really loved in all this world. I felt very lost as I left her in the pen and went back to the pine tree where Kevin sat with his bird.

Anne, still up on the porch, had skinned her knee, and John was putting mercurochrome on it. The cat watched the tears drip from his mistress's chin and pounced on one that fell upon the porch.

'She's back,' said Kevin.

'Eaten?' I asked.

'He tried to sing,' Kev answered.

I could n't stand it any longer.

'Kevin, let him go! If you could make him happy it would be all right, but his life is n't yours to kill. Kev, it's a crime to keep a song out of the world.'

'I love him so,' Kevin said, and held the ugly little feathered thing against his cheek.

The old, old excuse of proud possession. Civilization, with all its modern improvements, has not yet taken it out of men.

I felt terribly tired. What ages it seemed since breakfast! The baby was getting cross, and that was a signal that lunch would soon be ready.

'He'll be dead by night,' I whispered.

Before the words were out of my mouth a whirring of wings was all around, and the mother bird swooped upon us. She dived straight at us, and before we could catch our breath she had lighted on Kevin's knee. The baby bird hopped over to meet her and opened his mouth. Soft little gurgling noises came from the mother bird's throat as she poured the food into the wide little beak. Then she gave us a look that seared our human souls, and flew away. Kevin watched his bird hop from his knee on to the grass and made no move to get it back. Nature had claimed her own. The things that made us men made us surrender.

High from the tree top the mother bird called, then low from the honeysuckle bushes, and we sat as still as the stones that bordered the flower beds to see the baby bird hop toward the noise. He fluttered a little and then opened his wings, and I heard Kevin sob when they lifted him off the ground.

I did n't look at the boy, but I knew from the sound of his feet that he was running down the hillside, running to hide in the lilac bushes that shaded the creek. I had done it myself years before, and I was glad he went there. The mud would feel cool on his cheek, I thought, and the lilacs would drink up his tears, and he could tell it all to the creek, and the creek would tell it all to the river, and the river would tell it all to the sea, for it is no small or common thing to lose a love on the wing.

The cook announced that lunch was ready, and I took Bambina from the pen.

'We eat too much!' I said in my rebellion, but the next minute I heard myself telling John and Anne they must never be late to meals.

We tried to ignore Kevin's empty place and be very gay, but a lassitude had fallen upon me and I could not eat. I cut up the meat, buttered the baby's bread, mashed Anne's potatoes, tied on John's bib, and all the while my mind was crying under the lilacs and rejoicing in the tree tops, for mothers are of one kind, like the broad earth that bred them, and need both rain and sunshine to carry on existence.

'John is my husband to-day,' Anne said, when I was wiping her buttery fingers. 'He's the father of *all* my children.'

She kissed me, and they went back to their house under the counterpane. I took the baby upstairs for her nap. I did n't know I was so tired — not tired from work that brings on peaceful thoughts as a reward, but tired of the strife of living that wants a vacant mind for half a minute and a heart of stone just long enough to see how it would feel. I put the baby to bed, and for once she snuggled down without pulling off all the covers and went immediately to sleep. I lay down on the big bed and shut my eyes.

'Mother!' shouted John.

'Hush!' I warned. 'Bam's only half asleep!'

'Mother,' he called, in what he took to be a whisper, 'when you cook a hot dog, do you bake him whole?'

I said you did, and pressed my face into the pillow. The house seemed suddenly to be very still. I could see a humming bird poised by the trellis. Down by the creek I caught a glimpse of Kevin sailing his boat. Then I shut my eyes again, and rejoiced in the calm

that fell upon my soul. So still, so quiet! Rest! Mother of God, did you get as tired as I? Small Son, who played rackety games on a carpenter's floor, keep them all quiet for ten minutes. Ten minutes! Is it too much to ask out of eternity, ten minutes' quiet?

V

An oriole was singing when I awoke, a song so full of ecstasy and rejoicing that I lay hypnotized and wondered for a minute what the spell was that it laid upon me. Then I remembered, and, recollecting that Kevin had sailed his boat, I stretched my arms in the enjoyment of living, of knowing that peace was upon my household and that the earth was beneath my feet.

'I must try not to get so tense over things,' I said, getting off the bed. 'They never last, and when they're over they're over.' And, because I had slept so soundly, I stretched luxuriously again.

Then I saw that someone beside the sleeping Bambina was in the room.

Kevin was sitting cross-legged on the floor, waiting for me to wake up. His face was alight with happiness, and something was in his hand.

'Hello,' I said. 'What have you there?'

He chuckled and held out his hand.

A little black bird sat on his finger and pecked the grain from his palm.

'This one's a crow,' he burst out, 'so there won't be any songs lost to the world! He eats, and his name's Jim.'

I said nothing.

From outside the window I heard the joyful trilling of the oriole. Then a black flash darkened the pane, and the jubilant music was punctuated with a raucous caw. The life of Mother Earth's children was still going on.

ASSES' EARS

BY HERBERT D. SIMPSON

FROM the time when the Lord talked to Moses on the misty top of Mount Sinai to the evening I talked to Mrs. Cheney at the Bowling Green Country Club was a long lapse of years, indeed; but even that span of centuries, I surmise, did not measure the drop in altitude between the two conversations. And I do not say this because the Lord carried on most of the conversation on the one occasion and Mrs. Cheney on the other, — if that were all, I should not have mentioned it, — but because I managed to follow the drift of the conversation in our general vicinity at the long table in the club dining room: Fred Carpenter, Professor Cooper, and Dr. Brownlee discussing how many yards 'Chuck' Wilson had made and why he had n't made more; Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Kinney, and Mrs. Armstrong discussing the varied problems of household help; a group a little farther down the table happy over the prospects of a promising divorce case; and all of us eventually finding common ground in the latest predicament of 'Amos 'n' Andy.'

Even my own conversation was not as brilliant or versatile that evening as I had planned to make it, being limited by the nature of the subject to three simple propositions: namely, I had not seen the game; I had not heard what Amos and Andy said the night before; and I had not, so far as I knew, had any trouble with our maid — sentiments which obviously did not lend themselves to any great elaboration or detail. But the brevity of my remarks left wide interims of contemplation between them; and the frequent repetition of thought and phraseology in the conversation around me provided a background of soothing monotony that offered little distraction from any line of thought one might fall upon.

The line I fell upon was not the happiest, as I had just come from down town and had read on the way home how many points my particular stocks had dropped that day, how much the 'averages' had declined, and how much farther the deflation of commodities and of the situation in general seemed likely to go. I had been puzzling profoundly (as all of us have) over the problem of this world-wide deflation and had discussed it with some of the 'best minds' that travel on the 5.14. I had found them in a somewhat similar state of deflation, but the consensus of opinion was that the situation had been brought about by a world-wide overproduction, and that this overproduction was due primarily to mechanical inventions and technological improvements, which had enormously increased productive capacities in all fields and magnified the maladjustments among them. Indeed, this general view of the economic deflation had by this time become somewhat of a commonplace among the better circles on the 5.14, and its poignancy — like that of the deflation itself — had been

softened by prolonged familiarity with both.

But here I found myself, an hour and a half later, in the midst of a social activity entirely removed from questions of production, prices, market trends, averages, and so forth; a social activity that represented the maximum of freedom and spontaneity on the part of the group about the table; and yet — I began to realize — an activity which somehow had all the familiar symptoms of drastic *deflation*.

Now deflation implies comparison with a previous level; and I realize that a level of conversation is something much more difficult to define than a level of prices or wages, and infinitely more difficult of measurement. Indeed, my first impulse was to repel the suggestion altogether, with some rebuke to myself for merely being out of harmony with the occasion. There could scarcely be any analogy between conditions in the stock and commodity markets, on the one hand, and the flow of conversation around the table at a country club on the other.

Yet, I could not help reflecting, I had participated at sundry times and places in conversations that did register a high degree of intelligence, that touched on matters of real significance, that called forth one's intellectual best in the process, and that left a tingle of vibration in one's brain cells for hours afterward. Having been brought up on the classics at Princeton, I recalled the noble part that conversation had played in the development of the broad currents of human thought in the past — the 'conversations' of the great teachers and philosophers, the 'dialogues' of the Greeks, the 'colloquia' of the Romans — and the part that ordinary social discourse had played in the social, political, and literary life of Europe and of the earlier days of our own country.

All these I readily recalled from an early familiarity with the classics. But having foresworn the classics some time back, and being accustomed now to thinking in terms of factors and functions, I suddenly realized that throughout that long vista of centuries, over which my mind had run from force of habit, the *function* of conversation had changed, and that the nature of conversation itself had undergone as revolutionary changes as any other element of modern life. Not only this, but I began to apprehend further, with a vague sense of being on the verge of an unpleasant discovery, that this revolutionary change had been brought about by nothing other than those same mechanical inventions and technological discoveries that underlie our recurring periods of economic deflation.

Just as one sometimes finds one's premises suddenly abutting on a new gasoline station or other unneighborly structure, on a vacant lot which hitherto he has considered harmless, so in this case I found my mind abutting on a new idea with some feeling of apprehension; for I have always treasured the hope that there are some spheres of life so human, intimate, and spontaneous, and so free from pecuniary calculus, that they cannot be brought under the sway of the machine. Yet here in an entirely informal and spontaneous conversation, among cultured people, in a typically suburban group, there suddenly rose the spectre of Mechanization itself, sitting like a ghost at the banquet table and laying upon the conversation the same iron hand that it has already laid so heavily upon industrial life, with its machine-made product, its quantity output, and its recurring deflation. What was happening about the table was this 'deflation' of conversation; and it was happening for much the same reasons that

commodities are deflated, that the wheat markets of the world are demoralized, and that South American countries and countries in other parts of the world are in a turmoil of revolutionary uprisings.

And just as the early historical economists found it possible to trace the course of evolution in the form of 'stages,' marked by fundamental changes in productive technique, status of labor, or other aspects of economic organization, so it gradually dawned upon me that one of the most significant trails of social evolution had been blazed by successive changes in the nature and function of social conversation. For fear, however, that this may seem too fanciful an idea to emerge from our conversation at the club, let me interrupt my narrative of the evening long enough to set down these stages in conventional form, much as Karl Bücher originally set down his Pastoral, Agricultural, Handicraft, and Industrial stages of production.

Stage I

Conversation a Repository of Racial Knowledge and Experience. — In the period with which this narrative happened to open, the time when the Lord talked to Moses, and for two to three thousand years thereafter, conversation was the one great repository of knowledge. The 'word of mouth' from father to son, from priest to disciple, from teacher to pupil, was the medium through which was preserved the most priceless heritage of a people — their law, religion, tribal history and culture, and knowledge of the practical arts. There was many a conversation, on other mountains than Sinai, that was fraught with momentous consequences; and many humbler conversations about the doorstep and the hearth, in the fields and shops, which, like modern doctors' theses, 'contributed to the sum total of human knowledge.' It is true, the art of writing was known; but when words had to be carved on stone, graven in bronze, or laboriously scrawled with a goose quill on coarse parchment, with no duplicate copies, written compendia were few and brief and the cyclopædia of universal knowledge was an oral one.

What brought this stage of conversation to a close? To some extent the development of more easy and rapid forms of writing among the Greeks, Romans, and other ancient peoples. But the machine that put an end to this stage with revolutionary suddenness was the crude and primitive printing press. The printing press meant the *mechanization* of knowledge, with a cheapness, a precision, and a volume of output characteristic of the machine process everywhere.

Stage II

Conversation a Medium for Conveying Current Information. — After the greater categories of knowledge and of literature had been mechanized, there still remained large areas of important and interesting information which were available only by word of mouth. One of these was made up of those fields of humbler knowledge represented by the practical arts and the processes of everyday life — health, cookery, agriculture, and handicraft. The 'cookbook' came eventually, after law, religion, and other essential fields had been reduced to printed form, and after a lot of the world's worst doggerel had likewise been preserved for posterity; but for thousands of years the world's cooking was done 'by word of mouth,' by those who learned to cook from someone else who told them how.

The other great area of oral communication was *news*, the whole world of

what was happening anywhere — at one's neighbor's, in the near-by village, in the city, in England, Ireland, Germany, and elsewhere; what Parliament or Congress had done; what countries were at war; what the King, the President, Daniel Webster, or somebody else was doing. In other words, news — personal, local, national, international — had in the main to be 'covered' orally, catch as catch can, as one could gather it from someone lucky enough to have come from somewhere or to have heard something from someone who had been somewhere. Even when governments built military highways and post roads, with provision for the more or less regular dispatch of official messages, these messages, signed and sealed, represented small editions compared to the unofficial news sections, which the messengers delivered orally as they went. And the great Genghis Khan is said to have covered his vast empire with a network of post roads, over which fleet runners passed from time to time, each one covering a certain distance and at the end of his stretch telling his budget of news to another runner, who in turn relayed it to the next, and so on to the most distant provinces of the realm.

There was much animated conversation in those days. It is true, the news was not exactly 'up to the minute.' News of the Treaty of Ghent did not reach General Jackson until he had fought the glorious but superfluous battle of New Orleans. News of Polk's election did not reach some sections of the Kentucky mountains until their secluded denizens had spent months discussing Presidential policies under the supposed administration of Henry Clay. But under these conditions zest for the news more than compensated for the tardiness of its arrival. Why did the houses of those times all nestle close to the side of the highway? In order not to lose the sight of a single traveler or miss an item of news. And the zest of carrying news, we may surmise, was fully as great as that of receiving it. Every traveler was a Marathon runner who bore tidings about something or other; and the passengers aboard a stagecoach from a distant city were seized upon in every village in which they alighted as eagerly as if they had been a bunch of 'extras' thrown upon the station platform. Needless to say, the substance of the news thus relayed from village to village became the subject of animated conversation for weeks afterward in the shops and stores, at church, at Sunday dinners, and around the fireside. If conversation was momentous in the first stage, it was still breathless in the second.

But the second stage, likewise, came to an end in consequence of a series of mechanical inventions. These included the further development of the printing art in the form of the linotype press, which made possible the printing of huge newspaper issues at costs within the range of all; the development of steam transportation, which made it possible to distribute these newspapers quickly over a wide territory; and, more than all, the invention of the telegraph and telephone, which brought news instantly from the most distant and diverse parts of the earth.

All these have now brought about a complete mechanization of ordinary information and news. The tense watcher of Biblical times who cried, as he caught sight of an oncoming chariot raising the dust a mile down the road, 'The driving is like the driving of Jehu,' no longer watches from the battlements. He sits at a telephone, and his secretary takes down the messages. The 'beautiful feet of him that bringeth good tidings' are no longer seen 'upon the mountains.'

Those 'beautiful feet' now step on the gas of some newspaper 'flivver.' And the nameless immortal who only touched the high spots of the twenty-six-mile stretch of road from Marathon to Athens in his eagerness to break the news of victory — the glorious Marathon runners of old are now relegated to the skating rinks and dance halls!

Stage III

Conversation a Medium for Discussion. — Along with its functions of providing a repository of knowledge and a means for conveying current information, conversation has always served a further noble purpose as a medium for the exchange of ideas. At bottom, however, this is not so much *exchange* as it is a process of *production* of ideas, a process of generating and developing ideas — what Socrates called bringing ideas to birth. This is something vastly different from merely handing down knowledge or communicating information. Conversation in this function means the hammering of vigorous minds upon the hot iron on the anvil, out of which something is forged that did not exist before.

This has been one of the richest aspects of conversation in past centuries; in economic terms, we should call it one of the most *productive functions* of conversation. In its highest form it is illustrated by the 'sermons' of Christ and the dialogues of the Greek and Roman philosophers, not only in the conventionalized versions written by their literary disciples, but in the actual conversations of these groups of thinkers that were never reported. In one of its most picturesque forms it is illustrated by the conversations in the brilliant salons of European capitals a century or two ago, which sometimes exercised momentous influence on the course of political and diplomatic events. It flourished with particular exuberance in the period of political ferment and of intellectual storm and stress throughout the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, in the days of the old Cheshire Cheese in London, in the coffeehouses, Rathskellers, clubs, in the gathering places of students, literati, communists and revolutionaries of one field or another, and in almost any place where serious and intelligent people came together to eat and drink — and talk.

In our own country, stirring questions of religion and politics created a lot of good conversation and developed a lot of high-grade intellectual fibre. Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and the student on the other had no monopoly on that type of intellectual timber. Most of us have listened to conversations among sundry groups at one time or another which, in originality, keenness, and vigor, would rival the harness shops, coffeehouses, and salons of any earlier period; for this function of conversation survived long after conversation as a repository of knowledge and a medium for the communication of information had been eliminated by the mechanization of these fields.

This function still survives in scattered places and among odd groups here and there, just as remnants of the Agricultural and Handicraft stages may still be found in out-of-the-way corners of modern economic life. But as a prevalent or characteristic type of social conversation it appears to be no longer extant. Social groups now rarely 'discuss.' They narrate personal incidents, tell stories, gossip, repeat bits from the theatre, make 'wisecracks' and 'come-backs,' and keep up a general running conversation. But one rarely finds that clash of minds that generates thought or that hammering of minds upon the molten metal of ideas. One does n't come away at

the end of an evening with new ideas or kindled mental activity, and probably has not contributed to either. It may be that no one is more responsible than another. But what is the trouble?

One trouble, peculiar to modern life and the result of modern conditions, is that the ordinary subjects of current interest have all been discussed, up and down and crossways, before any of us have a chance at them. They have been discussed by the morning papers on the way into town and by the evening papers on the way out. Not only has each subject been discussed by the papers themselves, but they have related what President Hoover, Secretary Mellon, Owen Young, Einstein, Charlie Chaplin, or Mussolini has said about it. If it is a matter of local interest, it has already been discussed at luncheons of the Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Board, the Rotary Club, and the Woman's City Club. When we get together at the Country Club or elsewhere, what more is there to be said about it? About all one can say is that he agrees or disagrees with what some score of papers and prominent citizens have already said about it. The result is that everyone is fully *informed* upon the subject, but no one has any *ideas* about it; and that is not the soil out of which vigorous conversation grows.

Two things have made all this predigested discussion possible — in addition to the factors we have already considered. These are our intense urbanization and our elaborate business and social organization, both of which are direct results of the mechanical and technological factors of modern life, but only lately carried to the degree in which we see them now. If to these general factors we add the most recent and most revolutionary invention, the radio, with its verbose discussions of everything on earth, we have a fairly adequate explanation of the way in which machine and large-scale methods of discussion have robbed conversation of one of its richest functions.

Perhaps in this, as in other fields of production, one may still feel that the machine-made product is the better. Certainly the radio can command more expert ability in every field and can bring more distinguished people to the discussion of our problems than any of us could ever hope to gather together in our own households. Yet somehow this is n't the whole story; for if, without intending any sacrilege, one can imagine Christ broadcasting the Sermon on the Mount from Station WMQ on the Mount of Olives and signing off, as the sun went down, to allow the Chairman of the Board of Subdividers to expound the rare opportunities for investment in summer cottages on the Sea of Galilee, one cannot but wonder whether the Beatitudes would ever have carried their message of comfort to mankind.

Stage IV

Conversation as a Form of Entertainment. — The final stages move rapidly, just as mechanical and technological inventions have moved rapidly in recent periods. But after the more serious functions — what we might call the more *productive* functions — of conversation had been replaced by machine methods, one of the most charming functions of conversation still remained outside the range of the factory system. This is that large volume of conversation that has always been carried on for the sole purpose of good companionship and pleasant entertainment. Friendly colloquium has always been one of the richest enjoyments of human companionship, one of the things, in fact, which have helped to maintain that sometimes wavering line

of distinction between man and the animals. The descriptions of the mellow warmth and untiring delight of genial conversation in the *De Senectute* and *De Amicitia*, in Pliny and scores of later writers, do not exaggerate the real enjoyment that people have always found in talking to each other, especially in the relaxation of social gatherings.

This one delightful function of conversation still survives; presumably it will always survive among choice spirits here and there. But as a recognized type of social entertainment it appears to be well on the way toward extinction. Social groups no longer sit around the fireplace and talk all evening. The mere mention of such a thing brings a reminiscent smile and a picture of the simpler village life of the eighties or some other remote period. If an orchestra or other agency does not 'provide entertainment,' there are cards and dancing and other standardized forms of amusement. In any case, the entertainment is provided. In Roman times, everyone carried his own napkin to the dinner party; and it would have been as discourteous for one's hostess to offer one a napkin as for a modern hostess to inquire whether one of her guests needed a handkerchief. So, in simpler times, one was expected, in a way, to bring his entertainment with him in the form of readiness to contribute to the conversation of the occasion. Now, both napkins and entertainment are provided.

The particular inventions which have pushed the mechanization of entertainment further than ever before are, of course, the moving pictures and the radio. The radio, like the vacuum cleaner, has now invaded every household, the radio coming on when the vacuum cleaner has signed off for the day. It has thus displaced conversation in its most intimate habitat.

How can one converse when Amos and Andy are 'conversing'? Perhaps here also the machine-made product is better. I suppose it's a matter of taste. Certainly, if an increased production of small talk is desirable, one would prefer to have it done by machine rather than have to do it one's self. In any case, the mechanization of entertainment and of talking as a form of entertainment appears now to be eliminating natural conversation as a recognized form of social diversion.

So here we are, approaching apparently the close of a fourth stage in this long course of evolution — an evolution as sharply defined as that of industry and economic life in general and one that has been subject in large degree to the same determining factors. There have been many discourses on the 'Lost Art of Conversation,' implying that a fine art has been lost through changes in literary taste and social ideals. If conversation is a lost art, it is for much the same reasons that the art of the spinning wheel, the hand shuttle, and the shoemaker's last are lost arts; because conversational machinery has been developed that can turn out conversation in greater quantities than even the most loquacious of our ancestors could have hoped to emulate.

I would not concede that, as an art, it is altogether lost; but when conversation as a repository of racial knowledge and experience, a means for the communication of information, a medium for the discussion of ideas, and a form of social entertainment — when all these functions of conversation have been replaced by machine methods for doing the same things, what are we going to have left? Should we make an effort either to counteract the trend toward mechanization or to minimize its undesirable consequences? Perhaps we should simply waive all these mis-

givings, as of lesser import in comparison with the magnitude of the progress made. The older schools of economic thought have always measured human progress in terms of man's increasing 'power over nature.' Machinery has multiplied man's hands — has made him a modern Briareus, a hundred-handed giant; modern forms of transport by land and sea have given him seven-league boots and the wings of Mercury; telescope and television have given him a hundred eyes, with which to pry into the remotest corners of the earth and sky; and now the telephone and radio have magnified his hearing until, like the Indian bison hunter, he can put his ear to the earth and hear the footsteps of the antipodes.

But while man is thus busy increasing his power over nature, what is happening to *him?* The biologists tell us, humorously perhaps, that if we cease to use our legs and feet they may in the course of time be eliminated or greatly abbreviated, just as the whale's quadrupedal equipment has disappeared since he took to the sea for his livelihood. The hand has lost much of its deftness and craftsmanship since the advent of the machine. Is there danger that the mechanical extension of our hearing may after all have some resemblance to the elongation of Midas's ears in the old legend? As a reminder of the king's folly in listening too constantly to the voice of avarice, Apollo decreed that his ears should grow longer and longer; and as they grew they became pointed at the ends and covered with long coarse hair, until the king's astonished barber beheld that lo, Midas had ass's ears! Greatly embarrassed, Midas made the barber swear, under pain of death, never to reveal the secret. And the barber went about for days, laughing covertly at his master's predicament but keeping the throbbing secret in his breast, until, fearful that he might not be able to restrain his mirth or his secret longer, he went out into the fields and, digging a hole in the ground, whispered to the earth, 'Midas hath ass's ears'; then, filling the hole again, he retraced his steps, greatly relieved. But the reeds and rushes grew up where the barber had digged; and in the autumn, when the breeze blew over the field and rustled their leaves, the reeds and rushes whispered, 'Midas hath ass's ears'; and the secret was out.

So I apprehend that the mechanization of speech is having some unhappy effects, not only on the conversation of the speaker, but upon the ears of the hearer. We are growing a new crop of ears — ears that listen with equal avidity to the tooth-paste advertiser, the marathon-dance announcer, and the political buffoon. There is danger that the machine process is going to lend itself to exploitation by some of the worst elements in our social and political life — elements that can speak most eloquently when there are asses' ears to listen. While going up and down and to and fro in the Windy City and elsewhere, I have for some time been noticing the ears of people and have observed with some anxiety that many of them are growing longer and longer and becoming more and more pointed at the ends, but have kept the secret to myself withal — until, like Midas's barber, fearful that I may not be able to repress it longer, I am now confiding it to these pages.

THEY THAT SEE THE SUN

BY OGDEN W. HEATH

I

THERE is a large maple tree in front of the house. By looking straight ahead out the window I can see all the upper half of it. We have become very good friends, that tree and I, during these years that I have had to lie here on my back. In the morning the first thing I see when I open my eyes is the green curtain of its leaves, and all day long the rustle of the breeze and the song of the robins in its branches are in my ears. In the late afternoon the sunlight streams through its foliage, prying inquisitively among the dark green shadows that lurk in its depths and laying bare all its innermost secrets. And every night before I drop off to sleep I stare for a while at its great black shadow outlined against the sky and try to guess the riddle of its patient, watchful brooding.

Last night we had a severe thunderstorm. I woke up suddenly in the midst of it with a panicky feeling that something was about to happen. A moment later there was a flash of lightning, followed immediately by a deafening crash of thunder directly overhead. There was a fluttering of the air about my arm and I saw a great spark go streaking across the room. I thought we were struck. It gave me a bad moment or two because it might not be so easy to get me out of here if the house were to catch fire.

Then the storm took hold of me and filled me with a fierce joy, and I forgot my fears. I lay awake listening to the slowly fading grumble of the thunder while the rain pelted against the windows. Eagerly I waited for each lightning flash to give me another glimpse of the tree. It seemed like some wild witch's revel out there in that weird white glare. During the intervals of blackness I could see it still in my mind's eye: that sudden sweep upward, over, and around, of all the branches together, like the last dizzy surge of a great wave just before it breaks, or like a symphony orchestra with all of the players uniting for the moment on a single mighty theme. Whenever I see that mighty surge I always think of certain parts of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The tree, tossing and twisting and thrashing with the hiss of rushing water, looked pale and frightened, I thought, but I felt sure it was enjoying its wild dance in the storm, all the more, perhaps, because of the danger. And I longed to be out there with it, to sit among its branches and feel the swing of the great boughs and the cold splash of the rain on my face and the tug of the wind at my hair.

In the morning, when I woke, the sun was shining brightly. My tree was covered with glittering balls of light, iridescent like diamonds. I wished I might bury my face in its wet leaves.

My nurse came in so full of excitement that she ignored my good-morning.

'We were struck by lightning last night. Did you hear the crash? That large maple in front of the house . . .'

She was joking, of course. Had n't I been watching the tree all through the storm? And was n't it standing right there in front of me now as usual? But I was glad it was n't my tree.

'Not the maple. You must mean some other. There it is — I can see it.'

'Yes,' she insisted, 'I mean that tree. Look! Half of it is on the ground. It's lucky for you it did n't fall this way.'

I looked and saw that the light was shining through the leaves more brightly than usual. 'Just a branch, perhaps,' I said.

'Half the tree is on the ground, I tell you. You can't see it, perhaps, from the bed. They'll have to chop it down.'

My first impulse was to deny it, as if that might change the fact. 'No,' I said, 'they would n't do that.' I wondered how she could speak of chopping down a tree in such a matter-of-fact way, as if it were no more than cutting her finger nails. The raindrops on the leaves glistened in the sun; like tears they seemed now.

II

A couple of hours later I heard the sound of chopping out in the yard. So they had come already. They did n't waste any time about it, certainly. Listening to that steady chop-chop, I began to think of the many things I had found to love in that tree. It was so many different things to me. Sometimes just the leaves were fluttering, and then it was a troop of children at play, dancing and singing and laughing and clapping their hands in glee. Other days its swaying branches made me think of a roistering, rollicking sailor rolling back to his ship after a night's carouse. Again it reminded me of a high mountain, its steep green slopes scarred by the black mouths of many mysterious caverns and deep ravines. And when the sunlight came sifting through the green leafy windows to light up the dim depths of the tree, it seemed to me like the upper vaulting of some ancient cathedral.

But most of the time it was a young girl — or rather, now, a lovely full-breasted woman, for lately she has grown very tall and shapely with a definite personality of her own. Certainly she is as fascinatingly variable in her moods as any woman. Some days she stands very still, pensive and primly patient, like a nun communing with herself, or again with rapt face upturned to the glories of the sun. But more often she greets me with a gay smile. Then, with twinkling eyes full of coquetry she dances for me, a solemn saraband, a mad tarantella, or a sprightly Viennese waltz.

They tell me she was planted there in front of the house just twenty years ago. That would make her about the same age as myself. I must have often passed close enough to touch her in those days, but I seldom even noticed she was there. I do remember wondering rather doubtfully if she would ever grow up to be a tall tree like some of the others on the block. I remember how sad and scrawny she looked at that time, with the ungainliness of adolescence. And I guess she *was* sad, too. She must have been pretty homesick at times for the familiar scenes and companions of her early years at the nursery. I have a vivid memory of the agony of homesickness I suffered myself when a couple of years later I was first sent away to boarding school. But then the day came when I could n't get out of bed any more, for my legs had been growing more and more rigid until at last they were quite useless. Since then I have had to do all my living in a horizontal position. From

that day my real acquaintance with her began.

I used to lie here and stare at her all day long, indifferently, or even resentfully, at first, but then, as the seasons ran their relay year after year, with an ever-growing awareness of her beauty. I remember I was surprised at first to see how much she had grown. Yet it seemed to me she used to cast many envious glances at the poplars across the street which had so rapidly outstripped her in height. And how she would rage with jealousy at the evergreens, so warmly dressed in their green coats, while she had to stand shivering all through the winter in her naked bark. But I loved to see the intricate architecture of her bare boughs, so black and sleek, like seals, in the rain. Then how she swelled with pride each year when the warm winds of spring came 'driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air.' And when she had finally got her new dress on, how haughtily she turned up her nose at those same evergreens, now so shabby in comparison with her. In the fall she outdid all the others in the glory of her scarlet and yellow robes. But when the shrill north wind began to strip her of her leaves again, first one by one, then in cascades, — and what, I wonder, are the thoughts of a leaf during that last dizzy drop toward oblivion, — I saw her grow sad and moody, and knew she was dreaming of warmer countries where the elements were more friendly. Then day after day she would stare down at the never-ending stream of people passing by almost underneath her in their cars and bitterly lament the fate which compelled her to stand rooted to this one spot forever. You could n't blame her for thinking it must be a very wonderful place they were all going to because everyone seemed to be in such an awful hurry to get there.

Is all this mere whimsy? I don't think so. There are scientists nowadays who claim that plants are capable of feeling as well as animals and humans, that they have nervous systems which respond to stimuli very much as do our own. They say that when the plant is attacked they can actually see it cringe, as if in fear, and when it is injured it writhes as if in pain. We all know that trees have lungs and must have air to breathe, that they have stomachs and must have food and drink, and the light of the sun to live and grow. The sap flowing through their veins is not so very different from our own blood stream. Who can say that trees do not also possess a brain? We only know, in the end, that they are made of precisely the same stuff as ourselves: clouds of electric particles whirling about one another in a way which nobody understands, and seeming to possess two things — energy and intelligence. Those primitive peoples who saw a soul in every rock and tree were perhaps not so far from the truth after all.

And now this tree is about to be chopped down. As I sit here watching it I am expecting every minute to see it go toppling to the ground with a crash. Chop! Chop! Chop! Chop! Slowly come the blows, but with a stern persistence, breaking stridently upon the still, fresh-washed air of morning, and resounding in my ears, as mercilessly and as irrevocably as the strokes of Time itself. The thought of the cold steel biting into the tender tree flesh makes me shudder. . . .

III

At last I felt I could bear it no longer. I asked my nurse to look and see what the men were doing. She went to the window.

'They're cutting at the trunk now,'

she said. 'It looks as if it would be coming down pretty soon.'

'Can't you stop them? Tell them it looks all right from here. It does, really.'

She laughed. 'They would n't pay any attention to me. What can I do? Besides, they can plant another tree, can't they?'

I did n't like her at all at that moment. But, though I felt it was useless, I begged her to go down anyway and ask the men if there was n't some way of saving the tree.

I remember how just a little while ago I was thinking that some day I should n't be here to see the sun scattering his magic dust over her leaves and to hear the crooning of the robins in her branches. Trees live a lot longer than men. The thought was a throbbing ache. Then I said to myself, 'But I'll come back again as summer rain, some midnight, like a lover to a tryst, to caress her gently, or as a thrush, perhaps, to build my nest among the dark green shadows near her heart.' For the moment I had looked ahead impatiently to the time when such things might be.

And now she is to die before me after all. It must be terrible to have to die just when you have learned how to enjoy life. For, during this last year or two, I seemed to sense a new serenity in her. I felt she did n't care any more that she would never be as tall as the poplars across the way, or that she had to lose her leaves every fall while the evergreens kept theirs. And she no longer paid any attention to the people hurrying by all day, or grumbled because she had to stay in one place the rest of her life. On those days when I felt impatient or vaguely unhappy with a longing ache to be out in the world, to be able to travel and to see all those places I have always wanted to see — on those days I used to stare at her and marvel at her patient stillness. And she would smile back at me, and with my eyes I would see that she was very lovely, but her loveliness only made me all the sadder because I could n't *feel* it, too. And now she is going to die before I have had time to discover the secret of her serenity.

IV

My nurse returned. She had a large birds' nest in her hand. I looked at her anxiously.

'They said they'll save it if they possibly can. But they don't know yet whether they can or not. See what I found on the ground near the tree.'

I took the nest from her, and all at once I remembered how I watched a robin building a nest in that tree last spring. Could this be the same one? Yes, the branch was gone. I remember how delighted I was to see her sweep down to the ground again and again, to return a minute or two later with a piece of dried grass or string or a small twig. The nest before me contained one egg, pale blue in color, and several broken pieces of shell, together with a few somehow rather pathetic-looking feathers. Why was this one egg unhatched?

It seemed very wonderful to me to think that in the midst of this collection of dried mud and grass, on this very spot I was now touching with my finger, that fat mother robin I had so often watched strutting arrogantly across the lawn had laid her eggs and reared her various broods of young. Here they saw the light of the sun for the first time, here they grew big and clamorous with great silly beaks, here, perhaps, some of them died. Where are all the young robins that were hatched in this nest? I have read somewhere that out of all those reared each year by any one robin rarely does

more than a single bird survive the season. As I was examining the nest, and thinking of the wonders that had taken place there, I remembered how, while the young birds were in it last spring, I had longed to be able to take a peek inside. And now Fate has granted my wish. But at what a price!

V

Suddenly I noticed that the sound of chopping which had been in my ears steadily during the last hour or so had ceased. I asked my nurse to look and see what was happening. Was this the end?

She went to the window. 'I guess they're not going to chop it down after all,' she said, after what seemed an interminable wait. 'They've begun to put that black stuff on it. They've cut away all the part that was broken.'

If I had just received news that someone very dear to me had passed the crisis and would recover, I could hardly have felt more relieved. I laughed for joy as I looked across at the tree. But it was very plain that she herself was far from happy over her reprieve. All the other trees that I could see were dancing gayly in the bright morning sun. She alone stood still with limp dark leaves, brooding over her loss. Even the sun seemed to be shunning her. Her whole attitude breathed the deepest gloom. It seemed as though I could hear her say, 'What's the use of living, anyway, with several of my best limbs gone and doomed to be but half a tree the rest of my life? I'd rather be dead!'

I felt terribly sorry for her, and wished there were some way to comfort her. I wanted to make her understand that, so far as I was concerned, she was lovely still. From all other angles she might look hopelessly crippled and scarred, but from my point of view she appeared almost the same as before. In fact, if I had not been told of her accident I might not have discovered it till autumn winds had stripped her of her leaves.

But she was not to be comforted, that was plain. It was not hard to guess her thoughts: Why did this have to happen to me rather than to any of the other trees near by? What have I done to deserve such a punishment, O God of Love and Justice? Or, if I have committed no crime, tell me, O God, something of your purpose in doing this to me. Are you planning for me some wonderful existence in the far future to compensate for my present suffering? Please, just whisper a small hint of what you have in store for me, and I'll be content. What? The ways of God must forever remain beyond the understanding of mere trees? Excuse me, O God, for asking.

Presently I saw a robin dart up from below to perch among her branches. It was followed immediately by its mate. Suddenly I saw those great boughs lift a little, slowly, and then drop slowly back. It was like a deep sigh. A few minutes later a song sparrow flew up to the tip of her topmost branch and began to pour out his delirious liquid song. Then the sun came out from behind a cloud and kissed her once again with his golden healing rays. Her leaves began to flutter.

She smiled across at me and my heart leaped with sudden joy. All at once I knew her secret. Was it she, or was it my own heart which was whispering, 'O God, it's good just to be alive!'

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

BY BERNHARD JOHANN TÜTING

I

THE war was over, the soldiers returned. They had left with music and songs — many had left; but now their number was small and their voices were low. The fragrance of the soil greeted them. The oaks loosened their leaves and spread a carpet of rust-brown brocade over the land. The war was over.

Then winter came and hung a garment of crisp white snow over firs and pine trees. The wind from the east blew rough and cold, rushed over the plains, and hardened to ice the water flooding the meadows.

Rudolf Schulte and his wife, Katharina Schulte, were alone in the room. It was in the late forenoon. The sun was far away in the southern sky and colored the frozen panes of the windows with a pale yellow light. The fire crackled on the hearth, but only in the upper corners of each pane had the ice flowers lost their leaves. Rudolf Schulte went to the desk, brought the family chronicle, and laid it on the table. His wife looked at him; he looked at her. As he turned the pages he recognized the different handwritings of the Schulten who had lived before his time here on the same farm. He knew the long family history by heart, but he liked to see it word for word, just as it had been written. He had blank sheets before him now. He gazed thoughtfully at the paper, turned the pen in his fingers, and put it back on the inkstand. He closed the heavy leather-bound volume and locked it in the desk again.

His wife shook her head. 'Rudolf, have you written it down?'

'No, not yet. I do not know just what to write.'

'Just write it down in a few simple words. A few simple words will do.'

'Yes, a few simple words, I guess.' He put on his long, heavy overcoat, and his high, sturdy build appeared still more powerful.

'Where are you going to-day?'

'I have to show him; you know how it is. He does not even know the boundaries. Nobody has ever shown him. He must know.'

'Yes, he must know, but it is cold to-day. Death is blowing over the land.'

'Yes, it is cold,' and the tall, gray-haired man took his oak-wood cane and fur cap and left the room. He crossed the open yard, north of the house, and went into the stables. On both sides of the wide passage stood a long row of black-and-white cows, all thoroughbreds, valuable stock, the result of careful mating. He was still proud of the animals and proud of himself when he thought of his work here on Schulten farm; but a walk through the stables did not give him the great satisfaction it had given him in earlier years.

'Heinrich!' he called loudly. The answer came from the adjoining horse

stable, and a young man of about twenty-five approached. 'Heinrich, you take an axe and we shall go to the pines.'

'To the pines,' the young man repeated to himself while he walked to the tool room, 'to the pines.' He had been thinking of the approaching holiday, but now that it was so near . . . He should have told the old people. What could he say? How could he tell them without recalling the past to life, without causing them sorrow anew? But he had to tell them. He could not possibly wait until the last day.

'You must put on a heavy overcoat and your high boots. It is deadly cold. We cannot spare any more young men.'

Heinrich went back into the horse stable. There he had his high boots and an overcoat. 'We cannot spare any more young men,' he mused. How could he possibly tell the old man? But he had to tell him, and it was, perhaps, somewhat silly to feel this way, to find it so difficult. Perhaps it was silly. Perhaps he saw a darker past than old Schulte himself.

II

Rudolf Schulte and young Heinrich Schulte walked over the fields. They were of equal height. Their broad, square shoulders and their determined strides gave them a strong family resemblance. They could easily be taken for father and son. They walked northward and made a new trail through the untrodden snow. Old Rudolf Schulte walked on the right side. With every second step the point of his cane left a narrow, funnel-shaped hole in the snow. In the distance before them the forest appeared like a white, heavy bank of clouds, supported by a dark wall of fir trunks. The old man lifted his cane and pointed to the right. 'There, where the post stands out of the snow, is the line. The land on the other side belongs to our neighbor, Holtvogt. Our families have never had any difficulties. We have always helped each other, and I hope that will never change.' He looked at Heinrich.

'No, that must never change,' the young man said. Then came a long silence. Only the snow answered steadily to the men's steps — *knirk, knirk, knirk*. 'Wonder whether he finds it difficult to tell me all about Schulten place,' Heinrich thought.

'And do not forget,' Rudolf Schulte again began, 'the corner, about forty acres framed on two sides by alder bushes, must never be flooded. The soil is binding and inclined to be sour. Every fourth year it must be given a good portion of lime, otherwise bulrushes and moss will soon cover the surface and kill the good grasses. Lime warms and sweetens the soil.'

Heinrich nodded. He had to know all this, he appreciated being told, and yet he did not like to listen to the words. It was as if the man were preparing for death, as if death would come and take him to-morrow. 'Uncle, you are not so very old yet,' he said, turning to Rudolf. He called him uncle, although they were not very near of kin.

'No, no, not so very old yet, but my days have been many, and the end comes in the sequence of the days.' The men turned northeastward. The wind came straight into their faces. 'It is cold, it is bitter cold,' said the old man, and the wind drove tears out of his eyes. They ran down his cheeks and formed frozen crystals in his gray beard. He pulled the fox fur collar of his coat higher and drew his chin deeper into it. The wind whirled the snow in circles of white dust. The fence wires were singing in fine, metal-clear voices. Large swarms of gray-colored fog crows

settled in the snow and called their sufferings into the cold day. From the woods came the bark of a hungry fox. The world was frozen. No mouse left its hole; the gopher slept his sleep of winter.

The men reached the forest. They stopped short and looked at one another. Here it was not so cold. The trees held off the wind. 'The coldest day for years,' old Schulte said.

'The winters in Russia were colder,' replied Heinrich.

'Yes, and in the trenches it must have been insufferably cold.' While he was still talking, Rudolf looked up at the high trees. 'This patch here is not so old as it seems to be. I planted it out when I was in my best years, forty years ago. It has grown fast, but the wood is not hardened by age. It must stay for another forty before it is felled.'

'Another forty,' Heinrich said. 'Then I shall be an old man.'

'Almost — not quite. But, Heinrich, that is why the farm population here in the north sits so tightly in the saddle. One generation works for the next. No one expects that he himself will harvest the fruits of his labors. It is the unselfish work of a man that lasts and moulds the future. A lasting fruit needs time to grow.'

Their way led into a dale. Not the slightest wind penetrated here. The sky was cloudless. The sun was far away, but without the wind it seemed warm. The trees were dripping. The moist snow shimmered brilliantly, and showed a slight touch of gold from the sun. The drops twinkled white, red, blue, green — their colors always determined by the background; and the background of the small dripping water pearls was composed of innumerable colors. When the snow slid off, branches snapped into their old positions. The young pine forest spread on both sides of the way. The trees were only man-high. The sun had freed the outer rows from the snow. All the small birds seemed to have gathered here. They were busy where the melted snow had exposed the soil. The warmth would last only a few hours; then the frost would come again, and no beetle, no fly, would dare to leave its hiding place.

The men looked at each tree. Heinrich's thoughts were far away. 'It is difficult,' said the old man, 'to find one, difficult to take one out where it will not hurt, but we have had one every year and we shall find one this year. This one, perhaps. No, it is difficult to take one out of the row without leaving a permanent gap. That one could be spared, but it is not symmetrical in growth. The branches are not the same length on both sides, and one side is too bushy, it seems.'

'I should tell him, I am foolish not to tell him,' Heinrich thought. 'I am not a servant that I have to ask for a few days' vacation, but it is only considerate to tell him. I should have told him a week ago. Only a few more days and I shall leave.'

Before he really had decided to speak, and before he had thought of just what to say, he began, 'I am glad I do not have to spend the holidays this year where I spent them the last four years.'

Rudolf Schulte looked at the young man. 'Yes, I am, too,' said he. 'Thank God, it is over — but the end could have been a different one. The end was bad.'

'Yes, the end was bad,' Heinrich said, 'but better a bad end than a worse continuation. The first time in four years that all of our family will be at home for the holidays — only one more week until then.'

A sudden sadness struck the old man's soul. His face grew ash-gray.

Ah, Heinrich was not his son! 'All of you will be together then,' he said.

'Yes, we shall all be home for the holidays.'

'Of course, I expected you would go home for the holidays.' They had come to the end of the pine grove. 'Well, we have not found what we wanted.'

'Are n't we going back this way? We have only looked at one side. Perhaps on the other side we can find one,' said Heinrich.

'No, I guess not. I cannot find one this year, it seems. There are many, and yet there are none.'

They walked homeward. It was easier to walk now with the wind behind. The buildings of Schulten farm came into sight. The roofs were covered with snow. The whole place seemed much larger now that the fields around were white. 'All new buildings, Heinrich. They will last for generations to come, if they are taken care of — if the country is not ruled by those people who do not know, or do not want to know, the difference between "mine" and "thine." Let us hope that time will never come.'

Heinrich was silent. Of course that time would come. No farmer would remain owner of the soil; at least, he would not be allowed to call more than a few acres his own. They went into the stables. It was warm between the animals. Heinrich took a broom and swept the snow from his uncle's boots.

III

Rudolf Schulte went into the house to his wife. 'It is warm here,' said he.

'You have just been outside. It seems warmer to you than it is. The ice flowers are still blooming.'

'Cold days — very cold outside.'

'Where have you been?'

'We have been in the forests. I had to tell him many things he did not know.'

'How could he know?'

'Of course he could not. He is going home for the holidays.'

'He is going home!'

'Yes, they will all be home.'

'I expected he would go. When will he leave?'

'I do not know.'

'Did he not say?'

'He did not say.'

'I suppose he will leave, then, a day before.'

'Yes, a day before, I suppose.'

'Perhaps he will leave sooner.'

'Perhaps he will.'

'How long will he stay away? Will he stay away over New Year's, too?'

'I do not know. He said they all would be home for the holidays.'

'For the holidays. Then he will stay over New Year's. I expected he would. He has not been home on the holidays for the last four years. He really has to go. They expect him at home.'

'Of course they expect him.'

'I will bring you a pair of dry woolen socks.'

'Never mind. I just want to take off my boots. My socks are dry.'

'Here, these are better; change them near the fire. Do not go into the bedroom; the air is too cold.'

'I have to go to the stables first to see whether the windows and doors are closed. The wind is deadly.' He arose and went outside into the horse stable. 'Heinrich, the clock struck one. It is time for lunch. You must come in. When are you going to leave, did you say?'

'A day, just a day before the holiday.'

'And are you staying over New Year's Day?'

'No, I shall be back before New Year's Day. I shall, perhaps, stay away only two days.'

'You must come in soon. It is time for lunch. And do not forget to close the doors when you leave the stable.' Rudolf Schulte went into the house again, took off his boots, and changed his socks. 'He is staying only two days,' said he.

'Then he will be here on New Year's.'

'Yes, on New Year's he will be here.' The old man looked pleased. He lit his long pipe, sat down in his high-backed chair, and puffed the blue smoke toward the ceiling. 'Yes,' he said, 'you see, Katharina, on New Year's he will be here.'

IV

It was late on Christmas night. The moon was bright and growing. It poured its fullness over the fields and gave color to the flowers frozen in the windows. In the moonlight the buildings of Schulten farm stood out on the plain like an island in a Nordic legend. A row of strong oaks reached their bare arms into the ice-cold air, and their shadows wrote giant letters on the snow-covered roofs. If the first of the Schulten had planted these oaks they would be a thousand years old. The first-born son of each generation had taken over the soil, and had handed it down to the next in his line. The soil was holy ground.

Rudolf Schulte and his wife, Katharina, were alone in the room. She looked at him, he looked at her. This Christmas the war was over.

He opened the desk and laid the family chronicle on the table. He read what his ancestor, Friedrich, had written during the Thirty Years' War. At that time Schulten farm had been one of the few places in this part of the country which had not been deserted, but Friedrich and his old mother, Elise Schulte, had been the only people on the place. His two sisters, Agnes and Gertrud, had been taken to Holland by the soldiers and had never been heard of again. No cattle had been left on the farm. Friedrich had saved one horse by burning out its eyes. The soldiers did not want blind horses. In 1628 all the buildings had been burned, and Friedrich — by this time he was left alone — had lived in the narrow high stone building which had been built centuries ago as a protection against robber knights.

Frau Schulte looked at her husband. 'Rudolf, it is late.'

'Yes, it is late.' He turned a few leaves and read again. Gustav Schulte had seen the Seven Years' War. Hermann, Gustav's first-born, had fallen in 1759. One boy only was left, but he was sickly, and Gustav expressed his fear that the Schulten line might come to an end. That, however, did not come to pass. The boy developed into a strong man, improved the place, and left four sons. . . .

Rudolf Schulte went outside. The snow-covered buildings, the great white fields, were to him the death garment of his line. If only one of them . . . 'It has come to the end with us Schulten.' He went around the house and the barns and through the stables. If only one of them had come home. . . .

Frau Schulte had the photographs lying before her. Rudolf, Hermann, Heinrich, Ernst — four sons. . . . 'O Lord, have we indeed deserved this? All four of them? Not one have you left to us, not one to Schulten.' She looked at the framed documents on the wall. Each showed an angel consoling a dying soldier. Frau Schulte read once more:—

Rudolf Schulte, geboren 23. März, 1884, gefallen 4. August, 1914, bei Lüttich. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Rudolf would have been the next on Schulten farm.

Hermann Schulte, geboren 2. Februar, 1891, gefallen im Juli, 1915, in Russland. Dulce et decorum est . . .

Heinrich Schulte, geboren 29. März, 1895, gefallen 22. Juli, 1918, bei Chatteau Thierry. . . . pro patria . . .

Ernst Schulte, geboren 6. Mai, 1899, gefallen 22. Juli, 1918, bei Chatteau Thierry. . . . mori . . .

Ernst and Heinrich had only been children. Last Christmas the two boys had been on furlough and had trimmed the *Tannenbaum*. And this Christmas the war was over.

Frau Schulte could not hide the pictures. Her husband entered too soon. He opened the family chronicle again and turned the pages which he himself had written as the years had passed.

'Rudolf, have you written it down?'

'No, not yet.'

'I guess you should.'

'Yes, I guess I should.'

'It is better to write it down. It would not be fair.'

'You are right; it would not be fair to them. What do you think I should write?'

'Write it just in a few simple words. A few simple words will do.'

'Yes, a few simple words. There is hardly any ink left, it seems.'

'There is more. I will bring it.'

'No, don't. I guess this will do. What do you think I should write?'

'Just write it down in a few simple words. Mention their names, perhaps, and their ages.'

'Yes, their names and their ages, I guess. . . . Katharina, I don't believe this pen is any good. Is there another somewhere around?'

'Wait, I will see.'

'Never mind, I suppose this will do.'

V

'Have you finished, Rudolf?'

'Almost, not quite. I do not know just how to end.' He wrote: —

Rudolf — Hermann — Heinrich — Ernst Schulte.

Fallen, World War, 1914–1918.

Our line has come to an end. I, Rudolf Schulte, the last of Schulten, leave this place to Heinrich Schulte, my cousin's son.

I curse whoever should dare to read this our history without the deepest of awe, and with the help of God do I curse whoever should dare to alienate our farm. So help me God.

RUDOLF SCHULTE
Anno Domini 1918, *December*

He put down his pen and closed the volume.

'Have you finished now, Rudolf?'

'Yes, I have written the end.'

'It is late.'

'Yes, it is late.'

'The fire cannot do any harm?'

'No, it is almost out. . . . Well, Christmas is over, Katharina.'

'Yes, it is over.'

CALM

BY BILL ADAMS

We were bound from the Columbia River for Falmouth, with a cargo of wheat. One morning when we were a few miles north of the line in the Atlantic, the last faint airs of the southeast trade wind died away. A windless unrippled sea rolled up from the southeast in long, smooth blue swells. With no wind to steady her, the ship rolled and pitched with a motion so sharp and jerky that, unless one held to handrail or bulwark, to walk her decks was impossible. The parrals clacked. Chains slatted against the masts. Sails flapped heavily against the rigging. Bubbling in at the scupper holes, water flowed in lazy trickles from side to side of the main deck. Presently the skipper came up from breakfast. He gazed round the horizon. There was no cloud, no vestige of any cloud, in all the sky. He scowled, and called an order to the mate.

One by one, to save them from chafing, we clewed up the square sails till courses, topsails, topgallant sails, and royals hung idly drooping in their gear. We brailed in the spanker. We hauled down the gaff topsail, the staysails and jibs.

Without an inch of canvas set, the ship tossed lifelessly on water so limpid that if one dropped anything overboard it could be seen till it was far below her 23-feet-deep keel. It was March, and the sun was overhead. The heat was intolerable.

During the forenoon a school of blackfish appeared, and stayed to sport about the bows. There were a few bulls, the largest perhaps eighteen feet long. There were many cows, and a number of small calves. They had been under the bows for an hour or so when we saw the triangular fin of a shark approaching. It was a small shark, no more than five feet in length, but the blackfish instantly took themselves off.

A Norwegian sailor went to the carpenter's shop for the shark hook. From the carpenter he went to the cook to ask for a piece of salt pork. The bait was no sooner in the water than a number of pilot fish came to investigate. They were still swimming about it when the shark arrived. He dived, turned over, and rose with his white belly uppermost and his great semicircular jaws wide open. Another moment and, assisted by four of his comrades, the Norwegian was hauling him aboard.

A sailor fetched a capstan bar from the rack — a hard-wood bar some seven feet long, squared at one end, bluntly pointed at the other. They placed the pointed end between the shark's jaws and thrust it well into his throat. 'Bite on that, ye sailor-eatin' devil!' they jeered. He gnashed it savagely. They drove sheath knives deep in his brain. One cut his tail off. When, after a long time, he began to weaken, they cut his head off. An apprentice cut out his backbone to fashion it into a walking stick. Another took some of his teeth to have them made into tie pins

when the ship reached port. At supper that evening the Scandinavian and German and Finnish sailors feasted. But the English sailors and apprentices preferred to sup upon the customary hard-tack and thin tea.

Day passed, oven-hot, with the pitch bubbling from the seams and the deck too sun-heated to walk upon barefoot. After sunset we slapped sea water over the deck's length, to soak and tighten the scorched planks.

By sunset the swell had died down. After the decks were wetted, the sailors and apprentices gathered on the main hatch. The Norwegian who had caught the shark fetched his concertina. Twenty sailors danced, barefoot. Chips, the carpenter, sat on the bulwark to watch. The China cook stood grinning in his door. The two mates walked the quarter-deck together. The skipper moodily paced his poop.

Eight bells went. The sailors of the watch on deck and those of the watch below, and the apprentices of both watches, lay down on the hatches to sleep the night away. Lest they be struck moonblind, all slept with covered faces.

While the man at the wheel stood motionless in the bright moonlight, while the man on lookout on the forecastle head stood statue-still, the mate leaned on the taffrail and softly whistled for a wind. Shadows of mast and spar, of standing and running rigging, lay clear-cut upon the long white decks. No motion. No sound. From the open port of the cook's room, on the deck of which lay the pigtailed cook and his compatriot the steward, a heavy odor of opium pervaded the becalmed ship.

Morning came. The sun leaped from beneath the sea rim. As we finished scrubbing the spotless decks from end to end the skipper appeared. Scowling, he looked round the cloudless horizon.

Day passed, the ship utterly motionless upon an utterly motionless ocean. During the afternoon dolphins appeared — long, blunt-nosed, tapering beauties, some of them five and six feet long. While swimming in the sunlit water they were of scintillant emerald. When they swam close in, under the ship's shadow, they turned to scintillant purple and violet.

His hook baited with a scrap of red and white rag, an apprentice sat on the boom end fishing. That evening at supper the apprentices ate dolphin. The foremast sailors refused it. 'It'll poison a feller,' they said. The boys laughed at them; but within a few hours of supper the apprentices' heads felt swollen and puffy.

Night passed as had the preceding night, save that sheet lightning played incessantly all round the moonlit horizon. All night the mate or second mate softly whistled for a wind. Now and again the skipper appeared, pajama-clad, to gaze round the horizon for a time and return scowling below.

Another day came. Another night came. Not an air. No cat's-paw on the water. No motion. By day the blazing sun, by night the flashing lightning.

When the carpenter served out fresh water at four o'clock on the fifth afternoon the tank that had hitherto been drawn from was found to be almost empty. The other tank was still full. The carpenter pumped from it, and took a drink from the first bucket. He spat the water out and turned to the mate. 'Rats must ha' got into that tank, sir,' he said. 'It's foul. It'd kill a man to drink it.'

Our water allowance was cut to the barest minimum. Until rain should enable us to replenish the all-but-empty tank, we must go thirsty. There would be no more water for morning coffee or for evening tea. To save the precious water, the salt pork must be boiled in the soup. We cut buttons from our

clothing and kept them continually in our parched mouths to keep the saliva flowing.

Morning by morning we scrubbed the decks. Evening by evening we wetted them down again. During the day we worked in the blazing sun — some making spun yarn from old rope, some tarring the standing rigging, some chipping iron rust from the bulwarks, some painting. We no longer danced in the dogwatch. We no longer sang. At breakfast and at supper we munched sea biscuit — hard-tack that, having voyaged from Liverpool to Frisco, from Frisco to Australia, from Australia back to the Columbia, had grown soft. It was full of long white maggots. At dinner we swallowed pea or bean soup, and chewed old tough salt pork, the soup always over-salty from the pork that had been boiled in it. Night by night we gathered by the big wash-deck tub, and, having pumped it full, slapped sea water over one another's naked bodies. We took turns at sitting submerged in the tub. On Saturday evening we went without the customary weekly washing of hands and face. We went unshaved, our teeth unscrubbed.

While blazing day passed on to blazing day, we grew quarrelsome and bickered over mere nothings. On a Sunday afternoon two Scandinavian sailors came to blows. They fought on the main deck beside the forecastle, barefoot and half naked. Mirthful at their lack of pugilistic skill, the English sailors and apprentices jeered, and cheered them on. The skipper paid no heed. The mates looked on from the poop. Blood spattered the white planks. They fought till exhausted. The onlookers slapped sea water over them and urged them to further combat. They glowered at each other, muttered, and slouched wearily off.

Early that night, when the moon was not yet up and while for a brief space no lightning illumined the breathless sea, an apprentice reached into the carpenter's room and stole the latter's can of fresh water without disturbing his slumbers. Late in the night the carpenter woke, and strode to the deck blaspheming. He wakened the sailors and they damned him. He wakened the apprentices and they laughed at him. He went up to the poop to complain to the mate. Paying no attention, the mate leaned on the taffrail and softly whistled for a wind. The carpenter returned to the main deck, the torrid night resounding with his curses.

Twenty-one days, twenty-one nights we lay becalmed on the line. No sail set. No motion. No birds. No fish, since the dolphin. Thirst. Salt food. Hands sticky with tar and with paint. Faces stubbled and grimy. Eyes sullen. Bodies gaunt. Always, night and day, one or other of the mates softly whistling for a wind. Always the skipper mute and scowling. A ship forgotten of God, on an unremembered ocean, sun-dazzled by day, lightning-dazzled 'neath the stars and moon.

At dawn of the twenty-second day a jet cloud appeared low along the western horizon. While it slowly rose we fetched up the rain sail and, stretching it from side to side of the deck, made it fast in the mizzen rigging, its long canvas spout pushed down into the now all but dry tank.

We stripped off our clothes and gathered at the railing — twenty naked sailors, dry-mouthed and voiceless.

Hanging from sky to sea, the black curtain advanced slowly. Rain in a well-nigh solid sheet — a wall of rain, straight-falling. Flying fish leaped in myriads at its foot. Dolphin, albacore, skipjack, bonito, barracouta, leaped to catch them on the wing. Sea birds dropped from above, wheeling and screaming.

The skipper spoke two words to the mate. The mate's voice rang along the deck. '*Sheet home!*'

We grasped the long-idle sheets and sheeted sail after sail home. We hoisted staysails and jibs — twenty naked sailors, running and shouting hoarsely.

We lay outstretched on the decks, on our backs, our mouths wide open. Having drunk deep, we fetched bars of soap and soaped one another. Rain stood two inches deep on the uncanted deck. Streaming from the scupper holes, fresh water spouted to the salt gray sea. We shouted, we laughed, we jested. We played leapfrog, and slapped one another's glistening bodies, flat-handed.

A light puff of wind came. Block, sheet, brace, and halyard creaked as the sails jerked full. The ship heeled over. Bubbles burst at her bow. Bubbles raced once more along her sides. Sailor's weather again!

SAINTS AND I

BY ANNARRAH LEE STEWART

THE saints and I have roamed Sewanee hills
And hymned each sunset, prayed in every glen.
I sometimes meet the barefoot Francis men,
Their brown robes trailing through the shallow rills,
Their lifted eyes aglow. Above the mill's
Click-clacking drone I hear their songs, and when
I tread the marsh grass through a lonely fen
I meet Saint Werburgh's goose among the squills.

Saint Agnes' lambs are capering the sky
Above the Garner's orchard of peach bloom,
And from the dimly vaulted forest tomb
Saint Giles and his tame deer go lightly by.
And often in the cloistered garth below
Good Brother Lawrence kneels on moonlit snow.

THE LOST MILLENNIUM

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

It is barely a generation since John Addington Symonds estimated the importance of Byzantine art in the following trenchant sentence: 'The so-called Romanesque and Byzantine styles were but the dotage of a second childhood fumbling with the methods and materials of an irrecoverable past.' That, indeed, was all he had to say on the subject. Dismissing its effete inspiration with winged words and a distant roll of drums, he went on to consider the beauties of the Renaissance. And what he said has been said again and again by hundreds of honest folk.

I always knew that he was wrong; but life is short, and to explain to the deliberately unreceptive or to the devotedly prejudiced is all so much good time wasted. I have spent it instead scouring the museums of Europe for those precious relics of Byzantine art which he never troubled to look for; I have been to the great citadel itself, Byzantium the golden, and patiently searched for its hundred churches, content with a miraculously saved mosaic here or a lovely carved capital there. And I have been privileged to be the first infidel to excavate the soil of Stamboul itself, under the very shadow of St. Sophia, to find what I could of the broken fragments of those glowing centuries of Byzantine splendor. And it is all a heart-rending job. For the very thought that a thousand years of art have left hardly enough behind them to fill one museum is grim testimony to the destructive power of that barbarous virility which replaced the ancient stronghold of Constantinople with the warring states of Western Europe.

But when one has found the actualities of Byzantine art, the marvels of those fragile and intimate churches of Byzantium, the austere grace of her paintings, and the incredible delicacy of her jewelry, one is fortified against the vandal criticism of an Italomaniac. But — and this is the mistake that so many of the now more vocal defenders of Byzantine art make — defense is not here to be based on offense. To reinstate Byzantine art as the princess among the great periods that she deserves to be, one need take no other style of art into consideration. The claims of Byzantium are not made more strong by a denigration of Italy, of Persia, or of Islam. That is but to revive the disputes of old religions, to treat art as politics, to prostitute the compelling loveliness of a forgotten world. We can for once take the taste of our mediæval ancestors as our guide; for they, illumined by their own achievements in Gothic or Romanesque or even early Renaissance, still searched and searched again for those priceless gems of Byzantine art which might come their way as imperial gifts, as Crusaders' loot, or as genuine purchase.

Such relics as these have now been brought together from the museums and the cathedrals of Europe into an exhibition of Byzantine art just opened in Paris — the very first of its kind. Without the predatory taste for the Byzantine which the western Barbarians of the Middle Ages possessed in so marked a quality, I doubt if this exhibition would ever have been held. For, as one of its organizers has rightly said: 'Our ancestors never missed an opportunity of acquiring an example of Byzantine art; and we can see that they were not mistaken in their choice.' *Hommage aux barbares.*

Seeing this exhibition as I have just done, I am fortified anew. For here, now that they are all brought together, the exquisite jewels of Byzantine taste recapture for a passing second the warmth and splendor of the most luxurious and exquisite period of history the world has ever seen. An hour in these quiet rooms in Paris, where so much is collected, and all the sour wit of Gibbon is sweetened. Here is no Decline and Fall; here is the very birth and flowering of a new and gracious and intimate art such as the world has never seen. Indeed, comparisons cannot be made. Byzantine art seems almost to have sprung fully armed from the head of Zeus. For it is Greek in its reserve, Greek in its decision, and Greek in its delicacy; and yet it owes no sort or kind of debt to Greek art at all. It is the Greek spirit working in a new way. It is — or at least Byzantine art of the tenth century is — a completely new contribution to that never-ceasing creative spirit which we call the art of this, that, or the other period.

What struck me here, as indeed it has always struck me in the contemplation of any masterpiece of Byzantine art, though never so forcibly before, is that the Byzantine artist is a master of whatever branch of art he adopts. He, like his ancient Greek progenitor, made into a work of art whatever he handled, so that the distinction into 'arts and crafts' becomes meaningless. To-day we live in a snobbish age, an age when artists are often the worst snobs of all. To them the 'crafts' or the 'minor arts' form a branch of the lower orders of creative inspiration to which they will not sink. As a result, industry has captured them and left the poor artist to earn a precarious livelihood with his 'easel pictures,' his statues, and his masterpieces. And precarious it is, for there are but few people who will buy them, while the whole world is waiting for art to be employed in the things of daily life or in the smaller adornments that give us a portable and more convenient form of expressing our artistic appreciation. Still, if the artists are determined to starve, that is no concern of mine.

Abolish this distinction of arts and crafts and the artist can be active wherever he wishes. And at Byzantium that is exactly what he did. Nothing was too small or too large for him. The same man could carve the lovely marble Madonna relief, eight feet high, that was found a few years ago below the old Palace of the Sultans at Stamboul, and with equal joy a small ivory box a few inches square. The painter of pictures could turn his hand to a small mosaic icon half a foot in length. The sculptor could cut gems and the architect make an inlaid pavement.

How far we are to-day from this creative freedom! What open snobs we have all become!

II

Seeing so much Byzantine art gathered in one place, I have gained certain impressions that I have never been

able to arrive at before. For seeing the art of a thousand years piecemeal is an exercise in disjunctive absorption that only a fine synthetic brain can master. And I regret that I have a brain that is neither fine nor synthesizing.

I was struck first by the intimacy of Byzantine art. Just as its small and colored churches would warm the heart of the frostiest of worshipers, so its jewels and paintings and silks and ivories demand an instant attention from the most casual and convey an impression of immediate beauty to the most reserved mind. Like all great art, it needs no explanation: it arrives. But to one prepossessed by theories or prejudices it will fail to convey anything. Approach it simply and its answer will be simple.

Firstly its colors. The Byzantines were a subtle folk. They avoided the primary colors like the plague and they avoided subtle nuances as much. They were masters of *selection*. And they selected color in everything. In gems they were austere in their choice. Not a ruby or an emerald or a diamond will you see. They chose above all pale liquid blues — sapphirines and aquamarines. They seem to have had a passion for that strange sea blue that the ancient Greeks strove so often to describe. I have never seen any Byzantine jewel made of carnelian, or of amber, or of topaz. I think they thought such colors slightly vulgar, fit only for barbarians. But both in this exhibition and in all the museums and collections I have ever seen, two stones and two only are predominant — the sea-blue sapphirine and dark green bloodstone, spotted with red. Here and there deep lapis lazuli or amethyst is used, but not often.

These same colors appear again and again in their paintings and mosaics. There is one painting in this exhibition of the Christ on the Cross, sent from Athens. Below the Cross is Mary mourning. Her tall, strange figure, as far removed from the manner of Italian art as Rubens from Cimabue, is of one color only, a dark and enraptured sea blue. And the rest of the picture is painted on a gold ground, glittering and vivid. The figure of Mary is the figure of Sorrow herself, unmoving, remote, inhuman. There is no appeal here, in the sense that emotion rushes to one's mind; this is the very transcendence of grief. Byzantine art is often called intellectual and inhuman, but here it seems far more human than emotional art in that its meaning cuts straight through the heavings of emotion and conveys the very Platonic Idea itself. *Surréalisme* if you will — immediate contact with the artist's mind. And all this is achieved by a strange color and a strange form. Art critics may rage, but it is formalism blending with realism.

Perhaps in Byzantine silks and tissues the blend of form and color is even more amazing. Think of a silk on which are lions and stags, odd and heraldic, and the only colors dark royal blue, turquoise, and two shades of cream. Or another in orange, tomato red, and white; or a third in blue, black, and purple — all alike in great lozenge designs with griffins and elephants and lions. Together these superb silks bring the court of Byzantium before my eyes — that court which lives in the pages of Anna Comnena or in the dry manual *De Cerimoniis* of Constantine Porphyrogenitus.

III

Next, what impressed me most was the calm impersonality of Byzantine art in the sense that the personality of the maker himself is imperceptible.

You can tell the difference between the good and the brilliant, between the able and the slick, between the firm hand and the weak. But there is no nonsense about detecting the sensitivity of the artist. All one can detect is his immense preoccupation with his task, his utter devotion to what he has to do, and his absolute integrity in doing it. Here is no artist who wants to convey his own character and ideas to you. Instead, he is the essential Greek, aiming at what all artists of genius always aim at — a complete satisfaction of their artistic intentions, no more. So worked the archaic Greeks, with never a thought for glory or recognition. That is why they hardly ever signed their works in archaic Greece and why the Byzantines never signed their work at all. You may search for signatures and all the fun that such things provide for the art critic, and at Byzantium you will search in vain. Romans signed their statues and their gems frequently enough. Romanesque and Gothic Frenchmen and Germans signed their statues as often as they could — Byzantines never. Byzantine artists spoke, in all probability, of the 'glory of God,' but I doubt if it worried them much! They carved or painted or wove because they loved to do so and because it was their proper profession. That is what I mean by integrity. Contrast it with the progression of the modern painter who starts signing his pictures as 'William Henry Smith,' later, perhaps, becomes better known as 'Henry Smith,' and in the full flush of glory ends up as SMITH, crudely daubed in a corner in an affected scrawl that all good critics recognize! Or, as with Whistler, the affectation can be even more advanced and he can dispense with a signature and merely paint a butterfly on the frame!

All this hocus-pocus is alien to a period when art forms part of the life of the time and artists are not segregated. Byzantines achieved a style that diverged but seldom into individual variations. The style was forged by generations of men of integrity and, once forged and refined, existed as a supreme standard to which men had to attain to be artists. As they attained it they altered it insensibly, and as time went on it changed in their hands as a world will swing inevitably on its axis away from or forward to the sun.

One can just detect the alternations of season, as it were, in the march of artistic production in Byzantium. In the fourth century you can see Roman art suddenly fade and die, to be replaced by a superb formalism, derived, I think, from those strange Syrian folk whose work we see at Palmyra; then for a century all was cold again and nothing stirred. With the building of St. Sophia came a second blaze of skill and genius, to be extinguished almost at once by the fearful assaults of external enemies and the withering blight of Iconoclasm. But the sun rose once more in the eighth and ninth centuries, and by the tenth Byzantine art touched heights of splendor that were never surpassed. The eleventh century and the twelfth saw the Empire a paradise for art and a blaze of wealth that poured in from all four quarters of the earth. Then, in 1204, came the Crusaders and the envious Italians from Venice, with that archbrigand Enrico Dandolo. The Empire crashed, and her gold and jewels and paintings were scattered and burned and sold and bartered to every corner of Barbary — all in the name of Christ and the Holy Land, to which the Crusaders had forgotten to go. A century of darkness followed, with a series of French emperors as incompetent as they were illiterate.

They passed, and Greeks again held their city, but it was impoverished and empty, ready only to fall a little later to the gathering vultures. But, in that brief renaissance, art grew and flourished anew, and Byzantine art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is again a sunlit and vivid thing.

Vitality, then, is as strong as integrity with the Byzantine artist. He lives again and again, and his work is never the same. The commonest charge against Byzantine art is that it is repetitive, dull, and traditional, in the sense that there is no creation. To this there can be only one answer — that Byzantine art is perpetual creation, that it is variation within defined limits, and this is the severest test to which an art or an artist can ever be put. That was the secret of Greek art in ancient times. The endless repetition of Apollos and Aphrodites and the rest seems but dull repetition; and yet the greatness of art, as Polyclitus said, its most difficult stage for the artist, was when you came to the point of variation. That which made your Apollo differ from the Apollo of someone else was what decided whether you or he was the great artist. So with the Byzantines. Here are the Virgins, the Pantocrators, the Crucifixions, and the Saints, and in more secular art the great heraldic beasts and the intricate patterns, but the point wherein one saint or griffin differed from another was the point at which one artist could be identified as great and another as merely good.

IV

Sometimes I read that Byzantine art is but a *macédoine* of various Oriental and some Occidental elements, a rehash of oddments garnered by a decadent and weary folk from the various lands of Asia and Europe into which their conquering arms had penetrated. This exhibition at Paris has taught me how far worse than a half truth this creed is, for it suggests the utter artistic sterility of the Byzantines.

Like all great art, Byzantine art drew inspiration from all sources. After all, early Greek art was a blend of Hittite, Assyrian, and Egyptian influences. But there is all the difference in the world between a blend which is a mere aggregation of elements and a blend which is a transformation into something new with a vitality of its own. Those who think that the accusation of being a 'blend' is derogative have the minds of grocers. They are thinking in terms of tea and tobacco. Byzantine art, like all great art, borrowed and blended and then moulded it all anew into a fresh creation. And behind the blending, though this is a point that critics mostly forget, was the mind that made the selection. To choose aright you have to have impeccable taste and wise judgment, and those are two precious qualities that make for great art. The swift draftsmanship of the Sassanian artist had the same appeal to the Byzantines that it has for us. The bright liveliness of the Hellenistic painter charmed Byzantine eyes — though it did not control their hands. Syrian austerity, and the ancient hieratic styles of the mighty monuments of Asia, Hittite and other, that still stood above ground, captured their fancy. Thus in their new synthesis we find austerity, freshness of color, and swift delineation faithfully renewed. The sweeping lines of a mosaic apse, the simple fall of drapery on a marble relief or an ivory box, and the massive strength of Byzantine sculptured animals show what were their inspiration. Yet there is no single work of art from Byzantium that one could for a single moment mistake for

Sassanian, for Hittite, or for Hellenistic.

Seeing so much Byzantine art gathered together, I paused to think and to ask myself what particular emotions affected me. Strangely, I found them difficult to discover, or else so recondite as to be hard to identify. Yet there was no question that I was affected in some queer emotional way, and deeply affected. For there were works which drew my eye and held it by a fascination that I found it almost impossible to explain. I had some odd sense of exhilaration, some feeling of profound satisfaction that I could not analyze. Yet there was nothing overt in these lovely things that produced an immediate response with which I was familiar. There were none of the normal reactions: I did not feel myself charmed, delighted, envious, or overwhelmed — the conventional impressions which one derives from a group of masterpieces. There was something remote about these jewels and sculptures and paintings and silks which stirred something remote and unfamiliar in myself. I felt that I had been put in touch with a world that was not this world and yet not another, with something that mostly lies dormant in our ordinary experience. It is no use to explain it all by a facile belief in the 'hieratic' qualities of Byzantinism; Byzantine art may be 'transcendental' for all I know, but unfortunately I have never been able to understand what this word means. Sympathetic friends tell me that it implies a background of mysticism, which is but to explain the obscure by the incomprehensible.

V

Below it all, I think, really lies the fact that Byzantine art satisfies more than most forms of art because it is at once simple, intimate, and unreal. It reflects nothing, interprets nothing, and suggests nothing that is not more or less explicit. My emotional reactions to it are, simply enough, the satisfaction of emotions rather than their awaking. Byzantine art gives rather than takes. That is why I went away so profoundly refreshed. For an art that requires a whole system of responses from the observer is a troublesome art. It presupposes an educated public, and, in consequence, is simply the old snobbery all over again. And worse, it breeds art critics who act as midwives to the ignorant. As soon as art has reached the stage where it needs all this paraphernalia and all these high priests, it may as well shut up shop and produce merely for the delectation of artists. Byzantine art does nothing of the kind. It is understandable at once by the simple-minded peasant and by the emperor's retinue. Byzantium was, with all its courts and its glory, completely democratic. Emperors may have been half divine, they may have had the authority of a Pope and the despotism of the Medicis, but at any moment the populace of Constantinople was ready to hurl them from their thrones and replace them by a shepherd or a monk or a plain soldier. The history of the Empire is the history of democratic Athens all over again, with the same meteoric rises and falls of great men. And Byzantine art has that same democratic spirit. Greek blood and Greek mind do not change in a few thousand years.

Again I thank heaven that the art critics have not got at Byzantine art. There is no scope for their parrot talk of 'linear rhythm,' 'tactile values,' 'significant form,' 'life-communicating qualities,' and all the rest of the stock in trade. What balderdash it all is, to be sure! A Byzantine ivory and a

Byzantine cloisonné plaque of gold are just glorious creations, designed with the intention of conveying an impression of splendor and calm beauty. And there is a hint behind so many of them of the artist's desire to make you think how splendid he was to do such good work. Like Benvenuto Cellini, he seems to be trying all the time to show you that he was a fine artist, you a person of taste, and the work a thing of joy which pleased him, should please you, and will remain to please others. For every good artist must be proud, though that is no excuse for his being a snob.

Cellini is relegated to a lower order of artists by many discerning folk just because he talked too much about what he did and was obviously delighted with his own work. Nowadays the artist, having done his masterpiece, leaves the talking to the critics and is too proud to pretend that he is pleased with what he has done. He is expected to stand apart on a cloud like a minor Creator, with a take-it-or-leave-it expression on his divine brows. But Cellini produced his masterpiece, explained all about it, told you it was first-rate, and added that you were a fool if you could n't see it — which is a very different thing from withdrawing from the plebeian crowd and fitting on a halo of gilded snobbery. Cellini, I think, was the greatest sculptor of the Renaissance after Michelangelo, not an effete follower of others generated at the fag-end of the High Period, as he is so often made out to be.

And Byzantines, I am sure, were of the stamp of Cellini. They worked with passion and joy, and, as a result, never produced mediocre works. The standard of all Byzantine art before the fall of Constantinople in 1453 is astonishingly high. They had the finger skill of the Chinese and the Japanese and a capacity of design worthy only of the ancient Greeks. What a blend that can be their art will show you. Imagine an onyx plate (which I have just seen in Paris) in the centre of which is a gold circular cloisonné plaque. That plaque is not more than an inch and a quarter in diameter, and yet the scene depicted on it is the 'Last Supper.' Just think what intricate work went to its making, for the designing of every one of the figures at the table in a thin strip of gold, the hollows filled with different-colored enamels! No one but an Oriental could do it to-day. And yet the same artists could carve the great figures of emperors in purple porphyry which have survived the destruction of the Imperial City. The same men made the colored marble revetments which enclose the entire interior of St. Sophia or St. Mark's at Venice. It is this refusal to despise small-scale work which marks the Byzantine as a true artist, devoid of pride. For the true artist sees art in whatever he handles. Such were the Greeks of ancient times and the Greeks of mediæval times.

To-day we are more inclined than we used to be to give Byzantine art its due place in the history of art. But this reinstatement has produced the inevitable exaggeration. Defenders of Byzantine art are often as ridiculous as its opponents. Those who cannot decide between the two should go to the fountainhead itself and examine dispassionately the quiet genius of Byzantine art, which seems to derive an added calm from the fact that it was generated in a turbulent and violent world.

NEEDED OBJECTIVES FOR OUR SCHOOLS

BY VICTOR MORAWETZ

THE greatest aids to success and happiness are

(1) A sound and vigorous body.

(2) Ability to think clearly.

(3) Ability to speak and to write one's own language clearly and forcibly. (Ability to think clearly and ability to use language correctly commonly go together, each being in large measure dependent on the other.)

(4) Character.

The principal aims of our schools, therefore, should be to furnish training of the body, training of the mind to think clearly, training in the use of the English language, and training of character by inculcating high standards of honor. Education of the young should not, as commonly is the case, consist mainly of memorizing book learning and acquiring more or less superficial knowledge relating to a variety of subjects. Of the graduates of our secondary schools, the majority are not well developed physically and have not learned to think clearly or to express themselves in good English. In ancient Athens, education consisted principally of training the body, training the mind, and training in the use of the Greek language. Other languages were not studied and there was little written knowledge; yet the ancient Athenians have never been surpassed in literature, in philosophy, or in art.

Book learning can be acquired at any age; but the body and faculties can be developed only by training in childhood and youth. This training, therefore, should be carried on intensively in the primary and preparatory schools. However, as the preparatory schools are designed to fit boys for college, they cannot materially alter their curricula until the colleges change their entrance and graduation requirements. The lead, therefore, should be taken by the colleges by making their entrance examinations tests of the capacity of applicants for higher education rather than tests of memory.

Training in accurate thinking and apt expression cannot be acquired by merely learning lessons and passing examinations. It can be acquired only by free discussion with competent teachers and by the preparation and criticism of papers. Of course, students must first have informed themselves by reading upon the subjects to be discussed or written about, and the subjects chosen should be such as require clear thinking and discriminating expression. Students should also be required to pursue certain cultural studies such as English literature and history (though these require principally the exercise of memory) and they should devote part of their time to the acquisition of general information by reading books of their own choice. *But the principal objective should always be to train the students to think straight and to express themselves in good English. All the teachers, therefore, should*

be selected with special reference to their clarity of mind and their mastery of the English language.

Ability to speak and to write one's own language clearly and forcibly and to speak with a good voice and distinct enunciation is the greatest power and the greatest charm that can be acquired. Special attention should, therefore, be given to this subject in all the classrooms. The students should be taught to debate and to speak before an audience.

Thorough physical education should be obligatory, and its main purpose should be to develop a sound and vigorous body. It should include not only gymnasium work, but also tennis, swimming, and other sports that probably will be kept up in after life. Each boy should receive special training according to his physical needs, and any faults of carriage should be corrected.

To obtain the best results, students in the upper grades of a preparatory school and students at college must be taught in groups classified according to their capacity and industry. Only those students who are fitted for training in a particular group should be admitted to it and only those who show industry and make satisfactory progress should be retained. It should be recognized that the education of students of exceptional ability who are likely to become leaders in the community is of the utmost importance. The welfare of a democracy depends in great measure upon the quality of its leaders.

It is suggested that there be established a model secondary boarding school specially designed to furnish the training above recommended to promising boys at moderate cost. It should not be a school for the sons of the rich, but should be of a democratic character. Ample endowment would be necessary so that the cost of board and tuition would be within the reach of parents of moderate means and so that scholarships could be provided for the training of poor children of exceptional ability. It should be recognized that the education of children of exceptional ability, who are likely to become leaders in the community, and also the development of competent teachers for other schools, are matters of national importance. A democracy can exist without the millions of graduates of the kind commonly turned out by the high schools and other secondary schools, but it cannot endure without well-informed leaders of ability and character whom the voters are willing to follow.

EDUCATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

I

In the year 1800, more than 95 per cent of the population of the United States were engaged in agriculture. To-day 52 per cent live in cities of more than 2500 inhabitants, and probably not more than 30 per cent are directly engaged in agriculture; indeed, this number has recently been estimated at $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In other words, through the very recent growth of science and its application to industry — for this is unquestionably the main cause of the foregoing change — more than two thirds of the energies of our people have within a century and a quarter been freed from growing the products with which we feed our stomachs and clothe our backs, and are available for supplying other types of human wants.

The growth of civilization may be defined roughly as the process of the multiplication of human wants. But in all the eras that have preceded our present scientific era the productivity of the individual, who could work in the main only with his own muscles, was so small that a large fraction of the population was kept, and probably had to be kept, in essential slavery in order to meet the expanding wants of a despot and his court, or of a small favored aristocracy, no matter what may have been the name under which government was carried on. In other words, up to the present era civilization has always been a very limited affair.

But the foregoing figures show that it need be so no longer. Indeed, it is probably the growing realization of that economic fact which has brought autocracies crashing down at frequent intervals during the past two decades, and which in time must spell the doom of all of them. But what is the substitute for the age-old system of developing a civilization of the few who lift themselves out of the mire by standing on the prostrate forms of the many? The easy and the conventional answer is, Democracy. But a glance at the world to-day shows that in most countries democracy is only an empty word — a new dictator's shibboleth. Why? Because both theory and abundant experience show that democracy cannot succeed even in its diluted, republican, or representative forms except in countries which have an intelligent — that is, a reasonably well-educated — electorate, and very few countries have such an electorate. Any form of free government — any government in which decisions are to be arrived at by ballots instead of by bullets — must for its own preservation, then, educate its electorate, at least up to a certain point. Universal education, even to the extent of aiming at the extinction of illiteracy, is, therefore, a new thing in the world's history, as new as the existence of the oldest far-flung democracy — namely, a hundred and fifty years old; for autocracies have not wanted the people

educated, because it is easier to impose obedience upon illiterates than upon literates.

II

But how far should universal education go even in a country which is far enough along to be able to support some form of democracy, and what should be the relation between private and public educational agencies in such a country?

There I reach troubled waters and many cross currents of opinion. When I was a very young man, Edward Bellamy wrote a book containing his answer to those questions. He saw the state giving to everyone essentially the same education up to the age of eighteen or nineteen; this general education was to be followed by the choice of a calling and further differentiated training for the various vocations. A few years later, in 1895, I took a course in the University of Berlin with Friedrich Paulsen, at that time Germany's foremost educational philosopher. He first outlined for us Bellamy's scheme and then attacked it as fundamentally unsound. The average man, so he held, is much better fitted for manual activity than for intellectual labor, and much happier in it. Educate children all alike up to nine years, then let those destined for agriculture and the cruder forms of manual work begin to get experience in their predetermined calling and adequate training for it; also let the skilled-artisan class be separated and started on its vocational training, which will take it up to the age of sixteen or eighteen; and let only the small group destined for the scientific, engineering, and intellectual callings go on to the higher schools, the polytechnicum and the university. In a word, Paulsen's scheme reflected the stratified class system existing then all over Europe and prevalent there also to this day, though now perhaps to a somewhat less marked degree.

At that time Bellamy's scheme was looked upon even by himself as largely Utopian, — something for the future, — and Paulsen's discussion of it was to a considerable degree academic, for the economic situation did not make it possible anyway, and economics must in the long run be the controlling factor in any educational plan. But since then this economic factor has made itself a very large force in the United States through the applications of science to industry and the advent of mass-production methods. As shown by the figures with which I began, much less than half of our people produce more foodstuffs and raw material for clothing than all of us can consume, and the energies of more than a half are available for supplying new wants. Hence has come our recent development of such new wants as automobiles, radios, moving pictures, victrolas, newspapers, chewing gums, cosmetics, cigarettes, airplanes. In other words, we have created a whole series of new industries so that those who would otherwise be idle may get their share of the superabundant food and clothing.

However, despite these newly developed wants, at this day we do not know what to do with our surplus wheat. Labor-saving devices now seem to have produced all these new articles to the point of saturation, and the question that is thus being raised on all hands is, How can we still further increase, not the producing, but the consuming capacity of our people so that everybody can have a job? My friends say to me, 'Your science has been too effective already in cheapening production. Cannot you now apply it somehow, not to production, but to consumption, and solve this terrible unemployment situation?'

III

I may not be able to suggest a way out this year or even next, for a large part, if not the whole, of our present depression is due, not to any general trend at all, but to the fact that a period of ridiculous expansion and inflation must obviously be followed either by repudiation, complete or partial, — as in Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, — or else by a period of deflation before the general normal curve can be again reached.

To take just one simple but typical case: if, because of boom conditions, induced no matter how, Iowa land goes up to $400 an acre when long and world-wide experience shows that it cannot produce enough staple agricultural crops to pay the interest on more than $200 an acre, then there is no possible way of getting back to normal without carrying through insolvency the Iowa farmer who has borrowed on a $400 valuation, and with him the Iowa banks that have loaned on that $400 valuation. We are simply paying the penalty of such inflation now, and the consoling thing about it is that there *is* a normal curve which we must presently reach no matter how much our elated or our depressed psychology may have carried us above or below it.

What I wish to do herewith is to analyze the trend of this normal curve and see what factors are influencing it. It is the application of science to industry that is making the curve rise continuously in the sense that the work of fewer and fewer people is needed to satisfy our normal wants, or, better, in the sense that more goods are produced per man-hour so that more energies are released for the creation of new wants. Most of the new wants mentioned above are socially valuable. That every family of five in the United States can now have an automobile is a matter for rejoicing. The same is true with respect to the radio and the newspaper, since both of them have large educational possibilities. I do not feel the same way about the increase in cosmetics or in pornographic magazines.

But whatever differences of opinion there may be about some of these changes, there is one great new want which has been created by our increased productivity, and about which there will be no difference of opinion anywhere — namely, the educational want. Education has a capacity for consumption which is wholly unlimited and wholly beneficent if wisely used. It is the finest possible solution to the unemployment problem. It should result only in better and better government and in the spread of finer and happier living, for much of our misgovernment is due to the misinformation of the voter, and much of our misery to his sheer ignorance.

But, you ask me, how is the change to be brought about? Let me first present some facts that show how it is being brought about now. In the year 1900 the enrollment in the American high school was half a million pupils — 519,251, according to the figures of the Federal Bureau of Education. In the year 1928 it was just under four million, accurately 3,911,279, or nearly an eightfold increase, while the population was increasing but about 50 per cent.

Four million high-school pupils, which is more than half of all the population of the country between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, give employment to about 130,000 teachers, to say nothing of the employment supplied to the building trades, the book trades, the transportation industries, the janitors, and scores of others. This makes a larger total, I think, than the whole force of the United States Steel Cor-

poration, which employs, all told, 230,000 persons. This high-school teaching industry is, then, a new industry, one of the very largest in the country. It has a salary roll of teachers alone of something like $300,000,000 annually, and seven eighths of this has been developed within thirty years as one answer to the unemployment problem created by the replacement of human labor by the machine. According to government figures, we are spending on education, elementary, secondary, and higher, $2,450,000,000 annually, while the total annual output of the United States Steel Corporation is but $1,100,000,000. That is one result of our machine civilization, for nothing save our increased productivity could possibly have brought that result about — a result largely new, wholly beneficent, but generally overlooked entirely by the group of blind writers who cry out against the machine.

But that is not all. In 1900 there were enrolled in the colleges and universities of the country 168,000 regular full-year pupils. In 1928 this enrollment had risen more than fivefold, namely, to 868,000, or to about one eighth of all the population of the country between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two. This adds more than another half a billion dollars to the pay roll of this new industry. Now, whence have these billions of dollars come? From two sources. The high schools are of course supported almost wholly by taxation; part of the colleges and universities by taxation, and part by the voluntary contribution of private funds by public-spirited or otherwise interested citizens. Both of these methods or devices represent education's answer to the unemployment problem, its way of increasing altogether wholesomely the *consuming* capacity of a people. And note that the principle is capable of indefinite extension, for there should be no saturation point whatever to the demand of the public for education if the total economic situation permits it.

Further, if the education, whether of youth or of adults, is wisely done, its results should be cumulatively good. A better and better educated electorate should mean better and better government and ever-increasing sanity and happiness in the living habits of the people.

No new technique of distribution needs to be developed to bring this about. The methods are here: first, taxation, to which there is no limit except the total productive capacities of a people for enterprises that ought to be taken care of by the state; second, the procurement, by one device or another, of private support for educational enterprises that are better handled through private initiative.

IV

But there I have raised a question of very fundamental importance for the future of the American people. What kind of educational or other projects can best be handled by the state and what by private enterprise?

A very wise man who has recently visited our shores, Albert Einstein, wrote a two-column article on his impressions of America which contained more penetrating observation and more sound analysis than I have seen in all the books or articles written by foreigners about us in the last two decades. He said, in substance, that America's industrial superiority over Europe is due to the fact that she has somehow developed among her people a sense of social responsibility and a spirit of 'unenvious coöperation' which make it possible for her to handle even her greatest industries, such as her railroads and her other public utilities,

on the basis of private enterprise instead of public ownership. Also, said Einstein, the European is amazed to find America's finest cultural and educational institutions, for the same reason, on private foundations provided by men who have given of their private fortunes to found and maintain them.

Einstein has here touched the finest flower of our English heritage and of our American civilization: namely, the *distribution* of responsibility and power and influence through the method of private enterprise, resulting in the development of a widespread sense of social responsibility which pours private money continually into essentially public enterprises under private control.

Incidentally, this distribution keeps the blighting hand of a Bill Thompson from a large section of our American life, even when, through the failure of our electorate, such men repeatedly become chosen to posts of large political power. Is not this why our democracy, as yet only half educated, actually succeeds in muddling along in spite of the Bill Thompsons, who, even when so elected, cannot get their hands on the most important of our public businesses, including our higher education, which is almost everywhere else in the world either wholly or very largely a state function?

Is not the typically Anglo-Saxon method, I shall call it the scientific method, of moving forward by slow steps, of finding an intermediate device like a public utility, for example, in which government steps in to check private rapacity through fixing rates and limiting profits, while preserving the advantages of private non-political control and the capacity of letting men rise by their own merits to positions of leadership and to earned, not simply to elected, responsibility—is not this indeed, as Einstein implies, our greatest American asset?

V

And it is the same principle that dominates our American university organization. Our private universities are semi-governmental like our regulated utilities, for they are largely tax-free and to that extent government-supported; but they are subject to no political influence and are controlled by self-perpetuating boards of trustees, their funds in the main being provided voluntarily by people who believe it a great social advantage to have that sort of higher education continued. The amount of money voluntarily given each year to higher education in these United States is one of the most amazing and most inspiring developments of our times. If the American people are wise and if our governments, state and national, are wise, will they not stimulate to the utmost this type of private support of the privately controlled institutions of higher education? For, as Einstein at once observed, and as every thoughtful American knows, these are actually calling into being the finest scientific and cultural influences of our times.

This is just another device for educating our people by the greatest educational force in existence, *by thrusting responsibility upon them* — a device for distributing power and influence instead of concentrating it all in the elected officials of the state. Have not these elected officials more to do already than they can do well? Not only is there room for both types of higher school, but the interplay between them is what has historically given even our state institutions their success. It is easy to show that every dollar given to privately endowed institutions has

brought two dollars and more to higher education, and if it had been given by taxation or otherwise to the state institutions it could not have done so. Mr. Rockefeller, by his support of the University of Chicago, actually gave to education in the West many times the amount he put into the University of Chicago. Why? Because the presence of that outstanding privately developed centre at once caused the Middle Western legislatures to vote enormous budgets to their state universities. Had he given the money to them directly, a very small fraction of what has actually gone to education in the Middle West, even to these state universities themselves, could have been obtained.

I am merely trying to outline the methods by which the country's surplus energies, as represented by its surplus money, can best be got into the educational field, the ways by which the largest educational wants can be created, for these are the wants which make for the finest and highest development of human society. Automobile and movie and cosmetic wants may have a place, but it is a trifling place in comparison with that of the educational want, and the most effective way to stimulate that want is to stimulate to the utmost the flow of private funds into private educational enterprises. The normal processes of friendly rivalry and competition will be enough to take care of the state institutions, for the easiest possible money is tax money. That is the trouble with it. We need, and need badly, institutions that get their support in more difficult ways and hence have to learn how to use their funds with the utmost of wisdom, of economy, and of efficiency, and to show others how to do likewise. Is not the most grave educational danger that this country faces at this moment the danger arising from the tendency to discourage private educational enterprise, and other kinds of private enterprise also, through the too wide extension of Federal and state support and control? Is not the stimulation to private educational enterprise through the release from taxation, both by the state and by the nation, of all funds given to them the wisest possible policy either the state or the nation can pursue?

VI

I have been speaking, primarily, of our higher educational institutions. The lower ones are and probably should be more largely supported by the state, though I myself look for the rapid development during the next generation of our private secondary schools, because I think they serve a real need, though a less urgent one than is served by our private higher institutions.

But there is one question that I know I have raised in many minds: Are we not overdoing this whole business of higher education? In numbers, yes! And the remedy for it is simply to stiffen the requirements for the higher school and let the high schools go off, as they are rapidly doing now, more and more into vocational lines. We are undoubtedly oversupplying now the 'white-collar' class, but the high school is fortunately moving rapidly in the direction of the trade or vocational courses, and it should probably go further, much further, in that direction, for that is the one side of our American education which is at present underdone. What we are moving toward, then, it seems to me, is a wise compromise between Bellamy and Paulsen. We are indeed keeping all our children in school up to the age of sixteen or eighteen, as Bellamy suggested, but we are letting them find their aptitudes and get training in the direction in

which these lead, as Paulsen wished, while mixing into the education of all the groups a certain fraction of general broadening and enlightening studies such as Bellamy had in mind.

While we are indeed now overstocking the white-collar class by pouring out from our universities great hordes of people who have not the aptitudes and the capacities for effective intellectual labor, and by letting local influences force the expansion of so-called junior colleges into superfluous colleges, we can scarcely overdo the training of the carpenter, the barber, the bricklayer, the typist, and the housekeeper for the wise use of the leisure which the advance of science and its application are affording.

This is the great task that now lies before our secondary-school system, along with the task of giving suitable vocational guidance and a start, at least, toward vocational training. About one fifth of our high-school pupils are now going on to university studies. This is probably too many, but there are two sorts of remedy: first, the stiffening of university requirements; second, the powerful economic remedy found in the fact that the carpenter is becoming better paid than the mediocre university graduate.

I hope I have been able to show through the foregoing review of our educational situation that education in all its branches is society's best answer to the unemployment problem, and that we have with us already the technique for pushing it further and further forward, first through taxation, and secondly, and more important, through the further stimulation and development of private enterprise in education, both by state action in granting the schools relief from taxation, and by the development of an enlightened public opinion.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The Three-Quarter-Hour Society

I have been invited to join another society. The invitation proceeds from a lady who lives in one of the loveliest villages in New Hampshire; nay, that is not the way to put it — from a lady who lives in a New Hampshire village which is one of the loveliest in the world, but which is certainly not the sort of place from which I should expect to get invitations to join societies. Not world-wide societies, at all events, and this is a world-wide society.

Its name is the Three-Quarter-Hour Society. Its sole purpose is to pledge its members to devote three quarters of an hour to solitude and meditation at some time in the course of every waking day. The New Hampshire lady reminds me that meditation and solitude are becoming increasingly difficult to practise. She is right; I had noticed it. She says that the world is too much with us. She has good authority for it (older than Wordsworth's, for that matter). She says that it is difficult to get away from people, and almost impossible to get away from radios and gramophones. I have myself lectured on this difficulty, to audiences which would have been larger if more people could have got away from their radios and gramophones.

But she has a practical suggestion — which I had not. I had always supposed that the trouble lay in the fact that modern people did not want meditation and solitude, or did not want them enough to go to the trouble of getting them. If one wants solitude and meditation, I said, why not isolate one's self and meditate? There is no law against it. No state charges a license fee for solitude, and the police have no instructions to suppress meditation, except perhaps at busy traffic intersections. But the New Hampshire lady has put her finger on the real trouble. The world, she says, is full of people who want to go apart and meditate, but who will never have the courage or enterprise to do so until they can do it as members of a society, with the sustaining consciousness that thousands and thousands of other people are going apart and meditating in exactly the same way. They must be assured that what they are doing is not odd, not peculiar, not even individual. The meditation that they practise must be mass meditation; when they resort to solitude they must not resort alone.

And how true this is! Look at the difference it makes. Here am I, a lone and unorganized meditator. I say to my wife, to my guests, to the hostess of the house where I am staying, to whomever it may concern: 'I am now going upstairs to do my daily meditation.' What effect does this announcement produce on their unaccustomed minds? They at once conclude that I am a peculiar person. They begin to regard me with distrust, even with active dislike. A man who meditates may do other odd and awkward things. He may refuse to play bridge, or golf. He may want to go for walks, or to talk to the servants about their souls, or to do any of a thousand other things that are not done, and that interfere with the established order of social life.

But let me say, 'I am now required by the Three-Quarter-Hour Society, of which I am a member, to withdraw and do my daily meditation,' and how different will be the effect! My wife, my guests, my hostess, will look upon me with approval and admiration, as one who has been admitted to a great and obviously noble-minded brotherhood of which they themselves are not yet members. They will ask me how they can join. It will be apparent to them that meditation, since it is the practice of a whole society, must be highly beneficial instead of completely idiotic. I shall be pointed out with the finger, not of scorn, but of tribute. Not, 'There goes that poor fool, meditating again!' but, 'There goes S., the member of

the Meditation Society! Do you know, there are thousands of them, and they all meditate three quarters of an hour every day. Is n't it wonderful?'

For whereas peculiarity in an individual is reprehensible, peculiarity in an association of many individuals is highly to be commended. The man must not be distinctive, the organization must. The private vice is the collective virtue. In North America it would be thought peculiar for an individual to wear a fez; but what one man may not do without obloquy a hundred thousand men may do with universal applause. I can remember when it was considered queer, outside of Scotland, for grown men to knock little white balls around the pasture lot with long sticks; but as soon as it was perceived that it was not individual men but large associations known as Golf Clubs that were doing it, the taint was instantly dissipated. It was once considered peculiar to exhibit an interest in the serious drama or symphonic music; but this objection has been completely overcome by the simple device of forming societies to listen to serious plays and symphonic concerts.

I am not going to join the Three-Quarter-Hour Society. My reason, however, is not that I do not approve of it, but that I approve of it too much. Its idea is so good that I want to carry it much further. I am going to found a Twenty-Four-Hour Society of my own. The New Hampshire lady's society leaves twenty-three and a quarter hours of each day unprotected from the insistent contacts of an inescapable world. Most of these contacts are forced upon us by the appalling number of societies to which we all of us inevitably belong. The Twenty-Four-Hour Society will not demand that its members spend the whole time from sunrise to sunrise in meditation; that would be excessive. But it will pledge them not to allow any of that precious time to be intruded on by the claims of any other incorporated organization. They will then have plenty of time for meditation and every other useful form of human activity.

To enter my Society the applicant must renounce and abjure all membership in all other societies of an artificial character. To remain in it he must allow no new memberships to be thrust upon him. This is a tremendously difficult undertaking. It is so difficult that scarcely a man or woman in America in these degenerate times would be capable of carrying it through alone. That is why we must have a society for it; why we must band ourselves together for the purpose of standing alone.

We shall be hated, we shall be abused, we shall be martyrized. The community expects us to join societies. The state practically compels us to. I cannot lay bricks without joining a society of bricklayers. I may plumb the depths of misery alone, but I cannot plumb anything else without joining a society of plumbers. I cannot be a parson without joining a church or a bootlegger without joining a gang. The individual who abjures all society memberships will starve to death, if he does not perish more rapidly at the hands of an infuriated mob. But a society which abjures all other societies may manage to get by.

If it does get by, it will be able to offer its members many advantages. Unlike all other societies, it will be a money saver. He who joins it will never have to pay annual fees to any other society. He will never have to attend any annual meetings but one. He will never have to eat any annual banquets except with me. If he wants titles and offices, my society will provide him with them. I see no reason why we should not incorporate every office, title, and dignity of every other society in the world, by the simple process of adding the prefix 'anti.' I am willing to be the Anti-President. The Society can have an Anti-Kleagle, an Anti-Potentate, a Lord High Anti-Doorkeeper, an Anti-Diluvian, and a Most Antique and Antiseptic Anti-macassar of the Sacred Sofa. These officers will have no duties, for the Society will have no function save that of preserving its members from membership in anything else; but in that they will not greatly differ from their prototypes.

As prospective Anti-President of this society, I cannot join the society of the New Hampshire lady, and I have written to tell her so. But I can assure her that I and my fellow members will have no need of her society to enable us to snatch forty-five

minutes a day from the entanglements of life. Our whole existence will be one grand sweet forty-five minutes.

B. K. SANDWELL

PAINLESS

WHAT we moderns carry about with us all the while is an instinctive, dumb, unsatisfied craving for great experience. It gnaws faintly within us like those mild disquietudes of the stomach which seem to be neither quite dyspepsia nor quite health, neither honest appetite nor queasy satiety. It is a chord unstruck, a muscle unexercised, a void darkly throbbing to be filled. Life goes on, a good deal of it interesting, a good deal of it amusing. We have friends, achievements, distractions. But the great note of derring do, the high endurance and all the pomp of conscious fortitude, this plangent note remains unsounded.

And we deprive ourselves of this heroic note by our own agency. Unconsciously pining to burn at the stake, or to oppose a dauntless breast to the rage of some Ivan the Terrible, we end by adding more expensive upholstery to the Rolls-Royce. Finding no Socrates to elicit from our bewildered minds a better conception of our own good and pleasure, we follow comfort to our own insufferable tedium, and wind ourselves more inextricably in the toils of ease.

I discovered this during a recent visit to the dentist. Perhaps, not to slight the man's due titles and offices, I should call him the oral surgeon. But as a matter of fact his approach was crisply and efficiently taciturn. Oral he may have been, but he was vocal only within the strict limits of a somewhat brassy professional cheerfulness. As I sat waiting in his reception room for the summons to the chair of state within, my viscera began to send up premonitory thrills of expectation. I felt myself begin to curdle gently, to seethe inwardly with slowly increasing heat. Had I been a kettle of water on the stove at that moment, I should have begun to give off a mist of small bubbles and a faint, moist breath, preparatory to the full, jiggling harmonies of boiling.

Now, I felt, life is really going to present me with a major experience. I am about to be deprived of one of my members, an integral part of myself; almost, I might have said, a playmate and companion whom I had known since my earliest years. How many a succulent steak we had devoured together about the camp fire! Into how many a frosty apple we had bitten with delicious shooting pains on brisk October mornings! The wrench of parting would be severe. How should I bear up — heroically, with fortitude appropriate to so sharp a loss, or should I squirm and roll a coward's eye above my white bib? At least I was about to rise to the level of great experience, and no avoiding it. I was about to suffer an act of violence, to be invaded and devastated like a battlefield; and worst of all, I should have to pay the reparations and conduct the reconstruction myself. There would be blood and passion and upheaval. Life would reach a plane of high intensity.

For a time, circumstances contributed to my expectation. It seemed as though existence were really going to be lived for a moment or two on great terms. There was a sense of the sacrosanct about waiting in the austere reception room. It was a vigil during which one prepared for spiritual ordeal by inner purification. One must approach those moments of blessed agony purged and humbled, with a due sense of sin and of absolution. One after another of the waiting hierophants was haled away to rooms invisible, there to undergo his separate trial, to rise to communion with the one true reality from which we so sedulously insulate ourselves. Each time the summons came I gathered my inner resources and prepared to meet God face to face. The suspense itself attained the sublime. So should a victim feel who waits for the hour of execution to strike. Such postponements and delays are the stuff of high drama and perilous romance.

Even when in my turn I had been admitted to the sanctum where I was to be shrived, the illusion continued to be maintained. Nurses with their record sheets and sacred emblems of office — the unspotted headdress, the starched uniform, and the nun-like pallor of complexion which seems to characterize their profession — bent over me solicitously, seeming to estimate

by their gaze just how much this one could stand. More suspense and postponement, mounting to a climax of intensity.

At last the august figure of the oral surgeon himself, steel-eyed, blue-jowled, and built like a football player, a fellow framed for cold-blooded and scientific violence if ever there was one. His swift and phlegmatic preparations, the dull unpleasantness of local anæsthesia, then the strange, insensate sliding of the tooth from its socket. All is over! No more than that! Experience at no higher level than reading of the latest murder trial; sublimity as groundless as terror at a detective play.

Only for an instant the high, clear horns of anguish blew once and were still. Just at the apex of the surgeon's muscular convulsion, when his short, thick, savage little vise was fumbling for a grip at the base of the jaw, it seemed as though the crown of my head would burst out, and through the hole come flying the surgeon's hand, his implement gripping with its iron knuckles a raw, white tooth trailing bloody tentacles. But only for an instant; a mere moment's illusion of what the glorious climax might have been. Then life again, flat, stale, and unprofitable. Not even to myself could I pretend that I had been disabled. Hopefully I took the aspirin tablets proffered by a sympathetic nurse; but I never felt the pain they might have alleviated. Prosaically, I got into my car and drove myself home.

I understand that a new means of rendering childbirth painless has been discovered by a prominent hospital. We might have anticipated this; we might have expected that our entry into the world would be reduced to the level of dentistry. It is the trend of time and circumstance; it is the march of science throttling the rich potentialities of the spirit.

But while man is always imposing some kind of burden on himself, eventually he corrects his excesses, and revolts against his adopted ills. This will prove as true of comfort as of other discomforts. I have heard of South Sea Island tribes whose life is almost fabulously idyllic. Enjoying the simplicity and innocence of Eden, free from devouring monsters, plenteously supplied with food, unacquainted with pestilence or the sword, they, if any of our race, ought to be ignorant of pain. But not content to be happy, they have devised an elaborate ceremonial of tattooing in which, as an initiation into manhood, the youth's kneecaps, not to mention large areas of his back and thighs, are pricked all over with needles to his no small agony.

Let not the moral escape notice. We may add painless childbirth to painless dentistry, we may multiply devices for comfort and ease; but sooner or later, perhaps when we have been delivered — nay, even precluded — from all involuntary pains, we shall begin imposing on ourselves for pure satisfaction what we have so long and so successfully striven to avoid. We shall benignantly walk barefoot over hot coals, or smile as our friends spray us thick with arrows like Saint Sebastian. The appetite for great experience will somehow be satisfied.

THEODORE MORRISON

A FIRST EDITION

I USED to try to hide myself
From eyes that searched along my shelf,
So much I dreaded being read —
Remembering what the printers said
When, after I was finely bound,
Someone glancing through me found
A typographical mistake.
Such a commotion did it make
(Although it really was but slight —
Inverted vowels in 'neophyte'),
I thought the blemish must be great,
And brooded sadly on my fate.
Yet for many years I heard
No more about the misspelled word.
And then one day a bibliophile,
Far-famed for his collecting zeal,
While hunting for some rare old book,
Gave me a long appraising look.
He took me down; I wondered why.
Suppose that error caught his eye —
He'd close me quickly in disdain
And put me on the shelf again.
A moment, and his eyes were dwelling
Upon that one mistake in spelling. . . .
Needless fear! The thing was not
A blemish, but a beauty spot,
A *point* ensuring my position —
I am a cherished first edition.

E. D. GARNER

Battered Caravanserais

The abandoned farmhouse is one of the most melancholy of objects. With its mute story of long human endeavor frustrated by time, it commands the respect due to tragedy, a tragedy with the wilderness as its back drop, the generations for characters, and a lowering of the curtain through centuries 'to denote the lapse of time.'

But who has sung the abandoned summer hotel? Here is something much nearer the three unities of classic tragedy. In time, the drama lasted but a day, a morning of fashion and an afternoon of declining fortunes. In action, the story was limited to a dance and a departure. In place, it was always Nowhere. No one ever called it Home; it was spectral even in its brief sojourn among the verbal actualities. And since it was always built, owing to the untamable perversity of mankind, in a situation sure to mock its 'life' when it had any, — beside the sea or beneath the mountain, — in its best moments it was more ghostly than now, when the sand has drifted in over the parquet dancing floor or pine needles have choked the paneless windows. Now it is more a part of the natural forces so soon to devour it altogether.

I suppose it has found small favor in literature because it must rank among things unheroic, perhaps even sordid. Yet, to confront suddenly after a walk along a wind-swept beach the evidence of man's playtime, every shutter banging and every chimney awry, imbues one with a deeper sense of human pathos than the more obvious symbol of the dead farmhouse, where, though man has failed, he has at least failed during his nobler moments. The briary hillside rusted a cosmic plough at last, but what have these rotting piazzas to remember but the rhythmic tap-tap of dowagers peering through the glass at the dancing within, or the self-conscious kiss between Seventeen and Eighteen — those two so soon to part on separate ways toward Seventy and Eighty. The summer hotel is nowhere in any life. It witnesses only the nothings, and those who dallied there look back on their summer selves as nobodies. It has naught to do with the serious business of life, the sustenance, the mating, the begetting, the dying. Surely no one was ever born in a summer hotel; surely no one ever died there. And when it falls into ruins, it shows only a jackstraw pantomime against the unchanging sea.

Years ago, I was so legitimately shipwrecked in Barnegat Bay that after fourteen hours of being tossed about in my catboat I was taken off by the life guards. On the spit of sand separating bay and ocean I saw a towering hotel, alone in that vast expanse between sky and sea. The prospect of warm human comforts amid the desolation appealed to me so much that I was eager to repair at once to that hotel, splash in a warm tub, enjoy a fine dinner, and sink into bed. All these fireside longings took shape as a mere question concerning the hotel and the possibilities of my getting a room there. Dusk was coming down over the inland pines seaward, the light still looked angry from the retreating storm, and between dusk and sea I gazed as toward salvation at the gaunt hotel on the beach. My rescuers chuckled. The hotel had been abandoned for more than fifteen years.

As we rowed nearer, I saw they had spoken the most modest truth. Unshuttable doors stood agape on the piazzas, the windows were all broken, gables leaned on each other for support, and the wind roared. What would one find within of all the gayety once assembled there for so short a season?

A square piano with a few rusty strings, some bottomless chairs, in the closet of room 221 the ribs of a moth-eaten fan — nothing important in any life apparently, and, even if important, of what account as the sea crept year by year up to the front steps? Since the place had been deserted, someone had scrawled dirty limericks on the walls, and someone else, in counter attack: 'Shame to the boys of Barnegat!' But who were the boys of Barnegat? And who, before them, had signed the register of that wind-whispering hotel? I camped out there, to the astonishment of the life guards, and amused myself by dancing a saraband in the ballroom. But I was nowhere, I was no one, and all the throngs who once had danced there were like unto me.

There was also that old hotel on Katama Bay (and, since my own experience in these matters is so rich, I must hope my readers have been equally impressed). It stood some miles from the nearest house. North of it was Edgartown; in the other direction was South Beach, in those days a quite 'unimproved' waste of sands, wrecks, and sea. At one time a little railroad had connected the hotel with Edgartown, but only a few ties here and there showed the course of it. I know now that the architecture of the hotel was not bad, although at the time I took my photographs I had no such notions of taste. It was a rather comely building in the manner of a château, an octagonal tower at one end, a high mansard gable at the other, and between the two a low roof looking down on the lawn. Even then the place had been deserted for many years. To-day nothing of it remains except a cottage in Edgartown which was reconstructed from the gable end of the structure.

It was one of the most romantic retreats of my boyhood, and is connected in my mind with boats, for one had to sail down Katama Bay to reach it; with jeopardy, for the roofs always tempted one to risk one's neck; and with comrades, for it was too vast and terrrifying to explore alone. First, one came to the broken spiles of the wharf, then, disembarking, to a cinder bed that had once been the railroad. Tennis courts could still be traced in the sand, and signs of an old road recalled the legendary trotters of our grandfathers. Inside the hotel everything was in place, though mutilated by yahoos. The rumor was that some great railroad company had owned the hotel and when it failed had been too indifferent to remove the furnishings. In any event, the floors were still carpeted, chairs stood about awaiting the chatterers, and in the rooms upstairs the beds and bedroom crockery were intact. From the second story one looked out over endless miles, the distant town, the scrub oaks, the bays beyond. And even to the boy's mind, as he listened to the wind whimpering down the long corridors, occurred the importance of all this.

If man has accomplished anything, it is his ability to do his work in nature, and then, in spite of nature, to make her his playmate. When he has garnered his sustenance from the sea, let him play in the sea; when he has sweated over his soil, let him lie back on it and listen to the sound of the pines. Nature has every reason to be grateful to man for his brief articulation of her. To be sure, he often mars her, both by his industry and by his leisure. But the deepest scars he can carve into her will be long since obliterated before she feels the frosts of the eventual winter. Man has suffered so much of damnation, both in his toil and in his idleness, who would not look upon the deserted farms with tears in his heart? Or who upon the abandoned hotels without a smile of pity? Yet, for this while, it is good to think that there are other farms to take the place of the old, and that Seventeen and Eighteen are still pledging their foolish troth on the piazza of a summer hotel.

ROBERT HILLYER

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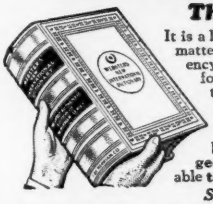

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

THE most accomplished English novelist now alive, John Galsworthy can look back on a performance ranging from short stories, such as the *Five Tales*, to his hard-hitting essays on the cruelties of English hunting; from plays, such as *Loyalties* and *Old English*, to that long shelf of purple-bound novels of which *The Forsyte Saga* is his most noble and enduring work. Since 1906 (when *The Man of Property* appeared) we have had each year a 'new' Galsworthy volume, a 'new' Galsworthy play; and as his writing has increased in body, so has it advanced in its knowledge of people and of the social injustice from which so many have suffered. An uncommon interval preceded this, his latest novel; to it we turn, confident of those Galsworthy qualities, pity and warmth of character, and aware, too, of his earlier English folk who live on in the mind of the reader and with whose stories this new one will inevitably be compared.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Maid in Waiting

[Scribners, $2.50]

APPEARING four years after the last novel of the Forsyte series, *Maid in Waiting* is again, in distinction of style, in truth of characterization and emotion, in humor, and in saddened thoughtfulness, the essence of Mr. Galsworthy — yet with a difference.

The Forsytes are as real to us as our late grandfathers and great-aunts. So it is with a sense of familiarity that we discover that Dinny Cherrell, the Maid in Waiting of the new novel, is cousin to Michael Mont and hence cousin by marriage to Fleur Forsyte. However, in the contrast between Fleur and Dinny is embodied the essential difference between this book and *The Forsyte Saga*. For each girl is the daughter of her line. The spirited and charming Dinny is pronounced by that wise man her uncle, Sir Lawrence Mont, to 'contain the answer to the riddle of the English lady.' Unlike the frank individualist Fleur, predatory and none too scrupulous, Dinny is the child of traditions. The Cherrells belong to 'an order bred to go on doing the job, not because it saw benefit to others, not because it sighted advantage to self, but because to turn tail on the job was equivalent to desertion.' Of Hilary Cherrell, incumbent of St. Augustine-in-the-Meads, Mr. Galsworthy says, 'It was bred into Hilary, coming of families who for generations had manned the Services, to wear himself out, leading, directing and doing things for people about him, without conviction that in his leadership or ministrations he was more than marking the time of his own duty.' To Dinny, the obligation to lend a hand is a matter of course. The inner significance, however, of her title of Maid in Waiting is her fastidious refusal of half-baked emotional experience.

A lesser difference between *Maid in Waiting* and *The Forsyte Saga* is in the more highly colored drama of the new novel. The madness of Ronald Ferse, and the plight of young Hubert Cherrell, accused of the murder of a Bolivian whom he shot in self-defense, furnish a strong element of excitement and suspense. The author himself suggests — thus anticipating the reader — that in the plot for the rescue of Hubert there is a whiff of the films. But if the sequences of this drama were the heart of the book, it would mean that Mr. Galsworthy had ceased to be himself. The heart of the book is once more the author's preoccupation with the problems of human suffering and of injustice.

A point of interest is the incidental discussion of the reason for the imperfect sympathy between Britons and Americans. Much wisdom on this matter is put into the mouth of Sir Lawrence Mont, and some into the mouth of Professor Hallorsen, the American. Perhaps it is carping at trifles to suggest that the author slightly disables his own judgment when he has Hallorsen say of English toppers, 'They seem to me so cunning.' I would swear an oath that no American man could be found who would thus phrase his opinion of male headgear.

This novel, like the rest, is rich with the love of English earth and the sense of the divine continuity of beauty. I think that for the counterpart of the English essence in his landscapes, particularly in his fragrant nocturnes, one must look back to the lyrics of Matthew Arnold.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

WILSON'S MEN

No members of President Wilson's Cabinet exercised such varied and such vital functions as did Newton D. Baker and William G. McAdoo, nor were any others of that much-decried group subjected to so much abuse. As our war administration crosses from the field of politics into that of history, public opinion begins to recognize the size of the difficulties which it confronted

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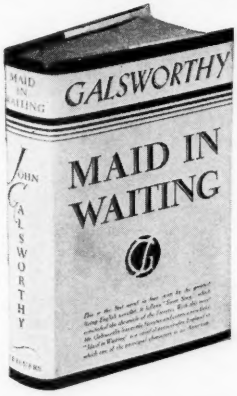

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The BOOKSHELF

and the range of its accomplishments. Whatever the cost and the waste, whatever the relative contribution of our government to Allied victory, it did accomplish the task undertaken when the United States entered the war. To this fact two recent books, one by a distinguished war correspondent, the other by Mr. McAdoo himself, bear ample witness.

To the historian it is immediately obvious that ***Crowded Years: Reminiscences of William G. McAdoo*** (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00) is of the lesser significance. As an autobiography, its tone is personal, and a large portion is devoted to Mr. McAdoo's prewar activities, which, apart from the Hudson Tunnels, had little general importance. But no one can question its interest, for Mr. McAdoo writes cheerily and breezily, with great skill in condensation and explanation of complex situations. The book reflects the courage and good temper of a great promoter, never appalled by difficulties or confused by details or worse than slightly irritated by the tactics of his opponents. It reflects equally the never-failing youth of Mr. McAdoo and his zest for accomplishment. If the critic objects to the impression that the author was the giant that put over the Liberty Loans and rescued the nation from its transportation tangle, we must not forget that as Secretary of the Treasury and Director-General of Railroads he was the target of criticism, and therefore must receive the credit.

In general the tone is kindly, if rather Olympian. In treating weaker personalities, such as McCombs, the author is generous. In handling the bigger men this trait is not so evident, as appears in his belittling the work of Hoover in Belgium, which he describes as 'a celebrity easily won, I fancy, as I judge from long observation that the job of giving away things requires very little wear and tear on one's ability.' The historian's chief quarrel with Mr. McAdoo is one that arises with most autobiographers: he leaves out so many things that would spoil the picture. There is no hint of the financial snarl arising from the building of the Hudson Tunnels; no one would guess the share of Mr. Garfield in settling the coal crisis; the table of profits on page 494 gives as much significance to the 'fly-by-night' or 'snow-bird' companies as to the important corporations. The author's rather casual and entirely optimistic treatment of his successful management does not leave the reader with perfect confidence in the accuracy or the comprehensiveness of the picture.

Mr. Newton Baker was neither casual nor optimistic, but he emerges from **Frederick Palmer's** very important two-volume study, ***Newton D. Baker: America at War*** (Dodd, Mead, $7.50), with the characteristics of a statesman and a philosopher. Those characteristics, once the flood of war-time abuse subsided, have recently been attributed to him by opinion in many quarters. The change in popular estimation is justified by the historical documents. Although the book begins and ends on a personal note, the author has by no means followed the biographical method; it is hardly less than a comprehensive history of America's war effort, attaining approximate but certainly not perfect unity through the central figure of the Secretary of War. Equipped with a broad sense of military and political background and provided with access to Mr. Baker's personal correspondence with the President, the cablegrams between the War Department and the Headquarters of the A.E.F., the minutes of the War Industries Board, Mr. Palmer writes with authority, and his conclusions are impressive.

The first volume is devoted to the attempt to transform a great industrial democracy, possessing no effective coördinating organization, into a war machine, capable not merely of raising men and materials, but of delivering them in the quantities desired, at the time and place demanded. The size of the operation and the novelty of the task and the lack of an operating organization produced confusion. The second volume is devoted to the process of developing order and to the utilization of men and materials by the Commander of the A.E.F. Mr. Palmer does not have to emphasize the difficulties, he does not gloss over the mistakes. His impressionistic but quite unsensational style, characterized by leaps from one picture to another without transition, reflects the confusion: an existent but inadequate general staff, initial lack of funds, the draft versus volunteers, industry turned militant, lack of ships, aviation delays, quarrels with the Allies, the health of the soldiers, making and breaking generals, the battles, demobilization.

From it all Mr. Baker stands out as a man capable of extraordinary development, who grew in administrative capacity with the problems he confronted. The documents attest the multifarious character of those problems and his serenity in handling them, a serenity proceeding from no lack of appreciation of their significance, but from a capacity to delegate them to able associates. Above all, the documents attest the most unswerving support ever given to an American general in the field.

CHARLES SEYMOUR

***Trails to Inmost Asia*, by George N. Roerich**

[Yale University Press, $7.50]

YOUNG Mr. Roerich has soberly recorded the course of this colossal journey in admirable fashion, avoiding all the unamiable traits of the 'writing adventurer.' It was a five-year trek through inmost Asia — and that is enough to make you read the book. The author's academic training fitted him to take to the field, and his knowledge of Tibetan must, by this time, be superior to that of any other active traveler, bolstered as it is by Sanskrit and by Chinese, and paralleled by other

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The BOOKSHELF

tongues, like Mongolian. However, this account is written for the layman, and the native word is added only where it seems necessary.

The whole thing is an expanded diary with all the merits and demerits of that artless form of narrative. It is a blessed thing, of course, to be spared pages of description of mountain scenery which inevitably fail to arouse the emotions in the reader that they did in the traveler. But when the writer confines himself to the statement that a Himalayan mountain torrent filled with boulders and edged with thick ice 'made difficult crossing for the ponies' one has a right to feel cheated out of both description and narrative. Harassed, overworked, often underfed, half-frozen, cheated by the filthy villagers on those barren heights, the little party — including four women — made head against that truly awful country without gayety and with no reported humor. Tibet is not gay, nor are the endless salt marshes of the western Gobi Desert. Still, for spice, I would provide every traveler with Owen Lattimore's sudden bursts of the ridiculous or Doughty's sounding periods.

The author's father, Professor Nicholas Roerich, painter and mystic, was leader of the expedition, and in his book, *Shambhala*, we get perhaps more humanity and philosophy than in his son's. But the son was wrangling, by pony messenger, with village chieftains two mountain peaks away. He was busy doctoring diseased yaks, doling out reluctantly the dwindling stock of silver, and making vocabularies of rare dialects with numbed fingers.

The arrest of the party, the 108 days when, ridden with scurvy, and with a failing food supply, they were held prisoner and forty-five camels died, the daily unending senseless bickering with the few officials whom they were allowed to interview, were a strain that must have been prodigious. In spite of it all, the observations went on. Weather, temperature, geology, ethnology, folklore and the religion of the region were noted with scrupulous care. A modern 'animal style' in decorative art, kin to the work of the ancient nomads, was established. The hopelessly intricate pantheon of the debased Buddhism of Mongolia and Tibet was studied. So too was the little understood Bön-po worship of the Roof of the World.

This book must possess enduring value. Among other reports of that far country the account of the Ja Lama is one of the most fascinating. It rounds out the rapidly growing folklore of the amazing character who perished a bare nine years ago. Ossendowski introduced him to us, and the Western world jeered. This reviewer substantiated Ossendowski's accounts and secured, near the Sinkiang border, a photograph of the Lama. Owen Lattimore passed the ruins of his fort and was at some pains in gathering his story. Now comes Mr. Roerich with still more dates and facts. What a pity the Lama was murdered in his yurt! What a loss to the twentieth-century priesthood is a clergyman who could ride his horse beside a racing Mongol to reach over and strangle him, a general who revived the corpses of his men after an action! I love that man's memory because he met and put to flight Little Hsü, the most cynically cruel Chinese bandit who ever wore a general's uniform. My snapshot of the Lama shows a muscular young priest with a gentle oval face, and it is on my table as I write.

Among the discoveries in this book one little sentence sticks in my head that may be very significant. 'Old caravan routes connecting Tibet with Mongolia and China are losing importance; Kalimpong and Calcutta are the main outlets to-day.' If that is indeed the tendency, as it seems, the whole hinterland that depended on caravan traffic will dry up, tribes and small nations must migrate or die. The flight of a Tatar tribe was caused by precisely such a happening, so too were the world conquests of the Scourge of God and Timur the Lame. A few millions of simple people will be profoundly affected, certain great houses anciently established in the City of London will fall abruptly or more likely crumble slowly. The Orient will have readjusted itself, and the Occident will be unconscious.

LANGDON WARNER

WE think of England under Edward VII as an obliviously happy place in which to have lived. But in the reminiscences now coming to light we find that people enjoyed themselves with a very real thought of the consequences.

THE EDWARDIANS

THE merits of the old and new type of biography are most agreeably blended in **H. E. Wortham's *Edward VII, Man and King*** (Atlantic and Little, Brown, $4.00).

In a clear, compact style the author, with an excellent sense of proportion, follows in twelve chapters the sixty years of the Prince's progress, and in seven chapters the meagre nine years of his reign. An introduction sums up in a brief and semi-philosophical essay the general impression of a too brief rule which, had it been possible to begin sooner or end later, might have averted some of the tragedies of the last twenty years.

To us, of a pseudo-psychological age, it seems inevitable that the son of Albert the Good and Victoria the Strict should have degenerated into Edward the Transgressor, but to those bewildered parents it was incomprehensible why, in spite of precept and example, he should have developed into a profligate prince. This wise and discreet biographer indulges in no unnecessary gloating over gossip. He neither denies nor overemphasizes the imperfections of his hero, but he sets down naught in malice; the various adventures with ladies of title or talent whose nineteenth-century beauty enriches many of the pages are less exciting than the chapter succinctly termed 'Baccarat.'

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The BOOKSHELF

To us of the thirties, who are probably neither better nor worse than our forbears, it is amusing to find that the Edwardian vices are as definitely 'dated' as the Victorian virtues. Fashions rather than morals differentiate the two eras, and the author himself, in speaking of Edwardian society, says, 'The *décor* is to our time as a Tree production at His Majesty's to a Metro-Goldwyn picture.'

There is much of political and historical interest in this pageant of a day that is dead, and the picture of the hero is by no means the only portrait vividly set forth against a sumptuous background. When this life of a very human Prince, and of a wise King, gifted with natural tact and dignity, is ended, one feels that, with all his faults, England could have better spared a better man — she has never *had* to spare a better King.

The daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis-West (herself an Irish lady and one of the King's special circle) was **Daisy, Princess of Pless,** who in a book three years ago skimmed the cream from her personal diaries, rich in lively comment on a vanished world. The hope of indiscreet comment and revelation is suggested by the title of her second book, ***Better Left Unsaid*** (Dutton, $5.00).

An excellent introduction by the editor, Major Desmond Chapman-Huston, prepares the reader for the diaries which follow, dating from 1896 to 1914. They were written for the most part in Germany and England, and describe with sprightly vividness the social life of the highest court circles of Europe. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the German Emperor and the Crown Prince, besides many other royal celebrities and their satellites, flit in and out of these essentially personal pages, which are well worth turning over. The authenticity of the book is perhaps its greatest merit. Here was a social reporter who was no mere hanger-on, no purveyor of backstairs scandal, but one who was born, if not to the purple, certainly to lilac or lavender — a beautiful storybook Princess endowed by the fairies with all material blessings.

There is a wistful sincerity in the confidences made to her 'dear diary,' and underneath the gayety and lightness of the writer one feels a genuine spiritual longing for that peace which 'The World' did not give, and the nostalgia of an expatriated Englishwoman destined to live in an alien land during a most difficult period.

Perhaps as interesting as anything in the book are the comments on the Kaiser, made after the Princess had closed her diary. It is an illuminating analysis by one who knew him intimately and judged him impartially.

It was in Socialism that another beautiful member of the *haute noblesse* sought an antidote to the sawdust discovered in the pleasures and palaces mid which she has roamed for over half a century. The first sentence of the **Countess of Warwick's** latest sheaf of memories, ***Discretions*** (Scribners, $3.00), is arresting in its paradox. 'Queen Victoria was the first person to inspire me with socialistic views.' All through these personal reminiscences of the gay and worldly 'Marlborough House set' in which Lady Warwick shone as a bright particular star, one finds an incongruously serious strand woven among the glittering threads of the narrative — a strand of sympathy for the poor and downtrodden and of righteous wrath at social injustice, ending in a public espousal of the cause of Labor. Considering that all personal diaries, letters, and records were destroyed in a fire at her family place at Easton, we can only marvel at a memory which retained so much entertaining gossip concerning 'that curious period of English social life in Victorian and Edwardian days when the pursuit of pleasure was uppermost in the minds of the upper classes.'

The facts, comments, and anecdotes composing the record of the Prince of Wales and his circle which the Countess of Warwick was asked to write read much as if they were culled from a *Who's Who* of the English aristocracy. But it is the things she was not asked to write that interest us the most, including valuable comments on politicians and prime ministers, soldiers and generals, famous throughout the world. Her picture of a changed England is the more convincing for being written by one of the chief ornaments of the old order who is now one of the warmest champions of the new.

F. Howe

Dr. Gay concludes for us, in this issue, his appraisal of the historical novels which have been returning to favor this autumn. His earlier review appeared in the November *Atlantic*.

Past and Present

Having completed her stirring trilogy of novels relating to Lincoln, **Honoré W. Morrow** now turns for inspiration to the life of another great American. ***Black Daniel*** (Morrow, $2.50) narrates the story of Daniel Webster's courtship of the young woman who became his second wife. It will be remembered that Webster first married Grace Fletcher, a New England schoolteacher, who died twenty-one years later, and that in something over a year he married Caroline Le Roy.

The theme of the novel is the influence of a woman upon the career of a statesman, for when Webster first meets Miss Le Roy he has firmly resolved to retire from public life. The deaths of his first wife and his beloved brother, Ezekiel, uniting with disgust at malicious gossip concerning his relations with a woman, make him think with longing of his farm at Marshfield. But the fascinating Miss Le Roy, after snubbing him at their first meeting, ends by accomplishing what all the persuasions of his friends and admirers could not. To satisfy her ambition for him he returns to the Senate, and the story ends with the historic day of the Reply to Hayne.

YALE

America Weighs Her Gold

By James Harvey Rogers

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The BOOKSHELF

The strongest feature of the novel is the ease and naturalness with which the past is evoked. A score of famous persons walk through the pages and talk like human beings. Webster himself has none of the altitudinous chill one is accustomed to associate with his name. I found it hard to like Caroline or to be certain of her motives, and felt that to connect the later successes of Webster with her influence seemed a little sentimental. But the sense of life is in the book; it has humor and charm; it revivifies stirring scenes of the past.

Edna Ferber's ***American Beauty*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) sketches, with her usual speed and gusto, the transition of a New England locality from its Anglo-Saxon settlement to its ownership by Polish peasants. The history of a Connecticut farm, and of the Oakeses who first developed it, is traced in the lives of Orrange Oakes, his wife Judith, and their daughter Tamar, from 1700, through their descendants of the same names a hundred years later, to the marriage of the youngest Tamar to a Pole, Ondia Olszak; and ends with the latest of the line, an Orrange Olszak, owner of the old homestead and apparently destined to marry Candace Baldwin, scion of another old family of the district. It is the melting pot from a new point of view, the suggestion being that the old New England blood may be replenished from the strength of the peasant, as the impoverished farms from his plodding but indomitable labor.

Whatever we may think of the theme, we must admire the energy and vividness of the telling, even though Miss Ferber paints with a palette knife and her adjectival ardor seems at times a bit overdone. The old-world charm of rural Connecticut cannot be conveyed with a punch. But the way in which the characters, especially the second Judith, Polcia, Ondia, Big Bella, and Temmie, are etched in colors, even if the colors seem more Polish than Puritan, makes a gripping story, in which humor, the zest of life, and moments of pathos or of horror are blended with great skill. We may find it hard to believe that Temmie would ever marry Ondia, or, if married, could be happy with him. Evidently, however, we are to believe that the blood of the Oakeses ran strongly in her and her son Orrange; and the Oakeses had never been afraid of life. Indeed, in all her work Miss Ferber's motto might well be: 'It takes life to love life.'

One approaches ***A Calendar of Sin*** (Cape & Smith, $5.00) with awe, for it is a book of over twelve hundred large pages — fully the equivalent of eighteen hundred ordinary pages. Divided into chapters corresponding to years between 1867 and 1914, it further records the lapse of time within each year by notations of date. In her Preface the author, **Evelyn Scott,** announces her intention of including 'no mere adumbration of the financial drama of America . . . but a detailed relation of the public events,' as well as 'to allow love and hunger equal expression.' It is evident that this last purpose interested her most as she proceeded, for the story is mainly concerned with the lives of several families who came into contact or collision chiefly through love.

I doubt if ever have the interrelations and ramifications of a group of families been narrated with such skill and such convincing realism. But, unless the reader has an unusually good memory for genealogy, he will be wise to read with pencil in hand and construct the various family trees as he goes along. To do so is no burden and may prevent some irritations.

It is a piece of social history of really astonishing scope and insight. It exhibits the post-Civil War generations as they never could — as they never dared — exhibit themselves, during a period when the country was absorbed in financial development and the Victorian hush concerning sex lay like a pall over the people, breeding all sorts of morbidities and abnormalities in love, sin being accounted virtue and what passed for virtue being really sin.

But most readers will be content to read the book as a powerful and absorbing story of average families, whose children fall in love and marry well or badly; whose fathers work blindly for wealth that comes or goes; whose mothers equally blindly work for the good of their children and may work them ill; whose sons run away and whose daughters get into trouble through ignorance or passion; and all this set against a background, economic, political, social, which their brain tells them is important but which their feelings instinctively ignore. Poor Linda, jealous of Patience Poole on the day of McKinley's assassination, remembers that she lost her first lover on the day of Grant's funeral. Because it is so essentially true, nothing is more admirable than this absorption of each character in his own concerns. Here is a book to read slowly and thoughtfully, for it is full of wisdom.

R. M. Gay

Good books for children, for boys especially, are gifts which few of us light on with any certainty. Many years' experience in the New York Public Library, however, enables Miss Anne Carroll Moore to make a choice which we can accept as that of an authority.

Holiday Books for Boys

Chief among new books for boys is a tale of adventure and a lively chronicle of boyhood, ***Java Ho!*** (Coward-McCann, $2.50). Translated and abridged from the German by M. C. Darnton, this delightful story by **Johan Wigmore Fabricius** is based on the log book of the old Dutch skipper, Bontekoe, who made a memorable voyage to the East Indies in 1618.

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his narrative by numerous drawings which are as fresh and as full of humor and gusto as are the adventures of the four boys who encounter fire, storm, and shipwreck. The holiday flavor of the book is borne out by a format in keeping with its content. *Java Ho!* will be keenly enjoyed by the fathers of boys as well as by the boys themselves.

Another book of common interest to fathers and sons who are sailors at heart is **Gordon Grant's *Sail Ho! Windjammer Sketches Alow and Aloft*** (William Farquhar Payson, $5.00). In a series of sixty-odd drawings accompanied by brief factual text, this marine painter who knows and loves the ways of ships has made an authentic and a very human record of life on board the vanishing sailing ship.

In ***Sea Dogs of Today*** (Henry Holt, $2.50) **Alan J. Villiers,** already distinguished for three books about ships, gives graphic evidence that genuine sea stories are still to be had by those who will go after them as he has done. The true adventures of Captain Larsen, the guiding spirit of modern whaling, of Captain Erikson, the Finnish sea cook who became the last great owner of square-rigged ships, of Foster of the *Trevessa*, of the Trawlermen of the Far North, of Ronald Walker, are convincingly told. A list of Sailing Ships of the World to-day is given in the appendix.

W. Maxwell Reed explores the universe in ***The Stars for Sam*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) and starts not only children of twelve, but older readers also, on the new conceptions of space, time, and matter in a unique presentation of astronomy. The book is written with clarity and imagination by a former instructor of astronomy at Harvard, and the text has been carefully edited by Charles E. St. John and is fully illustrated by many excellent photographs and colored plates.

For boys of ten and younger, ***Old Raven's World,*** by **Jean West Maury** (Little, Brown, $2.00), will make a strong appeal. Mrs. Maury has given vitality to her effective rendering of the Old Raven legends of the Tlingit Indians by letting a boy of the tribe tell the stories to the little son of an American army officer stationed in Alaska. The two boys act and talk like real boys in natural situations, and their daily companionship adds an element of human interest to legends which explain the origin of life.

Cornelia Meigs, whose fine stories for older boys and girls are well known, has this year written a notable story of pioneer life, also, for the younger children. ***The Willow Whistle*** (Macmillan, $1.75) is not written down; but in a style distinctly her own, and suggestive of the flow of the river which divides her West from the East, Miss Meigs has told a story in which pioneer children, Indians, and buffaloes are described as still enjoying the freedom of the prairie. It is a capital book to read aloud.

Calico Bush, by **Rachel Field** (Macmillan, $2.00), is a unique addition to stories of pioneer life for older children. The coast of Maine in 1743 is the background, and if the Indians are less vivid than the settlers, that is readily understood. Marguerite Le Doux, the young French girl who is bound out to the family of New England settlers with whom she sails from Marblehead, is a character girls will remember and boys will accept, along with the Maine folk whose speech and ways Miss Field records with the fidelity and charm of natural association.

Douglas of Porcupine (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00) is also a story with the Maine coast for its background. While it contains all the ingredients of the popular mystery story of the day, it is invested with more life and substance than is usual. The author, **Mrs. Louise Douglas Kent,** has depicted a likable family of children and a resourceful mother. The story of their life on Porcupine Island, while the father of the family is icebound in Hudson Bay, will hold vigorous interest for twelve-year-olds.

Books for children of picture-book age I discussed in the November *Atlantic*, but I cannot forbear mentioning one more which has recently appeared. ***The Hole in the Wall,*** by **René D'Harnoncourt** (Knopf, $2.00), is, I think, the most spontaneous and the most amusing picture book of the year. It has all the charm of the unpremeditated play of the artist's fancy in an idle hour. It has the liveliness of the comic strip without its vulgarities, and will appeal to big boys no less than to small ones. Moreover, it is an admirable piece of color printing.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

On the one hand, as Professor Whitney indicates, we have the 'scientific' school of historians, trained in research but not in writing; on the other, the 'interpretative' biographers who write with style but sometimes without proof for their arguments. Between the two extremes are a few who make the best of both schools.

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY

THE great contribution of romanticism to historiography was its insistence on the importance of great men in shaping the destiny of the world, and its rejection of the 'catastrophic theory of causation' which had dominated the rationalistic school. Carlyle, the most romantic of all romantic historians, carried this idea to its logical extremity: in his eyes all historical events were dependent upon the actions and ideas of individual men. To him 'the history of what man has accomplished in this world is at

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bottom the history of the great men who have worked here. They were . . . the creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain.' Present writers of popular biography appear to have accepted this creed in its entirety. Those historians who, like Froude, accepted it have never been surpassed in the presentation of their material, although at times deservedly criticized for painting their picture in too glowing colors. Historical biography labors under no delusion that it is a science. In applauding the work of such men as Lytton Strachey and Gamaliel Bradford we must not overlook the danger that is inherent in their method when practised by less scrupulous writers. If not based on careful study and thought, such interpretative studies can be extremely dangerous.

It is, then, heartening to see that the best traditions of this school are being preserved by **Philip Guedalla,** who improves steadily with every book which comes from his prolific pen. Just as his *Palmerston* was an enormous advance over *The Second Empire*, so his latest volume, ***Wellington*** (Harpers, $4.00), is, for fidelity of portraiture and historical soundness, the best he has given us. His subject seems more congenial to him than any he has attempted before, and the picture he draws is correspondingly more sympathetic, more real, and more true. There is almost no striving for effect, which has occasionally marred his writing, and certain annoying mannerisms and tricks of style have been ironed out.

It is not a work of profound research, nor was it intended to be. But Mr. Guedalla has made us see what manner of man the Iron Duke really was; he has shown us the forces which he controlled and which in turn moulded him; and, best of all, he has given us a clear picture of that pre-Victorian England which so few people have ever been able to interpret.

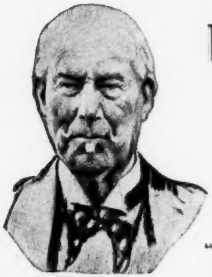
If here and there he succumbs to the temptations which beset all romantic writers, — one cannot help feeling, for example, that he regards the Duke's relations with Mrs. Arbuthnot through twentieth-century rather than nineteenth-century eyes, — we can easily forgive him in remembering that as yet no professional historian has given us so vivid and accurate an account of the struggle for Reform and for Catholic emancipation, or so shrewd an analysis of Wellington's attitude in regard to both.

Wellington did not long survive the age to which he really belonged. He was as typical of his time as Victoria was of hers, and as hard to evaluate. With the author, we are inclined to wonder why his memory is not brighter; why a full-length portrait of him is not to be found anywhere in the pages of English letters; why his character so soon ceased to be held up as a pattern to English schoolboys. We may be inclined to accept Mr. Guedalla's explanation that 'a kindly nation seems to prefer its heroes slightly unsuccessful; its mind dwells more readily upon a last stand or a forlorn hope than upon the unchivalrous details of a crushing victory.' But I think one is more inclined to suspect that it was Wellington's fate to be forgotten, not because he was a failure or because he was not truly great, but because the public ideals for which he stood and the essential qualities of the man himself, noble though they were, ceased to be the ideals of the nation which had such cause to be grateful to him. One can hardly imagine the England of Gladstone, of Disraeli, of Anthony Trollope, either appreciating or understanding the Iron Duke save as a portentous figure of an earlier generation.

One hesitates to know how to describe the next two volumes: they cannot fairly be called history, biography, nor religious tracts. One of them was written for the further elaboration of a religious thesis, and the other, by a judicious selection of fact and incident, seeks to establish the thesis that all the miseries of the modern world are attributable to the Protestant Reformation.

Hilaire Belloc's *Cranmer* (Lippincott, $5.00) is the third of his works in which he demonstrates the disintegration of the moral, cultural, and spiritual unity of Europe as a result of the religious debacle in the sixteenth century. He began with the seventeenth century first in his *Richelieu* and followed that with the *Wolsey*. Both of them were much more restrained in tone and much better history, although it is doubtful if many people outside Mr. Belloc's own church would be willing to accept his central idea. In the present volume, perhaps because he was dealing with a man who, by the beauty of the liturgy which he bequeathed to it, did more than anyone else to make the Church of England preserve its own identity apart from Rome, Mr. Belloc abandons all attempt to present any sort of evidence in support of his conclusions, and his narrative at its worst degenerates into something very like religious propaganda. At the same time it must be admitted that his style is undeniably effective, and that he has selected his material skillfully with a view to making Cranmer appear to be as contemptuous a figure as he was in the sight of Lord Macaulay. Such incidents as Cranmer's first marriage are made the most of; Mr. Belloc, in referring to that episode, merely retells the contemporary account of it given by Nicholas Harpsfield, the last Catholic Archdeacon of Canterbury, whose opinion, to say the least, can hardly be used as trustworthy evidence any more than the very favorable account by Foxe can be accepted as it stands. Moreover, in the entire book there is no mention of that Erastianism to which, whatever one may think of it, Cranmer remained consistently loyal throughout his life. The very effectiveness of the book in the hands of so interesting a writer as Mr. Belloc makes it all the more disturbing. We like to think that in our best literature, at least, we have progressed beyond the stage of excessive religious bias. In fairness to Mr. Belloc, it should be added that there are just as many highly Protestant accounts which deserve equal condemnation.

A Selected List from Whittlesey House



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D. B. Wyndham Lewis's *Charles of Europe* (Edwin V. Mitchell and Coward-McCann, $5.00) deserves less serious attention. It makes very little pretense to be a biography of the great emperor at all; really it is a kind of general survey of the whole state of Europe during his period of power, with incidents so arranged and interpreted as to bring the religious controversy to the fore on every possible occasion. From the point of view of style, it has little to recommend it save a certain pungent journalistic expression which becomes distinctly wearisome as the book proceeds.

It would be wrong to imply that there is no merit at all in Mr. Lewis's effort; its central idea is the one Mr. Belloc set forth in his *Richelieu;* and there is much to be said for that idea. To accept it in its entirety one must assume that the only disruptive force let loose in the sixteenth century was Protestantism and omit the equally disruptive impulses contained in nationalism and capitalism, to mention but two others. Moreover, the twentieth century is not so ready to glorify the Middle Ages as was the age of romanticism — we know too much about it now. But in fairness Mr. Lewis should be permitted to state his own thesis, although one could wish he had been a little more careful of evidence in his attempts to prove it. 'In a united Europe no one nation could . . . consider itself God's Chosen, with a self-appointed mission to despise and bully the rest of mankind. This childishness is one of the evil fruits of the sixteenth-century disaster. . . . From Rome, Ancient and Christian, Europe derives all that makes her worth defense. By the return to Rome these things may still be preserved and the unity and safety of Europe regained.'

EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY

LAST year **Katharine Brush**, a young graduate of a newspaper, produced a novel, *Young Man of Manhattan*, which was as brisk and entertaining as one could ask. It followed that her next book would be sought for by the fiction magazines. Whether ***Red-Headed Woman*** (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00) proved a successful serial I have no way of telling, but I don't think it is so successful a book as her first. A Mid-Western chronicle of a beauty who could manage men and who had the ambition of a gold-digger, it is essentially a story for women. Men will be apt to find it monotonous.

The book is packed with close, feminine observation, and very feminine are its situations. We see 'Red' Andrews as other women saw her — mercilessly; never once do we feel that charm with which she attracted men. If Red had more of Becky Sharp in her veins she would be better able to lead the story. As it is, she is bled so white by the author that our interest is transferred to the background, Renwood Falls, which is very faithfully described, and to Sally, the 'second' character, easily the most amusing person in the book. The closing chapters in New York seem badly manufactured.

If Miss Brush cuts her cloth for the ladies, I dare say **W. R. Burnett** suits the men. Mr. Burnett's knowledge of the prize ring, racketeering, and the less-boosted Chicago realities, has already been ably expressed in fiction. Both his earlier novels, *Little Cæsar* and *Iron Man*, were book-club selections, and the former was translated into the films without loss of strength or excitement. Mr. Burnett knows the underworld and he writes it down to perfection.

In ***The Silver Eagle*** (Dial Press, $2.00), his new Chicago novel, he tries a more ambitious feat: he follows a self-made racketeer in his climb up through the restaurant and night-club game, up into Society — and into the web of Chicago's most notorious citizen. Harworth, with his big shoulders, his love of money, and his silly monocle, is sometimes a little too theatrical, but in his affection for his manager, Stein (a fine figure!), and in his dealings with Molina (Capone?) we see him plain and alive. It is a good story, swift in action and weak only in this particular — society and gangsters don't mix any better here than in actuality. When Mr. Burnett writes of hard guys, they are hard and no mistake; when he writes of artists or society folk, they are — well, stuffed shirts. A good director will correct that in the movies. Perhaps.

A. A. Milne joins the ranks of novelists without either hard girls or hard guys in his pages. It is true that he is the author of *The Red House Mystery*, one of the best and most entertaining of detective stories, and that he has written a prose version of his early play, *Mr. Pim*. But nevertheless, and strictly speaking, ***Two People*** (Dutton, $2.50) is his first novel. It is the story of a happy marriage. Because of Mr. Milne's reputation, the publishers have prepared no blurb. Because of Winnie-the-Pooh, the book will carry to many a certain guarantee of pleasurable content. People who remember Dahlia, Archie, and Simpson in *The Holiday Round* will recognize the conversation of *Two People*. The wiseacres bitten by Dorothy Parker's virus may perhaps recognize some irrepressible whims. Mr. Milne's hero writes books and loves his wife. Mr. Dreiser would hate him, her, and them. But the reader, seeking diversion, may easily like it all.

Edward Weeks

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Earnest Elmo Calkins ('My Country, Right or Wrong?') has for many years been a successful advertising man. Lately he has retired from the active practice of his profession to take a detached view of the world about him, to reflect upon its curious ways, and, when the spirit moves, to write down what he sees and thinks. **Jasper Jarrow** ('Egg-Throwing Champions of Turlock') is that well-known arbiter of fate and fortune — the Man in the Street. Δ When **Walter Millis** ('Hearst') graduated from Yale in 1920, he went immediately into newspaper work. He has been at it ever since, first in Baltimore, then in New York, where he is now on the staff of the *Herald-Tribune*. He is the author of one novel and of *The Martial Spirit*, a brilliant and witty study of the Spanish-American War. Δ Many years ago **Bradford K. Daniels** ('My Last Frontier') was also a newspaper man. He went as a correspondent to the far corners of the earth, where he contracted jungle fever, and had to betake himself to the rugged wilds of the Puget Sound country to fight his way back to health and happiness. He writes: 'I still live among my cherry trees and White Leghorns, but have returned to my first love — the battered old typewriter.'

This delightful elephant story ('Bahadur Guj') is one of the many fruits of **Sir John Campbell's** generation of service with the British Government in India. **Seth K. Humphrey** ('Our Delightful Man-Killer') is an author of note. His most recent volume, *Following the Prairie Frontier*, was published last spring. Δ A voluntary expatriate in the South Seas, **James Norman Hall** ('Three Books Re-read') is now at work with Charles Nordhoff upon an exciting new volume dealing with the mutiny of the Bounty. Δ Professor Baker Brownell of Northwestern University, who has actually visited Dore and **Friedrich Ritter** ('Eve Calls It a Day') on their desert island, writes of them: 'Last year, while cruising among the Galapagos Islands, I had an opportunity to assist and become acquainted with these extraordinary people. He is a Doctor of Philosophy from Freiburg and a veteran of the World War. She is a young, finely educated girl, whose parents live in Charlottenburg, Berlin. They have now lived on their island more than a year, working extremely hard to maintain existence, and finding, they say, the happiness and serenity which modern civilization cannot give.' **Samuel Spring** ('France on Parade') is a New York lawyer whose large corporate connections have perforce given him a wide understanding of financial matters.

'Joe Taylor's Emergency' is **Louis Reed's** first *Atlantic* story, but not by any means his last. It will be followed by a series of Jailbird Epics which are certain to capture the interest and enthusiasm of a wide audience. Born and bred in the West Virginia mountains, Mr. Reed worked his way through school and college (Cornell), served with the American army in France, returned to study for the bar, and hung out his shingle as a general practitioner in a small town nestling in the heart of his native hills. He knows the quaint folk of the mountain country as no outsider could ever know them, and has the advantage of seeing certain types in closest intimacy, for he not only defends them when they get in trouble, but practically lives with them — he boards with the local jailer. 'The jailbird stories,' he writes, 'are all based on fact; I have tried to picture the jailbirds as I know them here in the jailhouse.' **Robert M. Gay** ('The Ornamental Hermit') is a distinguished essayist and Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston. **Edwa Robert** knows whereof she speaks in 'Children of Earth' — she has four of her own. **Herbert D. Simpson** ('Asses' Ears') is Professor of Economics at Northwestern University. Δ A young man of thirty, **Ogden W. Heath** ('They That See the Sun') is a bedridden invalid who, despite his handicap, has not lost the joy of living. Δ Born at Tütingen, in Germany, where he studied at the universities of Jena and Göttingen, **Bernhard Johann Tüting** ('The Family Chronicle') came to the United States in 1924. He teaches

in a private school at Berkeley, California. Δ Elsewhere in this Column is printed a full-length pen portrait of that seasoned old salt, **Bill Adams** ('Calm'). **Annarrah Lee Stewart** ('Saints and I') has probably torn a leaf from her own life, for she was once a novice in a convent. **Stanley Casson** ('The Lost Millennium') is an English archæologist. **Victor Morawetz** ('Needed Objectives for Our Schools') is a distinguished lawyer. **Robert A. Millikan** ('Education and Unemployment') is recognized the world over as one of the greatest physicists of all time. He was awarded the Nobel prize in 1923 for isolating and measuring the electron.

* * *

Bill Adams at home.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just returned from a vacation in the wilds to find the September *Atlantic* with Bill Adams listed among the contributors. I observe from the 'Contributors' Column' that you know Bill is an 'old salt,' but it occurs to me that you may enjoy knowing just what kind of old salt he is.

Ten years ago Bill was living in a little California town in one of the great inland valleys, where the country is flat and the weather hot, and most of the trees are planted trees not native to the country. (He has since fled to the old mining country of Dutch Flat, where, as he writes, 'there is wind blowing through pines and air fresh enough for a mountain man's breathing.') The woman's club of the town was in a hubbub at that time, because the city engineer had ordered down an old oak tree, a landmark in that part of the country, to make way for a straight new asphalt road. Bill, who had bought his home on Kimball Street because that particular tree was there, the one tree which the city fathers had allowed to occupy the centre of a street, had written a note to the president of the woman's club encouraging the club women to continue their efforts in behalf of the little remaining natural beauty which the town possessed: —

'I think it a sad shame and a totally unnecessary one if the city is to destroy a tree that was here many years before any of us, or before our city, came to being, and that will, if allowed, remain for many a year after we are gone. In this blatant age of commercialism cities, and more especially young and vigorous cities, are all too apt to sell their souls for the thing known as "progress," or for some fool symbol of a clatter-brained modernity. We build hideous buildings and destroy the beauties that the gods gave for our enjoyment.'

The president of the club brought the letter to the *Herald* office. There was a ring to it that I liked, and as I was just out of college, and death on interviews, the editor of the paper sent me out to see if I could make a story out of a Don Quixote who was interested enough in beauty to take up cudgels in its behalf.

I found Bill in the garden which surrounded his humble little dwelling. Poplar trees spread their shade halfway across the street and over the thick mat of lawn which Bill had induced to grow in front of his house and the width of his lot. Behind that was his flower garden, about a quarter of an acre of it, masses of Canterbury bells, blue and lavender and pink, sweet-William in every color, mottled and unmixed, mignonette and violets, and wallflowers golden and red-brown (the seeds sent to him by an Englishwoman living in Texas who had read his stories in magazines and knew he was from England). Across the front of his place he had built a lattice fence over which he was inducing a Cherokee rose to blossom, and in front of the door, which had no porch to cover it, he had built an arbor of new unpainted wood to support a crimson rambler.

There were two main rooms on the first floor of the house; I remember little of the front room except the picture of a many-masted schooner under full sail (my nautical terms will bear watching) and a well-worn volume of Melville's *Moby Dick* which a friend had presented to Bill with instructions to write a book as worthy as that some day. The back room, which communicated with a long narrow kitchen, was the more homelike of the two; it had windows across one side through which the sunshine streamed, comfortable chairs, a big wood stove, and Bill's typewriter on a paper-strewn table.

And Bill himself — tall and thin, sunburned and weather-beaten, but with blue eyes that looked 'as though his thoughts were pictures.' He is interesting-looking and many would call him handsome, the kind of handsome which is well set off by the khaki-colored clothes he wears — army wool shirt and trousers. I have seen him only once in a 'boiled shirt,' looking miserable and unhandsome in a stiff white collar and clothes which interfered with the freedom of his long, slouchy gait. He boasts of being the world's laziest man, and he dresses for that part.

I came away from that interview with a number of Bill's stories and poems, published and unpublished, tucked under my arm, a clipping from a current issue of the Boston *Transcript* bearing a picture of Bill and listing several of his short stories on the year's roll of honor, and seeds and plants for my garden. I also had his pledge to write a poem about the Kimball Street tree. We had a grand time with that tree; before we finished, the whole town was dripping with sentimentality — a good thing, we thought, for its commercial heart. Bill had inferred in his first letter that city engineers and mayors were hardened folk, unappreciative and unaware of beauty, but before the story wore itself out the city engi-

The Gifts You Get

SOON you will be busy writing letters and paying visits, trying to thank everyone who has sent you a present, careful not to forget anyone.

But because they weren't addressed to you personally and sent by mail or express, perhaps you have forgotten to acknowledge some of the priceless gifts you have received.

Think for a minute of the welfare organizations that have been giving you their time, their training and ability, devoting their every effort to make you, your family and your neighbors safer and happier.

The Red Cross and other great organizations fed the hungry and nursed the sick while you remained comfortably at home —their gift to you of hours of leisure.

Volunteer members of national and local associations found children who were suffering from tuberculosis, sent them to camps and sanatoria to recover—giving your children extra protection from exposure.

Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders gave up their holidays to teach clean living by word and example—a gift of better companionship for your children.

Big Brothers sat in stuffy court rooms to rescue waifs and strays who did not have home background to guide them—a gift of future good citizenship to your community.

You will probably never meet, nor be able to thank, the doctors and scientists who have waged campaigns to make it increasingly unlikely that you and yours should ever contract smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other communicable disease. In their laboratories they are searching for means to prevent premature death from cancer or heart disease. Magnificent gifts to you of health—perhaps life itself.

But you do know some of the great volunteer organizations which are working for you continuously and ask your good will and support. At this season will you not say "thank you" to two of them by wearing a Red Cross button and by using Christmas Seals?

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neer was writing poetry (Bill's poem about the tree inspired an immediate answer to it) and the mayor had committed to memory Joyce Kilmer's tree poem. Old-timers brought in pictures of the tree — the Beau Brummel of the town in the first automobile which had been seen in those parts had chosen the old oak tree as a background for his picture in his wondrous machine, and the oldest inhabitant recalled that the oak tree had been known as a landmark in the early days, and that travelers in covered wagons on the way to the gold fields had camped under it. Having indulged their sentiments for a week, the city engineer and the mayor returned to normal and ordered the tree cut down immediately.

The incident of the tree had served to introduce Bill Adams to the community. He was established in the good graces of the *Herald* staff and even of the mayor, who had literary leanings and preferred to overlook Bill's references to his materialism. Bill became a familiar figure as he lounged around town talking to chance acquaintances, picking up ideas which magazine readers have since enjoyed. Often he would drop into the *Herald* office to dash off on whatever typewriter happened to be free a poem or a paragraph which he was afraid would get away from him if he waited to record it on his return home. I have sometimes returned to the office to find in my typewriter a jingle or a bit of philosophy with the explanatory sentence run together at the end: 'Bill adams the village nut done this betty.' Sometimes he helped out in a hectic hour by writing an editorial for us. By the time that I was ready to relinquish my connection with the *Herald*, Bill had so wide an acquaintance in the town that he was ready to step in as country editor. He also developed a daily column in which some of the town characters figured. However, his *Herald* job was incidental to his business of short-story writing; his work extended his acquaintance and furnished new ideas for his pen. Thanks to Bill, the characters of our little town have paraded in the columns of numerous magazines.

After being forced by ill health to leave the sea, Bill was by turns a tramp, a policeman, a sackbuck on grain ranches, and a pruner and cultivator of orange groves, until he discovered quite by chance that he could write and get money for his writing. As a boy he had run away to sea, but not until he had acquired a good public-school education.

I could tell you much more about Bill Adams, his wife, who is a friend to the downtrodden, his daughter, with an M.A. degree and radiant red hair, his varied assortment of friends in the town where I knew him, and the distinguished men from the outside world who sought him out in his seclusion. But I have taken too much of your editorial time already to make you acquainted with your newest contributor.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON
Mills College, California

Science and the unknowable.

Dear Atlantic: —

Gertrude Carver's article in the October *Atlantic* suggests again the old question of Job, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' — a question that in our fast-moving age has been largely left in the background.

I do not pretend to be either scientist or prophet, and I am aware of the tendency to discredit revelation as the source of any assurance on the subject. Yet, though we may not 'arbitrarily presume to claim that there is no survival after death,' the naturalistic theory that there is not somehow fails to satisfy. It has even seemed to me that the same scientific processes which have contributed to the belief that there is no future life for the individual may ultimately provide the premises for making the contrary assumption more plausible. For instance, the natural sciences such as chemistry, bacteriology, and the studies in electricity never quite seem to reach the place where the student can say, 'This is the end — there is nothing beyond.' On the contrary, there seems to be an ever-expanding, forth-reaching trend of discovery which compels an ever-enlarged expectation from the unknown.

If this is true of the physical universe, which we once thought of as dead matter, is it not possible to 'have a shrewd suspicion' that there may be more in this immortality business than we have been led to think? There may be no angels or big white throne; and though the answer to the query may be 'immutable and independent of our control,' there is yet a certain comfort in believing that the Agency which has created a visible universe with so many far-reaching and ever-unfolding ramifications may also have made provision for some future for these spirits of ours which have made life so rich by their appreciation of beauty that 'a fragment of everything' they have known has become a part of themselves. Not to have done so would seem more wasteful and futile than nature otherwhere has been.

FRANK T. CLAMPITT
New Providence, Iowa

The challenge of thirty.

Dear Atlantic, —

Someone has said that the problems of married people are real, those of the unmarried imaginary. May this not also be said of their joys? This flashed across my mind as I read the letter concerning the desirability of being thirty written by Brenda Glass in the October issue. While her kind of thirty is preferable to the sixty-thinking kind she derides, may I suggest that she has n't 'faced Truth in every issue of life' at all, and that she probably is n't as happy as she thinks she is?

I could have endorsed her letter when I was twenty-five. Now that I, too, am thirty, I see

A TRUTH ABOUT BEAUTY

Beauty, for all her excursions into the fields of arts and letters, is really a homebody at heart. Given half a chance, she'll linger all day in a shining clean kitchen. And to those who really know her, she is visible in piles of newly-ironed, fragrant linens.

But on one point Beauty insists. She will lend herself to homely duties only if they are done with perfection. Clothes must come from the suds spotlessly clean—freshly-laundered linens must have the clover-sweetness that is their due.

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discrepancies. She has no religion and wants none, yet she sees the world 'going somewhere under wise guidance.' My position is reversed — I can't be so sure that we are going anywhere under guidance, and while I haven't much of a religion, I wish I did have one that I could believe utterly.

She is free. I submit that hers is the freedom of youth which is a snare and will lead to mere emptiness when she is older. It is unfortunate that the emancipation of women has led some of our college graduates to be content with half lives. The real problem is to combine a career with motherhood gracefully. I am not free. I have a baby and a home to fetter my every movement. My husband is not free. Whenever I think wistfully of the days when I was earning my own living, coaching plays, and meeting many people, I look at his face, drawn with the struggle he has had all day to keep us sheltered, and realize that if it were not for us he could go about with his unmarried friends with fewer worries and with more money in his purse. We have our problems and adjustments; our lives have been joined with strange links — pain, joy, terror, monotony, pity. Neither of us would go back to that freedom of our youth which Miss Glass praises.

Her desire to cram every minute with activity is splendid if she will make that activity count. Thirty should begin to reflect upon the serious problems that confront mankind, especially at the present time. We who have just reached thirty can remember the Great War. As we grew up we were either stabbed wide-awake by the stark tragedy surrounding us or lulled to complacency by the luxuries and inventions that embroider our civilization. Thirty is the age to reach bed rock and begin construction while there is yet time and strength to accomplish something.

MILDRED ARMSTRONG
Forest Hills, Long Island

The author to the universe.

Dear Atlantic, —

I composed that manuscript and worked very hard for it, to give it shape and form. It could not find grace in the world? Well, I am not in the least sorry; because if I loose the world I loose nothing; but if the world loose me it looses everything. Good-bye.

Yours respectfully,

FRANCIS SACCIO
Brooklyn, New York

A straight tip from Jones himself.

Dear Atlantic, —

This is a letter from Jones, about whom Mr. Simeon Strunsky has been writing so wisely and entertainingly in the *Atlantic*. I like Mr. Strunsky for his good-humored defense of me, and, in general, I think him fair and accurate. But I wish to call his attention to one serious error in his estimate of me — namely, that I voted for Herbert Hoover because Al Smith is a Catholic.

I know numerous other Southern Joneses, all of whom voted for Hoover for the following reasons: —

First and overwhelmingly foremost, Al Smith is a Wet. We Southern Joneses believe (however mistakenly) that the way of advancement is along the prohibition path. The Wets, self-named Liberals, we think are in truth Reactionaries.

Al Smith was a Tammany chieftain. We Joneses distrust Tammany.

Al Smith, during the Presidential campaign, impressed us Joneses as lacking the proper dignity for the Presidential office. (Imagine Hoover, apparently for no good reason, racing through the streets of New York in a fire-department automobile with its throttle and siren wide open.)

Al Smith branded those Southern Democrats who opposed him as religious bigots. We Southern Joneses resented this as an untruth, showing in Smith either an ignorant and prejudiced mind or an insufferable attempt to intimidate us.

Al Smith's diction and grammar over the 'raddy-ho' were not of the quality we Southern Joneses expect of our President. I'll grant that we are somewhat unreasonable in this. Good government and good grammar probably do not bear any direct relationship to each other.

Hoover was a Dry; was all of the things Smith was not; and had an excellent record of high-minded accomplishment.

Last and least, Al Smith is a Catholic. Some of us Joneses voted *against* Smith for that as well as for other reasons. On the other hand, as many or more of us, both Catholic and non-Catholic, voted *for* Smith for that as well as for other reasons.

I know that few people change their opinions once formed. Mr. Strunsky may not believe me, but I assure him it is a straight tip from Jones himself.

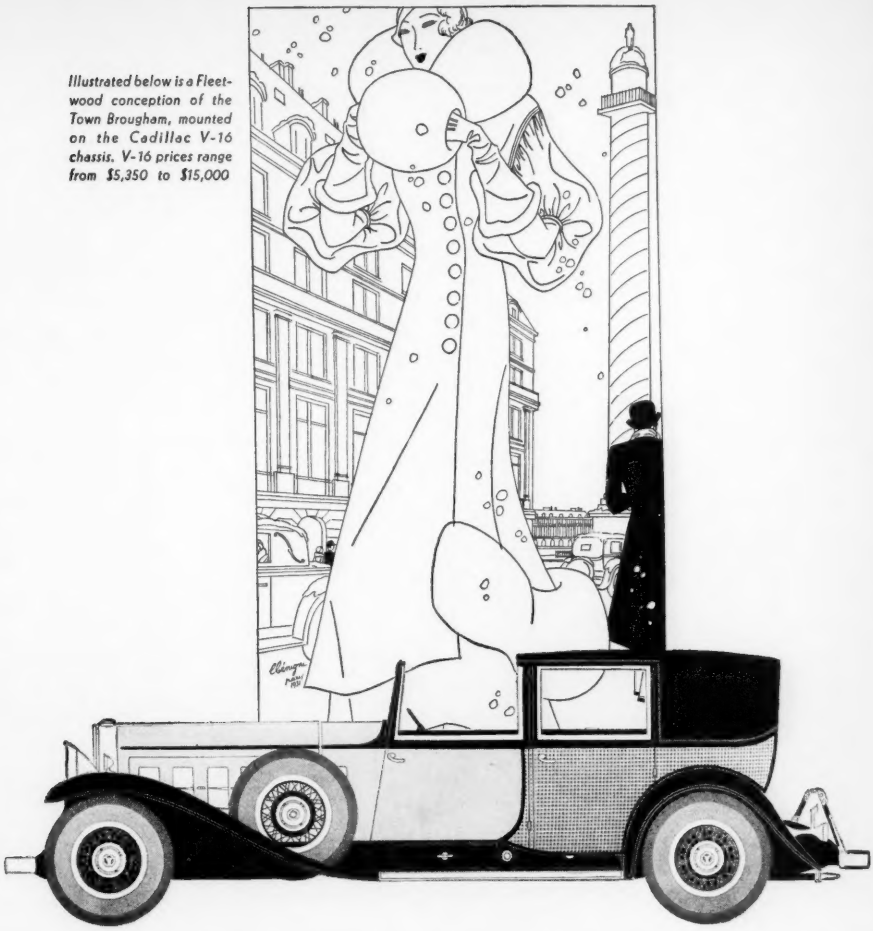
Yours sincerely,

GROVER JONES
Houston, Texas

Nepotism under fire.

The article by George Frederic Nieberg in the October *Atlantic*, 'All in the Congressional Family,' seems to have started something. The stacks of clippings we have received make it look as if the entire press of the nation has taken up the cudgels against nepotism. This is as it should be. The *Atlantic* was able to show that family favoritism is an all but universal weakness among members of Congress, but if anything is to be done to reform the system which makes nepotism possible, the issue will have to be seized upon and hammered home by the newspapers in each Congressional district. This the daily papers have

Illustrated below is a Fleetwood conception of the Town Brougham, mounted on the Cadillac V-16 chassis. V-16 prices range from $5,350 to $15,000



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begun to do. *Atlantic* readers, who do not often have an opportunity to survey the results produced by an important article, may be interested to glance at a few of the typical editorial opinions which this one called forth: —

New York *Times:* 'As a result of this article Mr. Stone's lone assault on the bad taste and cheap graft through which members of Congress load down the clerical pay rolls with their relatives may come to something. The revelations may stir up aspiring politicians in the districts represented by the Congressmen listed to make campaigns against nepotism.'

Chicago *Post:* 'This cheap policy of "keeping it in the family" is made doubly reprehensible by the fact that many of the relatives thus paid by government do no work at all. . . . Graft is an ugly word, but if that is not akin to grafting, just what would be akin to grafting?'

Milwaukee *Journal:* 'Is n't there anybody in the Senate with courage enough to demand and fight for a law which forbids the appointment of any relative to such positions? He would have the united support of the press and of the "folks back home."'

Omaha *World-Herald:* 'It [nepotism] ought to be legislated out of existence.'

Oklahoma City *Oklahoman:* 'Although the estimable wife of an Oklahoma Congressman calls it "persecution," we are unwilling to concede that it is persecution when the *Daily Oklahoman* reproduces a part of an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* revealing that many dozen wives and relatives of American Congressmen are on the federal pay roll as secretaries and helpers of the men who create jobs and appropriate money to pay salaries. Nor can we concede that it is persecution when we point out editorially that this widespread federal practice would subject the offenders to prosecution if done by officials in Oklahoma. . . . It may be true, as the lady asserts by interrogatory, that it is nobody's business how a faithful Congressman runs his office. But it is somebody's business how the faithful Congressman gets the money to run his own office. . . . To say that the conditions revealed by the *Atlantic Monthly* concern nobody but Congressmen is to repeat in a less profane way what Commodore Vanderbilt once said of the public.'

Covington (Kentucky) *Post:* 'Certainly no Congressman was ever elected on the promise that he would appoint one of his relatives as his clerk.'

Dayton (Ohio) *News:* 'Public hostility to this kind of political profiteering is unvarying. . . . Yet the issue is not often raised against a member of Congress. The reason is not hard to guess. So many fingers are in that pie that few can touch it without being smeared themselves.'

Lewiston (Idaho) *Tribune:* 'In contrast to this federal procedure, Idaho does not countenance nepotism in any of its governments, state or local, and the statutes are very definite in defining the practice and the punishment. [Here follows a quotation from the Idaho statutes, which provide that any state or local official who appoints a relative to a job supported by public funds "is guilty of a misdemeanor involving official misconduct," and upon conviction "such officer making such appointment shall forfeit his office."] . . . Is there any sound reason why this law, which has worked so well in Idaho, should not be adopted in principle for all branches of the federal government?'

Minneapolis *Journal:* 'Possibly unemployment relief, like charity, should begin at home. Evidently it is hard to convince a Senator or Congressman that his wife, son, daughter, or other relative should move away from the pie counter and make room for some constituent who desperately needs the pie and who is fully competent to earn it.'

Portland *Oregonian:* 'Because nepotism is an individual and somewhat distant evil, as respects Congress, it is difficult successfully to combat it as a practice. But the times are propitious for a flank attack upon it.'

Mobile *Register:* 'The power of public sentiment will probably after all be the only means of putting a stop to a practice which is proving an enormous drain and expense to the federal government.'

Charleston (West Virginia) *Mail:* 'Possibly it is the duty of the Congressman to take care of his own. . . . At least, whatever view others may take about it, that is just what many members of Congress are doing.'

Cincinnati *Enquirer:* 'Such disciples of nepotism should now step forward and, as gracefully as may be, cut their own pay and the pay of their uncles, their cousins, aunts, nieces, nephews, etc., in these parlous times in the interests of a sincere devotion to the welfare of the taxpayers of the country.'

Buffalo *Courier-Express:* 'With unemployment what it now is, nepotism becomes a problem that may demand more attention next winter. Mr. Nieberg, at any rate, sees numerous signs pointing in that direction. Publicity such as he gives ought to help revive the Stone bill.'

San Francisco *Chronicle:* 'A writer for the *Atlantic Monthly* has dug into this question [nepotism and the excessive costs of government] with results illuminating to anyone who proposes to ask members of Congress to let go of something.'

Charleston (South Carolina) *News and Courier:* 'Every candidate for Senator and Representative in 1932 should be called upon to tell what his habit has been, is, and will be in the matter [of nepotism].'

Dallas *News:* 'The *Atlantic Monthly* for October will be in high demand with those who plan to run for Congress in 1932.'

THE EDITORS

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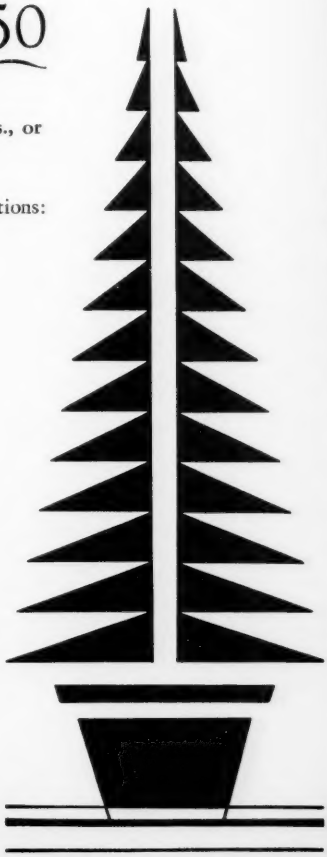

The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

COMMON STOCKS AND COMMON SENSE

by ARTHUR W. JOYCE

THE past two years have witnessed wide extremes in common-stock prices — a very high peak and a very violent decline. These conditions have affected a vastly larger number of individuals owning stocks than was ever so affected previously. It is probably entirely conservative to state that there are now at least a million people owning common stocks whose acquaintance with this investment medium had its inception during the latter phase of the long bull market which paused quietly during the summer of 1929 and ended loudly the following November. It is probably equally conservative to say that these comparatively recent recruits to the army of stockholders were not inclined to be very analytical when they originally enlisted during those fast-moving days of 1928 and 1929. Speculation was rampant and the urge of rising prices and quick profits overshadowed everything else. In the time which has since passed, to stick to army vernacular, the fighting has been heavy and the losses tremendous, and it is more than likely that the greatly reduced numbers who are now reënlisting are doing so much more thoughtfully than before, irrespective of their previous length of service.

It may not be amiss, therefore, to suggest certain broad subjects to which they should give serious consideration.

BROADLY stated, there are only two distinctly separate types of securities — bonds, which are an evidence of debt, and stocks, which represent ownership. These definitions are elementary and smack of the schoolroom, but they are basic, nevertheless, and worth remembering. These two types are utterly dissimilar. They are designed for different purposes and they accomplish different results. Their very behavior, so to speak, is different. Now it is not intended in this paper to set forth the advantages and disadvantages of bonds and stocks, and certainly not to present a case for one over the other. The writer has previously been privileged to suggest in these columns that every investor should have a definite purpose in his investing, that 'safety' is less an evidence of purpose than it is of common sense, and that purpose is something which naturally varies among different individuals. Having in mind that more careful consideration is now being given to the subject of investments than ever before, it seems appropriate to carry these remarks one step further with the suggestion that the investor, in formulating his policy, should not stop with an analysis of the two types of securities and their respective adaptability to his needs, but should continue with a serious attempt to analyze himself, in order to determine his adaptability, as a human being, to them.

The fundamental differences between the two types of securities are no greater than the contrasts in temperaments and natural aptitudes of the investors who buy them. There are investors who are naturally lenders, whose temperaments are such that they can only contemplate their investments with complete peace of mind when their instinctive demand for safety, regularity of income, and relative stability of value is satisfied by the possession of high-grade bonds. There are also investors with a natural aptitude for the more active adventure of ownership and whose temperaments render them adaptable to its greater risks. Each of these types of individual doubtless obtains the greatest possible combined total of investment efficiency, plus peace of mind, when he sticks to the type of security for which he is best suited, because he understands it better and is thus apt to make fewer mistakes. Since it is not likely that any investor, be he naturally either lender or owner, will ever find his blood pressure raised very much by the possession of high-grade bonds, it follows logically that it is his approach to common stocks which presents the more serious problem.

THE logical reason for investing capital in common stocks is to obtain the advantages of long-term ownership in a successful enterprise. The primary advantage lies in the increase in the intrinsic value of the stock — a process which starts with the accumulation of undistributed profits and is greatly accelerated by the compounding of earnings thereon. Closely allied to

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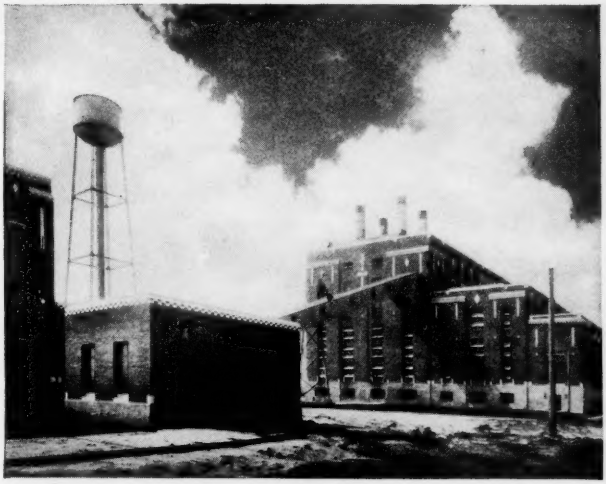

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this is the expectation that this increase will be accompanied by larger and still larger dividends. The priority assigned to this dual advantage must be correct, since it is the common stock alone among all securities which exemplifies it. The matter of current dividends is important, but it is secondary as a motive for investing in common stock. This also must be correct; for if it were otherwise, practically all investors would be lenders, preferring the superior advantages of the bond in regard to a fixed and well-secured income, and a principal which theoretically remains intact at maturity, to the greater risks along these lines which are inseparable from ownership.

There exists, however, a definite tendency among investors in common stocks to overrate the significance of current dividends. It is easy to understand why this occurs, because it is natural to associate income with capital; but the result throws the whole subject out of balance, is likely to destroy the investor's perspective, and can readily lead to false conclusions. Since there is no such thing as a corporation which is uniformly successful year in and year out, it is not sensible to have any preconceived notion of the exact amount of dividends to be regularly obtained from common stock. The progress of a corporation in the right direction is not always indicated by the dividends it pays, nor is its lasting retrogression necessarily an established fact if dividends are reduced, because in the first instance regular dividend payments are quite likely to be continued a reasonable length of time beyond the point where they are justified by current earnings, and because in the second instance, especially under adverse business conditions, a dividend reduction, or even a temporary omission, may well occur at just about the time when current earnings are beginning to improve. Since it is a corporation's earnings which justify its existence, and since these earnings are not always synchronized with dividend disbursements, the error of judging its progress by its dividend action alone is obvious. Reasonable stability of dividends may properly be expected, — this, indeed, is typical of the most conservative stocks, — but absolute stability of income simply is not a common-stock virtue.

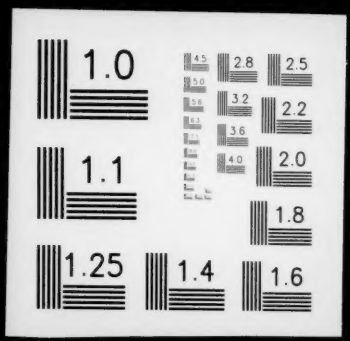
There is also a tendency among investors to be unduly sensitive to the market action of common stocks. So far as market value indicates the price at which a stock is currently salable, it is definitely significant, but beyond this point the only certain thing about it is that it varies. Its variations naturally divide into two kinds — long-term variations (from year to year), or trends, and short-term variations (from day to day), which, for want of a better title, might be called spasms.

It is undoubtedly an ambitious act to touch so briefly upon such a complex subject as the significance of stock prices, but the justification for doing so here is to emphasize that an investor should be concerned chiefly with long-term trends, because they usually reflect basic conditions. Considering the great variety of conditions which influence long-term price trends, the investor will find that he has accepted a sufficient task in focusing his attention upon them alone without being distracted by day-to-day fluctuations. The latter are obviously too rapid to reflect changes in intrinsic values, and thus belong to the field of speculation, which, despite its lure of quick profits and notwithstanding its economic usefulness, is definitely outside the field of investment.

WHAT remains, then, for the investor in common stocks to turn to as the most reliable factor to assist him in determining, first, whether he is looking at them through the clear optical equipment of an investor or in a crystal ball; second, whether he is adaptable to them and whether he really wants to own them; and third, whether any given time is reasonably appropriate for their purchase, retention, or sale? He should ask himself if he recognizes that common stocks really represent partnerships, and if his attitude toward the stock of a given corporation is that of an investor who has decided that he wants to be a partner in it. The instant he grasps the full significance of this aspect the entire subject clears up very rapidly.

There can be no doubt as to the character of the partnership. There need be no question as to the motive for entering into it. There should be no delusion as to risk, since ownership implies risk; and while there may still remain some qualms as to the investor's aptitude for such risks, there is no law compelling him to accept them. Even the more complex question as to the most auspicious time for action is rendered easier to answer intelligently when the partnership aspect is recognized for what it really is, without in the least implying omniscience for the partnership attitude and not for an instant forgetting that good judgment is always essential. The conclusion is unmistakable that the proper approach by an investor to common stocks is from the point of view of partnership.

Modesto Jr. College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